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Interview GERALDO RIVERA

CINDY CRAWFORD 14 Pages Of NEW NUDES

GYM BABES When Spandex Means "Yes"

20Q TORI SPELLING

SEX IN THE '70s THE HOTTEST DECADE EVER

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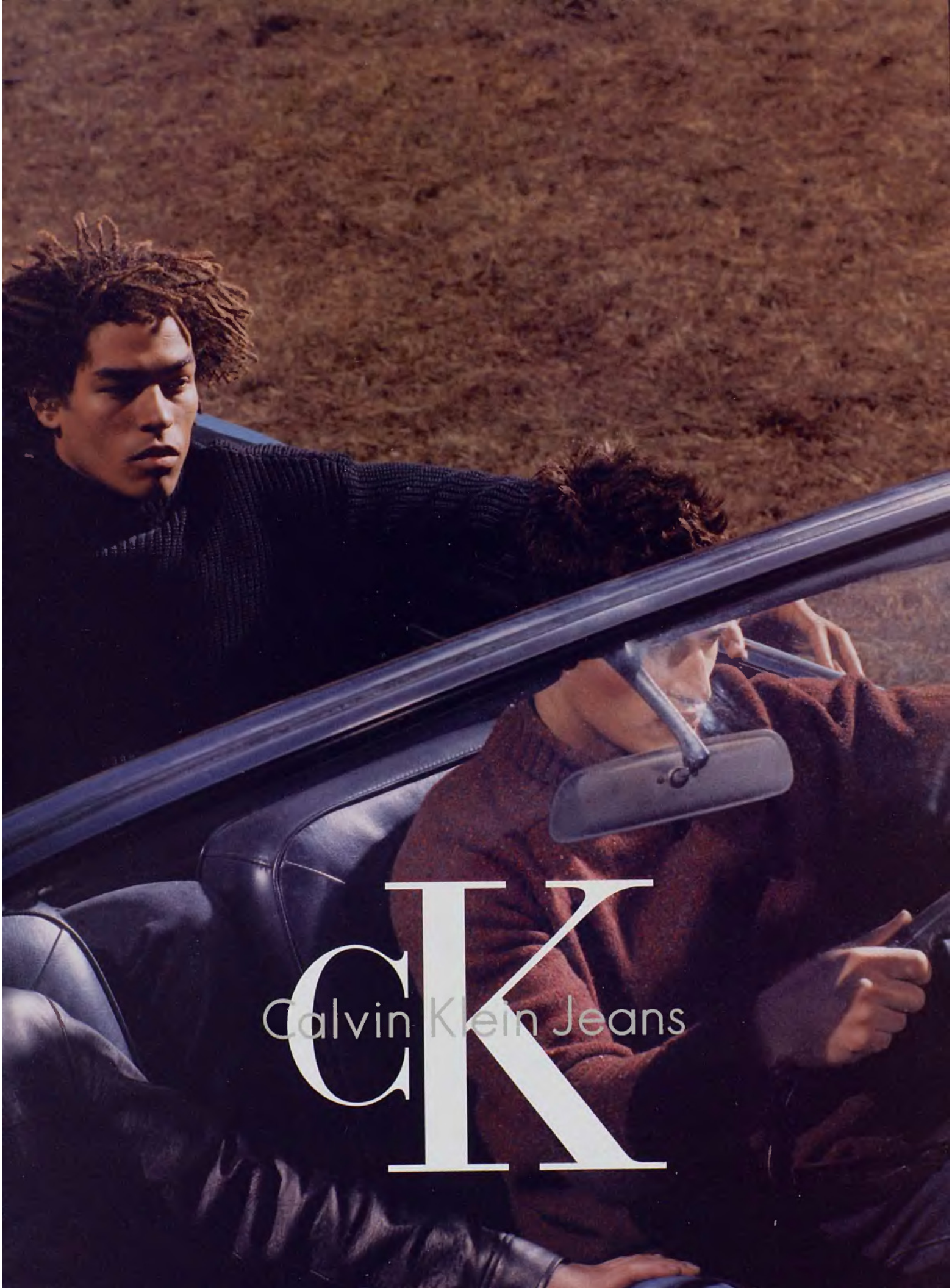
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PLAYBILL

IN A TIME of cultural flux it's nice to know there are still a few things that qualify as perennials. Take our cover girl, **Cindy Crawford.** When Cindy first sashayed onto the pages of PLAYBOY in July 1988, she was already queen of a new breed of supermodel, heralding an age that welcomed back the full-bosomed, hourglass figure. Her romp across a Hawaiian beach became a PLAYBOY classic. Now it's ten years, two marriages, one hit TV show (MTV's *House of Style*) and a blitz of magazine covers later. Does Cindy still reign? Look through our 14-page valentine to the planet's preeminent pouter—shot once again by **Herb Ritts**—and judge for yourself.

Geraldo Rivera is another celebrity with staying power. For three decades he has watched his professional reputation rollercoaster from ambush journalist to prince of trash TV and back again. Having just signed a deal for more than $30 million with NBC, Geraldo is flying high and has a lot to get off his chest. Our *Playboy Interview* by *TV Guide* associate editor **Gregory P. Fagan** finds Rivera at his feistiest, with network war stories, fantasies about O.J. and a shocking confession about Barbara Walters' breasts. Speaking of torrid talk, bet you can't imagine what **Tori Spelling**—Hollywood's first brat and *90210* siren—would do if she had a penis. Brace yourself as Tori vents her feelings on Madonna's cleavage, oral sex and public peeing in a raucous *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane.**

Still haven't caught your breath after reading Part VII of **James R. Petersen's** *History of the Sexual Revolution* (the Sixties)? Well, in the words of Bachman-Turner Overdrive, b-b-baby, you ain't seen nothin' yet. The Seventies were the era of *Roe vs. Wade*, disco divas, sex clubs, *The Hite Report*, *The Joy of Sex* and *Deep Throat*—and Petersen's blow-by-blow account is, as Linda Lovelace might say, a mouthful. Newcomer **Duncan Gutteridge** did the artwork. As long as you're hunkering down with some stimulating reading, don't forget this month's fiction, *Great Train Robbery* by **Robert Coover.** It's a weird spin on a classic form, complete with a bandit babe and an oversexed locomotive. The story is from Coover's new book, *Ghost Town* (Holt), and **John Craig's** charming illustration is right on track.

And now for a word on undergraduates who get hit on. Hard. In his annual *Pigskin Preview* (recently recognized by *The Village Voice* as the number one college football poll in the country) **Gary Cole** predicts that the loudest NCAA victory cheers this year may come from the unlikely state of Kansas. Cole also selects the stars-to-be and explains why the nation needs a collegiate Super Bowl. Elsewhere, undefeated welterweight champ **Oscar De La Hoya** slips out of his boxing trunks and into satin lapels in Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne's** paean to formalwear that packs a punch.

Now that we have you in a lather, *Gym Babes* explains the crafty art of girl watching while you pump iron—without pulling a groin muscle. For pickup tips we went to the hardbody experts: our Playmates. The late **John Derek** was a complicated man who had a focused sense of female beauty. Over the years he gave us portfolios of his favorite models—namely, his wives **Ursula Andress, Linda Evans** and **Bo Derek.** We recall some of the photos in *An Eye for Beauty*.

Let us not forget an annual favorite: Sharpen your pencils and cast your votes in the 1998 *Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll* (or boot up the electronic ballot provided at www.playboy.com).

To the mix we add **Christopher Byron's** crash course in short-selling (*Money Matters*), **Steve Pond's** chat with *South Park* co-creator **Trey Parker** about his new film on the porn biz, *Orgazmo*, and *Pop Culture*, a two-page tribute to the glories of popcorn. Money. Sex. Popcorn. What more do you need?

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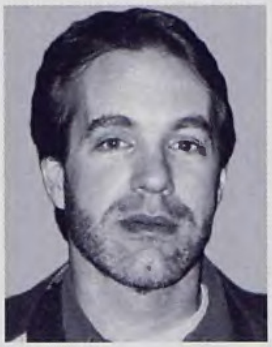
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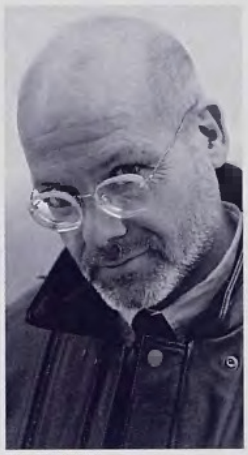
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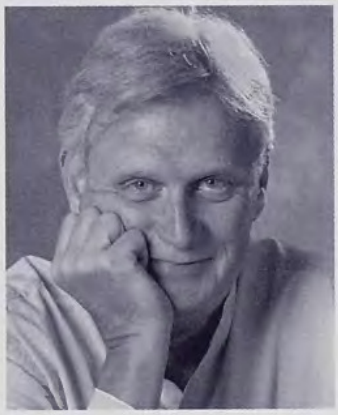
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WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

PLAYBOY

vol. 45, no. 10—october 1998

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COVER STORY

"Every time I do an autograph signing," Cindy tells us, "those old PLAYBOYs show up." The July 1988 issue, the pioneering supermodel adds, seems to be "a collector's item." Look out, collectors, Cindy Crawford is back. Our sexy cover was photographed by Herb Ritts, with styling by L'wren Scott for Vernon Jolly Inc., hair by Peter Savic for Paul Mitchell and makeup by Joanne Gair for Cloutier using Dinair. Our Rabbit, an arbiter of cool, says "Nothing's sarong here."

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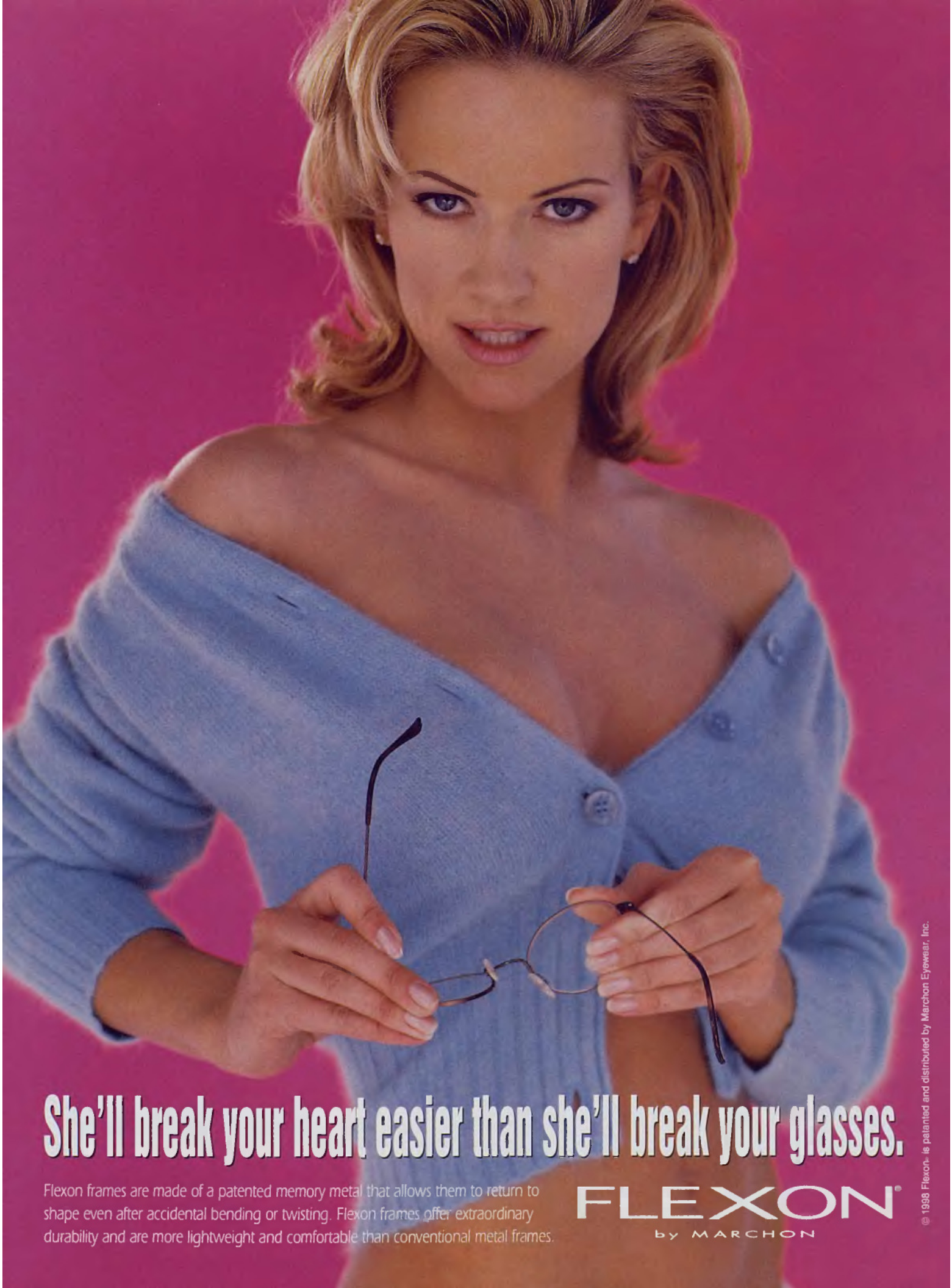
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SPRINGER FEVER

I was shocked to discover that Jerry Springer (*Playboy Interview*, July) is a sincere, compassionate, intelligent man. His comments are amazingly accurate regarding the hypocrisy and parasitic nature of mainstream journalism. While most PLAYBOY readers probably don't watch his show, maybe they'll give him a chance after reading his interview.

Anthony Centurione Jr.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Springer says we should celebrate the First Amendment, not hide behind it. Unfortunately, he doesn't realize that with freedom comes responsibility.

Tim Tedore
Breckenridge, Colorado

It's refreshing to see a person with a hit show who hasn't let fame go to his head. Many people think Springer is a sellout, but I think he's top-notch. Anyone who can stumble from a mistake during a political career, recover and end up hosting a number one talk show without even trying is OK in my book.

Ronald Nunn
Red Bud, Illinois

H.L. Mencken supposedly said, "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American people." He must have been addressing Jerry Springer several decades early.

John Gold
New Britain, Connecticut

HOT WATER

While I served with the Canadian Maritimes, I ate several times my body weight in lobsters. I disagree with your technique for extracting the meat from a lobster tail ("Art of the Shell," *Mantrack*, July). This is how it should be done: Detach the tail from the body, hold the tail in one hand (shell up, webbing down) and insert a fork into the open end under the meat, being sure not to puncture the delicate undershell. With a firm downward motion, pull the shell and the fork away from each other. If you do it correctly, the whole tail should slide out easily. It takes a little practice, but it's a sure way to impress your date.

Ian Murphy
Calgary, Alberta

There's nothing sophisticated about dropping a live animal into boiling water and then dismembering it. It's hard for me to understand how a magazine that sees the beauty in the female form doesn't see the beauty in all living things.

Patrick Fish
Utica, New York

LAY LADY LAY

"Who Wants to Get Laid?" is one of Cynthia Heimel's best columns (*Women*, July). I love the composition, the rhythm, the humor. I enjoyed it so much it made me want to get her into bed. Oh, and that waitress over there, too.

Bob Nathan
Atlanta, Georgia

Heimel would improve her chances of getting laid by dropping the acrimonious self-pity.

Darin Brown
Eugene, Oregon

Men are still being unfairly stereotyped. We're attracted to classy, witty, charming women, and we spend considerable time in search of them. So as much fun as a pigpen romp sounds like, Heimel's ideas about men and sex couldn't be further from the truth.

Michael Peters
Red Bluff, California

IT'S MAGIC

Magic Johnson says he leans on his wife and God when times are tough (*Magic*, July). He also says that God needs him to be the one to send out the message about AIDS and HIV. Johnson's

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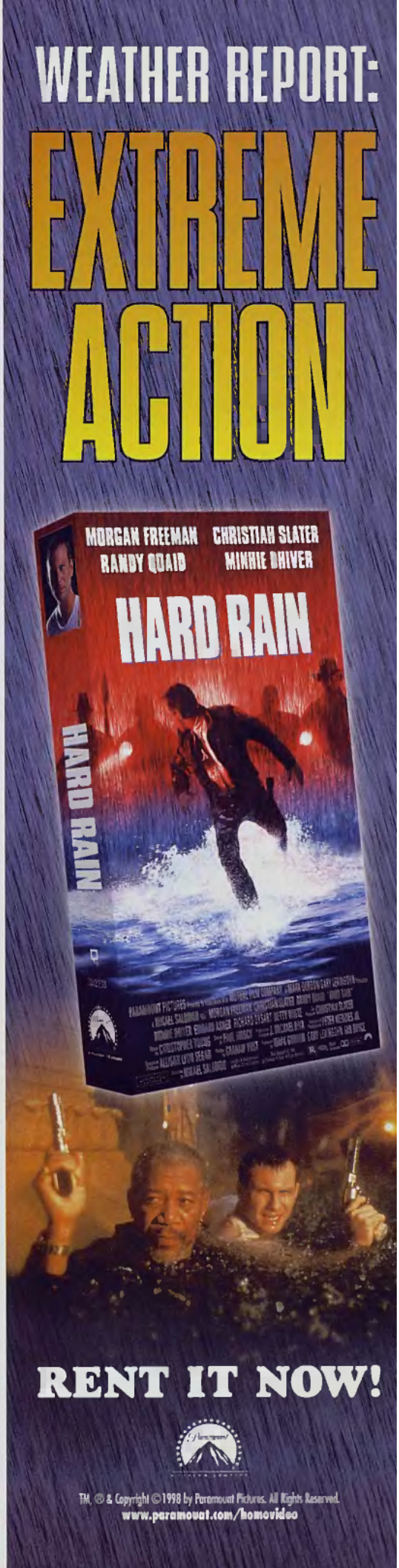

self-importance is exceeded only by that of the Green Bay Packers' Reggie White. What's with these multimillionaire athletes who think God appointed them to save the world? Enough already.

Sal Benitez
Pittsburg, California

When Scott Howard-Cooper asks Johnson if he would be Jesse Jackson's vice presidential running mate, Johnson stupidly replies that he would run on a ticket with Colin Powell, "a likely winner." What a howl.

Al Cohn
Martinez, California

THE DON TRIPS UP

Burgundy with *choucroute* (*The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto*, June)? A terrible faux pas in an otherwise perfect story by the great Mario Vargas Llosa.

Dr. Jacques Weill
Vienne, France

Personally, we drink beer with our sauerkraut, but Alsatian wines are more traditional.

OUR BIG MAC

I tip my hat to PLAYBOY. Karen McDougal is your finest Playmate of the Year (July) in the seven years I've been a subscriber. With her irresistibly wholesome yet provocative looks, she is a welcome change in a long line of blonde bombshells. Congratulations on hooking me for another year.

Justin Sherrill
Flagstaff, Arizona

Had any candidate but Karen McDougal been chosen PMOY, I would have canceled my subscription.

Casey O'Connell
Syracuse, New York

Democracy is a wonderful thing. I've been voting for government officials for 14 years, but it's great to cast a winning vote for a beautiful Playmate. Karen McDougal is a gorgeous woman, and I have my wife's permission to say so.

Bill Rohen
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I'm probably the only reader who looked at Karen's pictorial and screamed, "I know that ship. It's the *Fantome*!" My wife and I spent a glorious honeymoon on the *Fantome* in 1996. Seeing the beautiful old ship brought back wonderful memories.

Bernard Tate
Manassas, Virginia

HAWAIIAN PUNCH

The foxiest wahine in your June issue is Melanie Cajudoy (*Grapevine*). I have my ticket to Maui in hand and I'm out the door. *Mahalo* and aloha.

Dennis Lawson
Kailua Kona, Hawaii

SPEED UP

How could Peter Alson write *Speed Seduction* (July) without including at least one quote from Anthony Robbins? It would be interesting to know if Ross Jeffries started his cottage empire after listening to Robbins' *Personal Power* tapes. If that's the case, I'll buy both Jeffries' and Robbins' products.

G.E. Moon
Olympia, Washington

LUCKY LISA

Lisa Dergan (*Driving Ambition*, July) and I both attended San Diego State University and worked at a Chili's restaurant. What a wonderful surprise to see her in the pages of PLAYBOY.

Hal Corbin
San Diego, California

I'd like to suggest that PLAYBOY create a new title for Lisa Dergan—Playmate of

the Millennium. Lisa is so beautiful she's a heart-stopper.

Clifford Mauldin
Noble, Oklahoma

Thank you for letting us preview your 1999 Playmate of the Year, Lisa Dergan, a full 12 months in advance.

Kurt Buckmiller
Colorado Springs, Colorado

This lady has it all: intelligence, magnificent beauty and ambition. Best of all, she golfs. Lisa Dergan is the woman every man dreams of.

John Walsh
Sarasota, Florida

PLAYING FOOTSIE

Despite what appears in the illustration accompanying your "Croquet at Any Cost" item (*Mantrack*, July), "footing" the ball is considered cheating under the USCA six-wicket rules, no matter the color of one's footwear. I was once yanked out of a major tournament by a USCA president for wearing brown sandals. How crazy is that?

Bernard Pattie
Christiansted, St. Croix
U.S. Virgin Islands

OH, DANNY BOY

I'd like to set the record straight (*Playboy Interview*, June). The *Mad About You* pilot was written by me and the show's very talented co-creator, Danny Jacobson, who also served as executive producer and head writer for the first several years. I'm asking that you please publish this letter so his family will stop saying, "How come they didn't mention Danny?" Maybe you can also send them some cake.

Paul Reiser
Culver City, California

NEWTON DEFIES GRAVITY

I love the picture of 1995 PMOY Julie Cialini in *The Newton Girls* (July) pictorial. The caption describes her as a "limber piece of human linguine." I say pasta never looked so good.

Richard Laban
New York, New York

DUMB AND DUMBER

I'd like to add this to your "Liable for Stupidity" item (*After Hours*, July). It proves that manufacturers think consumers are idiots. The following are instructions from the user's manual for a memory phone I purchased:

To Make a Call:
(1) Pick up handset.
(2) Wait for dial tone.
(3) Dial telephone number.
(4) When finished, hang up the handset.

To Receive a Call:
(1) When telephone rings, pick up handset and talk.
(2) When finished, hang up the handset.

Henry Hook
Brooklyn, New York

WHO WROTE THE BOOK OF LOVE?

Rock's Book of Love (July) is witty but Gavin Edwards missed such great Dave Matthews lyrics as "hike up your skirt and show your world to me" and "in your eyes I see what's on my mind" from *Crash Into Me* and *Say Goodbye*.

Javier Martinez
Midland, Texas

I enjoyed the rock-and-roll quotes and I have a couple to add to the list: the Cars, from *Tonight She Comes*: "She tells me it's easy, when you do it right." Prince, from *1999*: "I got a lion in my pocket, and baby, he's ready to roar."

David Salkover
Columbia, Missouri

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SLANG BANGERS

The legacy of hip-hop is lexicologically rich. We've heard from the East Coast and West Coast and now, thanks to the innovative rappers in Goodie Mob, we are hearing from the South. Consider this selection of slang from the booklet that accompanies the CD *Still Standing*:

4:30 P.M.: Things are not going your way. ("That was 4:30 how you left me at the party last night.")

Off-brand frap: A lame girl. ("This off-brand frap tried to sneak into VIP and got thrown out.")

Fie Fie Deleesh: Something serious; like butter. ("Shorty got that fie fie deleesh.")

Twelve: Petty officers. ("My cuz was apprehended by twelve yesterday.")

Presidential: A private stock seldom shared with the rest of the clan. ("When I asked who had been in my presidential, didn't nobody know nothing, say nothing or do nothing.")

Hotel 2-5-4: Pretrial detention center. ("Nobody wants to stay at Hotel 2-5-4.")

Puem: To peel out in your car. ("He puemed out before I got a chance to burn one.")

Dairy products—e.g., cheddar, cheese, cream: Money. ("When I go to the club, I like to have plenty of cheddar in my pockets.")

Jainky: Something that's not right; doesn't smell right; shady. ("Buddy and them doing some jainky stuff.")

Flush: To make a move from point A to point B. ("I'm trying to flush, but this nagging wife of mine won't let me go.")

THE RUNS FOR THE SENATE

If there is such a thing as political humor, Idaho state representative Michael Crapo will be successful in his bid for the U.S. Senate. Because federal laws are often named for their sponsors (Taft–Hartley, Smoot–Hawley, Kennedy–Kassebaum, etc.), we could be looking at such memorable legislation as the Crapo–Lott Law, the Byrd–Crapo Law and the somewhat redundant Crapo–Akaka Law. Ideally, some other fine state will elect a Senator Fuller.

MIGHTY APHRODITE

The world's oldest brothel has been discovered at a dig in Salonika, Greece, and, according to archeologists, the 2000-year-old house of pleasure was well equipped. The excavation turned up masks worn by prostitutes, a pitcher with a phallic spout and an articulated clay dildo. Though classicists may shudder, they should find comfort in the aphorism Beware of Greeks baring dicks.

GOOOAL!

Despite the warnings of administrators, students at Luther College in Iowa continued their proudest graduation-week tradition: nude coed soccer. School officials tried unsuccessfully to stop the game by holding a late-night pancake breakfast on the field. Apparently they feared that the annual event was producing too many soccer moms.

PECTORALAE BONAE!

Some 1500 years after the fall of Rome, we have the newest edition of *Lexicon, Recentis Latinitas* by the Reverend Carlo Egger of the Vatican. The additions to the dictionary, which contains more than 15,000 new Latin phrases for contemporary words, show precisely where the world is headed. The previous edition in 1992 coined the term *exterioris paginae puella* for cover girl. Now comes *sui ipsius nudatur* (stripper), who might well be dancing for an *obscena observandi cupidus* (Peeping Tom). Nearby sits an *iuvenis voluptarius* (playboy) sipping *vischium* (whiskey), and it could all be happening in a *lembus lusorius* (gin joint). Still missing: translations for bouncer, lap dance and "Damn. The ass on Jennifer Lopez is fie fie deleesh!"

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

GRISLY BEAR MARKET

The anti-AIDS drugs known as protease inhibitors have not made everyone happy. You may recall that there was a big market for investors who bought life insurance policies from AIDS patients (they would pay out part of the policy and realize full face value when the sellers died). Now *The New York Times* reports that some investors who bought policies in the pre–protease inhibitor days are suing their brokers for fraud and breach of promise because the patients aren't dead yet. One lawsuit has been filed, but an industry insider predicts there will be hundreds. He lays some of the blame on unscrupulous brokers who sometimes misrepresent a patient's life expectancy. As he puts it, "There's no way that a two-year who was bought as a one-year can perform on time." Yeah, it's about as likely as a broker winning a humanitarian award.

ORAL HISTORY

Attention Kenneth Starr. In 1993 the Millbrook Press published *Bill Clinton: Our 42nd President*. The special prosecutor should be aware that the author is the suspiciously named Robert Cwiklik.

DON'T ASK, JUST SELL

While assembling items for their recent fund-raising auction, organizers for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force were surprised to receive a calendar autographed by Newt Gingrich. But

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I'm not so cute anymore. And when you get less cute, you get more vain."—JACK NICHOLSON

DOG GONE

In divorce proceedings involving a dispute between dog owners, the percentage of cases in which the judge awards the woman custody of the dog: 81.

CHINO NATION

Chances that an American male between the ages of 25 and 45 owns a pair of Dockers: 7 in 10.

DAN MACCARIO

FACT OF THE MONTH

When the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers play football at home, Memorial Stadium becomes the state's third most populous city.

ROAD RAGE

Since 1990, percentage increase of traffic disputes in which one driver assaults or kills another: 59.

HUNAN HALITOSIS

According to the *Xinmin Evening News*, number of Chinese citizens who do not brush their teeth: 600 million.

WELL PRESERVED

According to *What Counts: The Complete Harper's Index*, number of Twinkies that Twinkie creator Jimmy Dewar ate in his lifetime: 40,177.

NUTS!

Number of Americans who die each year from peanut allergies: 125.

BIGGER BALLS

Current value of Major League Baseball's TV deal: $1.7 billion. Value of the NFL's TV deal: $17.6 billion.

FEAR AND CLOTHING

Percentage of men who say sexual harassment concerns have caused them to avoid complimenting female co-workers on their appearance: 49.

COST OF LIVING TOGETHER

Amount that newlywed Sharon Stone spent on wedding invitations: $40,000. Amount Americans spend on engagement and wedding rings each year: $3.3 billion. Total expenditures of the Ecuadoran government in 1995: $3.3 billion.

CAT'S CRADLE

According to *The Book of Risks* by Larry Laudan, chances that you would die after falling six stories: 9 in 10. Chances a cat would die from the same fall: 1 in 10.

NOMO INTEREST

In 1997, amount a credit association in Osaka increased a special savings account tied to the performance of former Dodger pitcher Hideo Nomo: .233 percent (one tick for every strikeout thrown).

GREATER DANE

World-record number of inches by which a Danish surgeon extended his patient's penis: 5.65.

BRASS FACTS

Number of generals per every active division in the U.S. army: 30. Ratio of planes to Air Force generals: 23 to 1. Approximate number of admirals per ship afloat: 1.

BREAKUP BREAKDOWN

According to a survey by Miller High Life, percentage of guys who prefer to break up in person and in private: 69. Percentage who say they would just stop calling: 11. Percentage who would do it in a public place: 8. Percentage who would use the telephone: 4.

STANDING O

According to the 1998 *Guiness Book of World Records*, record number of curtain calls (after a performance of *L'Elisir d'Amore* in 1988 by Luciano Pavarotti): 165. —LAURA BILLINGS

according to a fax from his office Gingrich never sent it and is not supportive of the task force. Undaunted, the group packaged the calendar and fax together and offered the set as "Ire of Newt." It drew the highest bid of the night: $1900.

WORD UP?

Guess that's why they call it Microsoft. Try this the next time you open a document in Word. Type the phrase "Unable to follow directions" and highlight it. When you then open the thesaurus the only synonym the program can find is, "Unable to have an erection." Is it the work of a rogue hacker or merely the program's incorporeal cry for help? Either way, the puzzling information circulated quickly in a piece of chain e-mail titled "Does Bill Gates have a problem we don't know about?" We don't mean to make a federal case here but perhaps if he unbundled his browser, the problem would solve itself.

FORE WORDS

Offbeat Golf: A Swingin' Guide to a Worldwide Obsession (Santa Monica) by Bob Loeffelbein is a book that covers the human side of golf history. Legend has it Mary Queen of Scots was in the middle of a round when she learned that her husband had been murdered. She fled to his side—after she finished her game. Also included is the sad plight of Lord Gormley Whiffle, who in 1876 not only blew a four-inch putt, but completely missed the ball. The incident was much remarked upon, and the question at the clubhouse "Did you see that Whiffle?" supposedly gave rise to the expression "to whiff" the ball.

JUICETICE

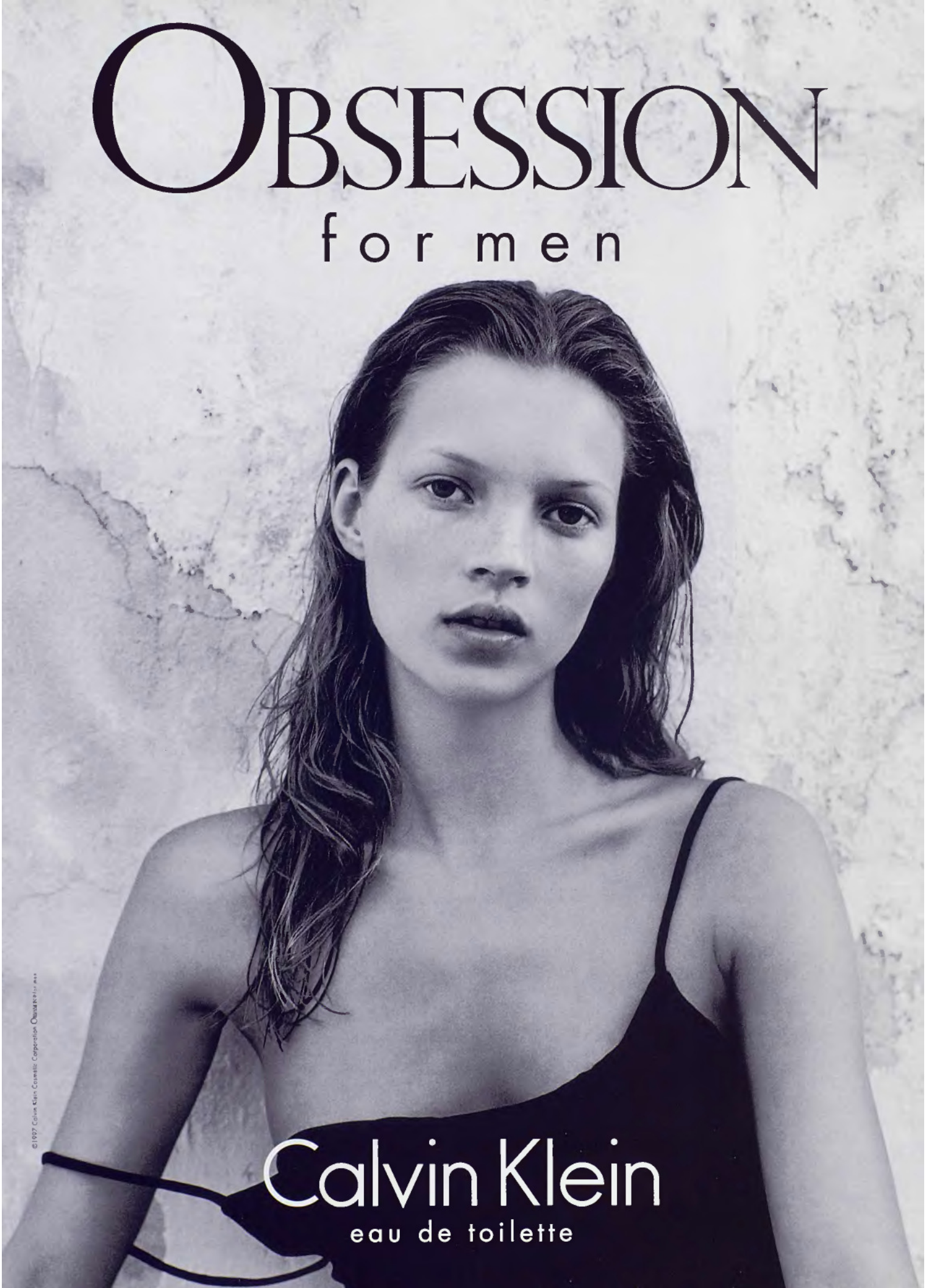
Experienced in both the criminal and the civil codes, O.J. Simpson told the *London Weekly Standard* that if President Clinton did in fact "hit on a dog" like Paula Jones, he should be thrown in jail for 30 days.

THE FIX IS IN THE MAIL

Hallmark now offers sympathy and greeting cards for neutered or spayed dogs, and a greeting card for vets who have just put an animal to sleep. Another card features a cartoon mutt on the front and the inside message: "Thanks! That was really nice, coming from someone who had me neutered." Go ahead, check the back. The Hallmark seal is there and ripe for sniffing.

THE ZUIDER WEE

News of the crackdown on petty crime in Amsterdam—a city that once tolerated anything short of murder and good modern art—has brought a new word to our shores. It's *wildpinkler*, the name for people who urinate in public places.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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

HOW YOU FEEL about ***Your Friends and Neighbors*** (Gramercy Pictures) may have something to do with your reaction to writer-director Neil LaBute's much-talked-about debut feature, *In the Company of Men*. In both films, LaBute rips the lid off society's dirtiest secret—that all men are pigs. The major difference this time is a first-rate cast, including Ben Stiller, Jason Patric (also one of the film's producers), the appealing Amy Brenneman, Aaron Eckhart (the co-star of *Men*), Catherine Keener and Nastassja Kinski. They offer some sharp, provocative dialogue in vignettes about dysfunctional relationships, noncommunication between sexual partners and superficial male bonding. But when all is said and done, you may be left wondering what it is that you've learned. ¥¥

•

Any film with a title such as ***The Chambermaid on the Titanic*** (Samuel Goldwyn) is bound to attract attention, especially this year. Happily, this European import is not a rip-off but an intriguing rumination of sexual fantasies. Olivier Martinez plays a French foundry worker who wins a trip to Southampton to witness the launching of the *Titanic*. (His wife doesn't go because his boss has eyes for her and contrives to keep her at home.) In England, the unworldly Martinez meets a beautiful chambermaid (Aitana Sanchez-Gijón, from *A Walk in the Clouds*) who is about to set sail, and they share an evening in his hotel room—without having sex. On his return home, however, Martinez' co-workers clamor to hear of his sexual adventures, and, not wanting to let them down, he begins spinning tales. Soon his barroom monologs are a sensation—and his wife is jealous. This amusing fable is artfully directed by Spanish filmmaker Bigas Luna. It may be a bit quiet for some viewers, but it has many rewards for those who fall under its spell. ¥¥¥

Marceau and Dillane: lighting *Firelight*.

Spinning sexual tales, outwitting the art world and a new look at *Evil*.

•

Don't miss a chance to see the reconstruction of Orson Welles' ***Touch of Evil*** (October Films) as it returns to theaters this month. Janet Leigh and Charlton Heston have to curtail their honeymoon plans because of a murder at the Mexican border, the investigation of which is led by fat, greasy American Welles. Not only is this a mesmerizing film, it's the first time anyone has attempted to show it the way Welles intended it to be seen. Prior to its 1958 release, Welles penned a detailed 58-page memo protesting Universal's planned cuts and changes to his film. That memo, and Welles' other notes, are so specific in terms of editing instructions—especially the use of sound—that producer Rick Schmidlin was able to follow most of them, even though no cutting-room floor material existed and the components he had to work with weren't always the best. Still, the film looks and sounds great. In fact, I challenge you to find a new movie this year with more arresting camera work and more creative use of the soundtrack. ¥¥¥½

•

High spirits abound in director John Waters' upbeat, original comedy ***Pecker*** (Fine Line). Edward Furlong, as the title character, starts taking pictures of everyone he encounters in his low-rent Baltimore neighborhood (using a camera his mother acquired at her thrift shop). His main inspiration is his girlfriend,

THE SOUND OF (MOVIE) MUSIC

With the extraordinary success of James Horner's *Titanic* soundtrack CD, awareness of movie scores has risen dramatically this year. Although there's an old saw that says an effective score is one you don't notice, aficionados would argue the point as they rally around their favorite composers, including Horner, the ageless Elmer Bernstein, the protean Jerry Goldsmith, John Williams, Ennio Morricone, Danny Elfman, Patrick Doyle and Thomas and David Newman (sons of the great, pioneering multi-Oscar-winning Alfred Newman).

If you want to learn more about film music, a good place to start is *Film Score Monthly*, an irreverent, opinionated publication edited by Lukas Kendall (who started it while still a high school student). Jammed with reviews, checklists and information, it's well worth $29.95 a year (5455 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1500, Los Angeles, CA 90036). You can check out the magazine's frequently refreshed and informative Web site at www.filmscoremonthly.com.

Kendall is also involved in resurrecting neglected film scores of the recent and distant past, including John Barry's *Deadfall*, David Shire's *The Taking of Pelham 1-2-3* and Jerry Goldsmith's *Stagecoach* (with tracks from his score for Rod Serling's short-lived Western TV series *The Loner*), on a new CD label catering to the musical cognoscenti.

Rhino Records scores with its ongoing series of CDs in partnership with Turner Classic Movies. Direct from the MGM, RKO and Warner Bros. vaults, this series includes a complete *Wizard of Oz* set (a must), a first-ever *Casablanca* soundtrack (with a discarded Dooley Wilson song), the premiere of David Raksin's unforgettable score for *The Bad and the Beautiful*, a Gershwin tribute with a 20-minute overture recorded for the 1945 *Rhapsody in Blue* but never used, and lots of other material. The handsome and comprehensive four-CD boxed set *Warner Bros.' 75 Years of Film Music* includes songs and soundtrack excerpts.

Other first-time CD releases come from an unlikely source: Walt Disney Records. Producer Randy Thornton is painstakingly assembling soundtracks from all of Disney's animated classics—and removed the annoying phony-stereo effects that have plagued reissues of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Bambi* and other favorites. He spices up each CD with formerly deleted songs, demo tracks by the composers and other newly unearthed goodies.

Soundtracks have never had it so good. —L.M.

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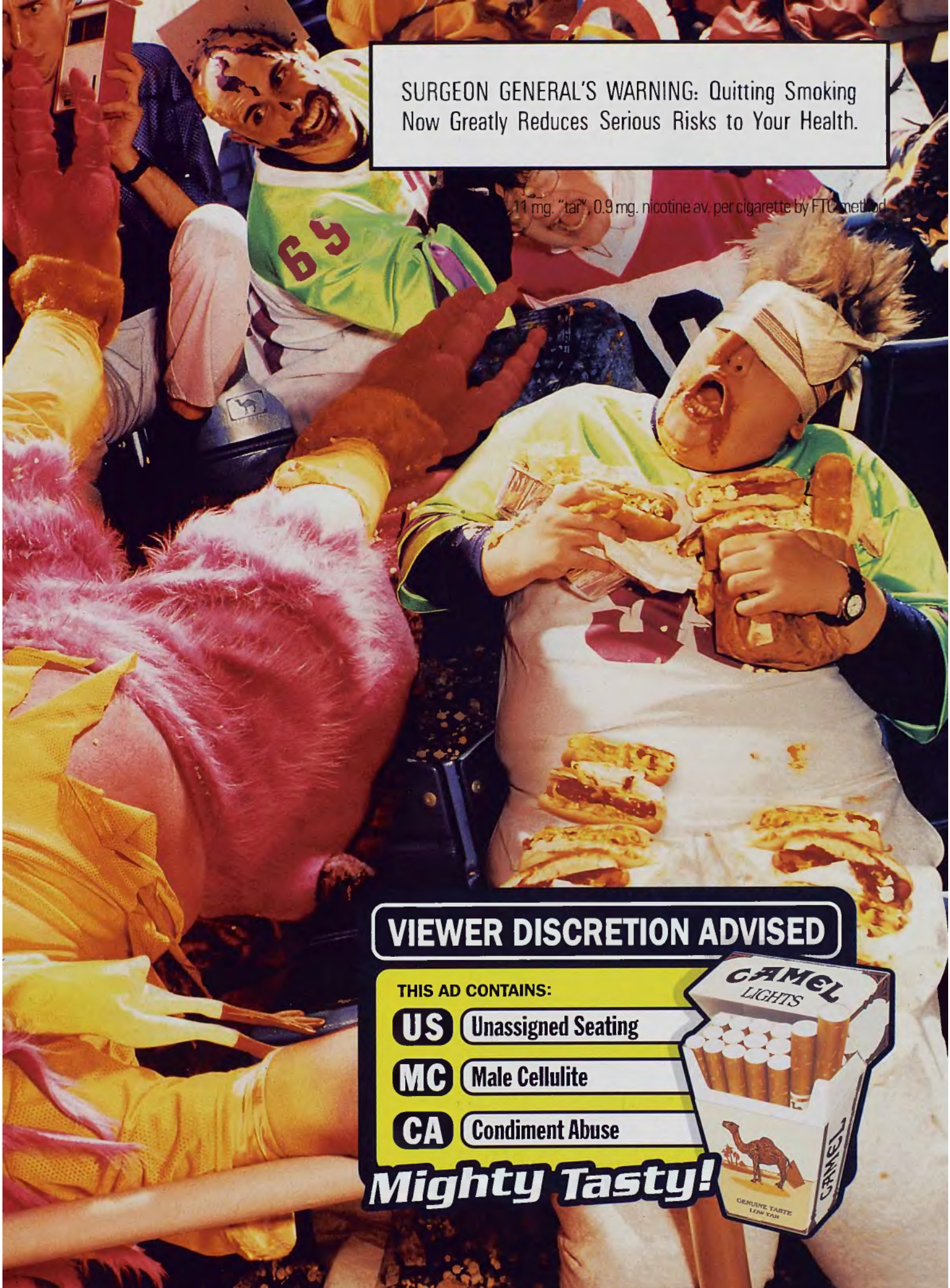
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Paymer: Movies MVP.

OFF CAMERA

If there were an award for most valuable player in acting, it might well go to **David Paymer.** He's one of a handful of recognizable character actors whose names may not sell tickets but whose performances enhance every movie in which they appear. Paymer's credits include Billy Crystal's *Mr. Saturday Night*, which earned him an Oscar nomination, and Robert Redford's *Quiz Show*, in which he plays a notoriously shifty television producer.

Paymer has been a working actor for 20 years, but the high-profile roles have come his way only in recent years. His challenge now is to play as many different kinds of characters as possible, to avoid the actor's curse, typecasting. "I think there's a shelf life for any actor," he says, "unless you can keep mixing it up."

He seems to be succeeding. Among his forthcoming films are the Mel Gibson movie *Payback*, in which Paymer plays a sleazy drug dealer ("I love dressing down," he remarks, proud that he got to sport a scruffy beard and wear a porkpie hat); the remake of *Mighty Joe Young*, in which he's the head of the Los Angeles wildlife preserve; Lawrence Kasdan's *Mumford*, in which he plays a neurotic psychiatrist; and an independent film called *Outside Ozona*, which casts him as a serial killer. (The director hoped to use him as a Jewish lawyer, but Paymer held out for something juicier.)

Perhaps his greatest recognition has come from a recurring part on television's late, lamented *The Larry Sanders Show*, in which Paymer played Garry Shandling's smarmy press agent.

"I've had a lot of people stop me on the street—forget about *Quiz Show*, forget about *Mr. Saturday Night*. Imitating the character Norman Litkey, they ask, 'Are you wetting yourself?'" —L.M.

Christina Ricci, who operates a local laundromat. Pecker's life undergoes a major transformation when his photographs are discovered by a New York City art dealer (Lili Taylor). His overnight success threatens to spoil the lives of his friends and family and the spontaneity of his carefree existence. Both a celebration of the mundane and a fable about art and celebrity, *Pecker* stays on target from start to finish (in a welcome 87-minute package—long-winded filmmakers take note). Waters has an infectious way of embracing the odd and the outlandish without casting judgment, whether he's shooting male strippers or shoplifters. The supporting cast is ideal, and Furlong has the wide-eyed sincerity to make his character engaging and real. ¥¥¥

•

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries (October Films) is a departure for producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, best known for their meticulous costume dramas (*Howards End*, *A Room With a View*). This keenly observed chronicle of an American family in Paris in the Seventies offers Kris Kristofferson his best part in a long time as a writer, World War Two vet and sympathetic dad. Barbara Hershey is his lighthearted wife, and Leelee Sobieski is especially impressive as their adolescent daughter who, along with her adopted brother (Jesse Bradford), faces the various crises of growing up. Featuring a series of vignettes that unfold like a novel, the film loses its edge in the final stages and turns into a soap opera, leading to an abrupt and unsatisfying closing scene. ¥¥½

•

The beautiful Sophie Marceau (*Braveheart*'s melancholy princess, and star of the recent *Anna Karenina*) is ideally cast in ***Firelight*** (Buena Vista) as a troubled woman who becomes the 19th century equivalent of a surrogate mother for the magnetic Stephen Dillane, whose wife lies in a coma and can't provide him with an heir. Marceau agrees to accept payment for her services and then disappear—but after giving birth, she cannot separate herself emotionally from her child. Years later she applies for—and wins—a job as the girl's governess, unbeknownst to the master of the house. The film is a beautifully rendered story of passions, both repressed and unleashed, written and directed by William Nicholson, best known as the playwright of the wonderful *Shadowlands*. The look and feel of *Firelight* are just right, providing a realistic setting for a story in which the emotions ebb and flow, like the film's color palette, from a gray, icy island playhouse, where the young girl finds escape, to the warm glow of the firelight in which inner feelings are stirred. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Can't Hardly Wait (Listed only) Jennifer Love Hewitt heads the cast of this road company *American Graffiti*. ¥¥

The Chambermaid on the Titanic (See review) One innocent night in 1912 inspires a wealth of sexual tales. ¥¥¥

Firelight (See review) A surrogate mother returns to her abandoned daughter—and to her lover. ¥¥¥

The Governess (9/98) Minnie Driver manages to drive her employer to distraction. ¥¥½

Lolita (9/98) Jeremy Irons stars in a meticulous remake that may be even better than Stanley Kubrick's earlier version. ¥¥¥½

The Mask of Zorro (9/98) Beautifully overdone. Still, Antonio Banderas is an ideal masked avenger, and Catherine Zeta-Jones is a swashbuckling knockout. ¥¥½

The Negotiator (9/98) Samuel L. Jackson and Kevin Spacey square off on opposite sides and take turns commanding the screen. ¥¥¥

Out of Sight (Listed only) Jennifer Lopez and George Clooney set off sparks, but this Elmore Leonard story needs a shot of adrenaline. ¥¥

Pecker (See review) An innocent—well, a John Waters–style innocent—tries to withstand corruption by the art world. ¥¥¥

Polish Wedding (9/98) Gabriel Byrne, Claire Danes and Lena Olin star in this rich slice of Americana. ¥¥¥

Safe Men (9/98) Slackers become safecrackers in this wispy but amusing little comedy. ¥¥½

Saving Private Ryan (Listed only) Tom Hanks stars in Steven Spielberg's time capsule of life on the front lines—the most brutal World War Two movie ever made. Matt Damon has the title role. ¥¥¥½

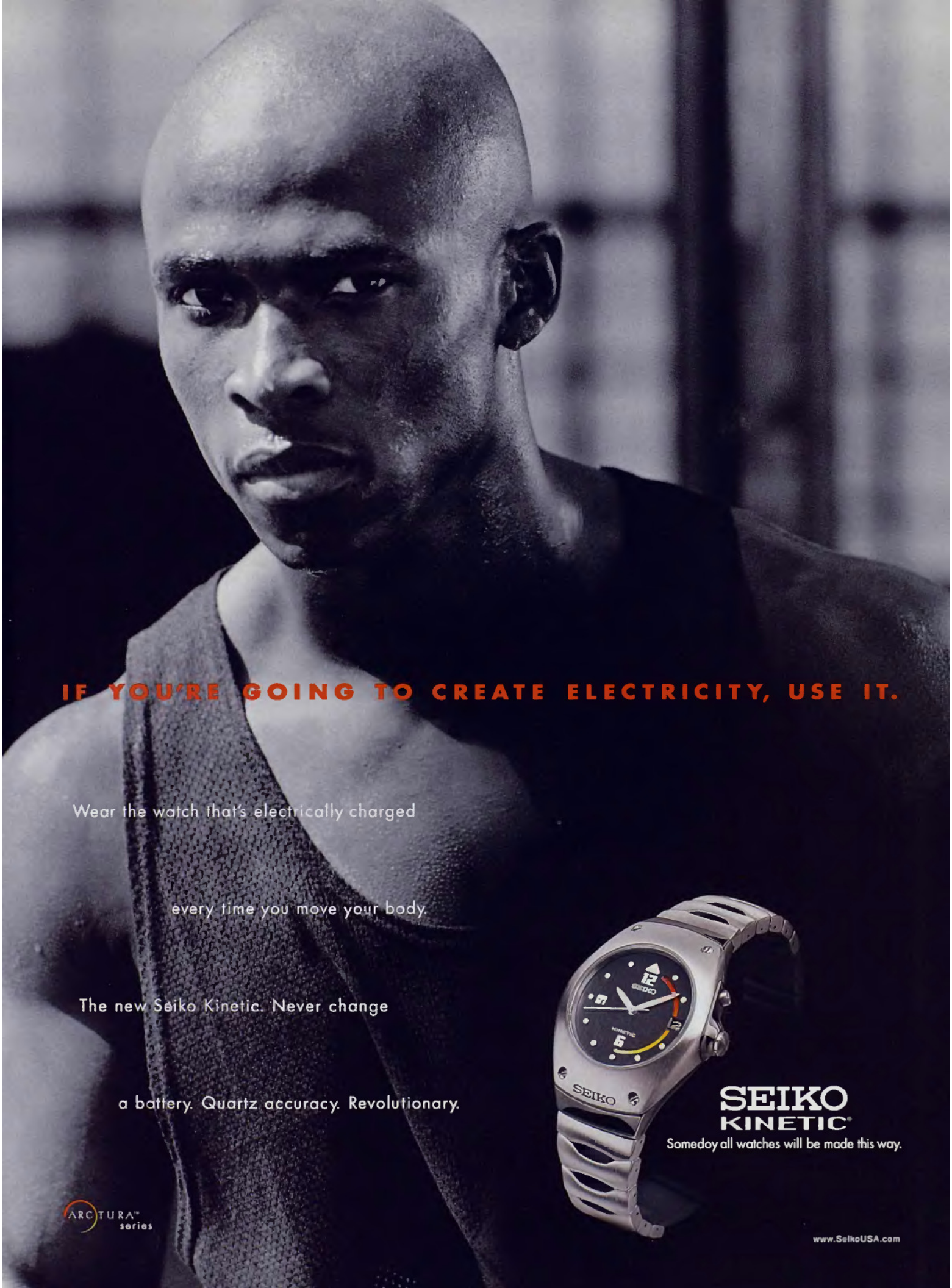
A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries (See review) An American family in Seventies Paris, with Kris Kristofferson in a plum part. ¥¥½

Touch of Evil (See review) The Orson Welles classic returns, as he envisioned it. ¥¥¥½

The Young Girls of Rochefort (Listed only) Jacques Demy's follow-up to *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*—now back in theaters—is stylish but contrived, though it does feature Gene Kelly and two of the screen's most beautiful women: real-life sisters Catherine Deneuve and Françoise Dorleac. ¥¥

Your Friends and Neighbors (See review) Men stink. What else is new? ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"Friday night is the perfect time to watch videos, especially old horror movies," says **Mike Judge**, Beavis and Butt-head's off-center progenitor. "I recently rented *Dawn of the Dead* and something called *Basket Case*. Great stuff." For quick-fix entertainment, Judge gives the nod to *The Nutty Professor* (Jerry Lewis' version), *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *Miami Blues*, *Fargo* and any Monty Python flick. "But my number one pick of all time is a driver's ed movie called *Mr. Rellik*. I don't know anyone else who has seen it, except for the people who watched it with me in class. It's about this guy who tries to get people into car accidents. His name spelled backward is Killer. It's really funny." Heh-heh. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

The next time you feel like bitching about the state of the union, you may want to count your blessings instead. History Channel Home Video's four-tape boxed set ***The Great Depression*** ($59.95) reveals in painstaking detail the devastating crash of the American economy and its hard-scrabble climb back to world dominance. Through interviews with scholars, journalists and celebrities—as well as newsreel footage and archival photos (notably the striking work of Dorthea Lange)—the program replays all the drama, from Wall Street's Black Thursday to FDR's arrival at the White House to the nation's entry into World War Two. The narrative also features nods to the era's leading lights, including Upton Sinclair, Orson Welles, General Douglas MacArthur and Pretty Boy Floyd. Hosted by Mario Cuomo. To order, call 800-423-1212.

HOORAY FOR HELLYWOOD!

This year marks the 25th anniversary of ***The Exorcist,*** William Friedkin's satanic paean to the ultimate pagan. As Warner rolls out its diabolical special edition deluxe set ($50), complete with a making-of documentary, soundtrack CD and souvenir book, let's recall more cinema from hell:

The Evil Dead (1983): The devil's demons play zombie tag with a cabin full of teenagers in this cheerfully demented classic. After two sequels, director Sam Raimi went on to executive produce TV's *Xena* and *Hercules*.

The Devil's Advocate (1997): Satan lures lawyer Keanu Reeves. As a thriller, it's goofy. But for laughs—intentional and otherwise—it's hilarious, especially Pacino as the boss from hell.

Crossroads (1986): Plucky young guitar-slinger Ralph Macchio trades solos with the devil's guitarist to save an old bluesman's soul. Based on the Robert Johnson myth.

Angel Heart (1987): Robert De Niro is a long-fingernailed Old Scratch, who sends slovenly Mickey Rourke to sultry Louisiana to get naked with *Cosby* gal Lisa Bonet. Some penance.

The Prophecy (1995): There's a war in heaven, and Lucifer (Viggo Mortensen) gets all the good lines: "You would say such beautiful prayers, and then you would hop into bed, afraid that I was under there . . . and I *was*!"

The Omen (1976): In this unsettling *Exorcist* knockoff, the Antichrist comes to earth as Gregory Peck's son. Won an Oscar for Best Original Score and was nominated for an unlikely Best Song, the Latin chant *Ave Satani*.

Hunk (1987): In this devilishly cheesy outing, the geeky Californian John Allen Nelson swaps his soul for some biceps and balls. He would have been better off just joining a health club.

The Witches of Eastwick (1987): Three lonely lookers—Michelle Pfeiffer, Susan Sarandon and Cher—conjure up Daryl Van Horne (Jack Nicholson), a self-professed "horny devil." Naturally, Jack's Satan sizzles.

Repossessed (1990): Linda Blair—the original head-spinner—is a suburban housewife who begins to act . . . strangely. Father Mayii (Leslie Nielsen) exorcises his rights—and a few lefts—in this vastly underrated spoof.

The Devil in Miss Jones (1972): Harry Reems explains to the dead Georgina Spelvin that, in order to get into hell, she will have to give her all—and then some. A porn classic that puts a nice spin on sin. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

X-RATED VIDEO OF THE MONTH

It was bound to happen. What do you get when you combine searing action and great-looking hard-core starlets with a script that lampoons the globe's hottest all-girl rock group? OK, so maybe the spicy stars who headline in ***Five Sins*** (Sin City, $36.95) aren't the real thing. But what they lack in musical talent (they really try), they more than make up for in screw-anything-that-moves abandon. Story features the predictable but welcome backstage trysts, as well as a chart-topping five-grrrl orgy. Call 800-944-3933.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Primary Colors*** (Joe Klein's barely veiled fiction of the 1992 White House race; Travolta *is* Clinton—only dopier), ***Wild Things*** (steamy schoolgirls connive and swap spit in Florida; Neve Campbell teases, Denise Richords delivers).
DRAMA	***Twilight*** (faded stars ask loyal gumshoe to bag blackmailer; Newman, Hackman, Sarandon lift ersatz Chondler), ***The Leading Man*** (U.S. film stud making London stage debut beds director's wife; hey, Jon Bon Jovi acts?).
LATIN	***Live Flesh*** (horny ex-con exacts revenge by boffing arresting cops' wives; solid Almodóvar), ***Men With Guns*** (Central America: Widowed doctor trails *pistoleros* who offed his former pupils; multilinguol mystery by John Sayles).
ACTION	***U.S. Marshals*** (Tommy Lee hunts framed Wesley; by-the-numbers *Fugitive* follow-up, but where's Harrison?), ***The Newton Boys*** (kindhearted bank robbers, led by McConaughey, blow 'em up and clean 'em out; call it *The Mild* Bunch).
SLEEPER	***Illtown*** (vengeful ex-pal returns to ruin drug dealer's cushy life; director Nick Gomez wrings cool from cliché), ***A Brother's Kiss*** (siblings—one cop, one loser—in slow-burn urban tragedy; Marisa Tomei tops list of great cameos).

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MUSIC

RAP

IN THE GOLDEN AGE of New York hip-hop (1985 to 1989), Eric B. and Rakim, Public Enemy, Big Daddy Kane and the Beastie Boys made impressive debuts and began important careers. Of this quartet of crucial acts, the Beasties are going strong a decade later. It would be too simple to chalk up the trio's continuing success to the fact they're white in a field that's predominantly black. Instead, as their latest, ***Hello Nasty*** (Grand Royal), makes clear, these guys have managed to remain curious, creative and commercial well after their peers broke up, lost inspiration or became irrelevant. With *Hello Nasty* the Beasties have moved ahead by going back. After basing their last three albums in Los Angeles, the band has a 22-track collection full of New York energy and verve. Moreover, *Nasty* is informed by old-school quotations and production techniques that, in the hands of the Beasties and producer Mario Caldato, sound fresh in the old hip-hop sense. *Intergalactic* has an electroboogie feel reminiscent of Afrika Bambaataa. *Remote Control* is an all-out rap attack that harks back to the Furious Five. The way the group's new DJ, Mix Master Mike, is used on *Three MCs and One DJ*, *Sneakin' Out the Hospital* and three other cuts flashes back to the Eighties when a DJ was an essential part of a rap group's identity. The way the Beasties trade lines on the *Grasshopper Unit (Keep Movin')* is funny and skillful. Adrock, Mike D and MCA toss funky, Latin-tinged instrumentals (*Song for Junior*), samba accents (*I Don't Know*) and sundry guest musicians into their mix to create a remarkably satisfying record.

—NELSON GEORGE

No doubt you were relieved to discover that Warren Beatty doesn't actually rap on the ***Bulworth*** soundtrack (Interscope). Instead, the great white Hollywood father offers an object lesson in why he was inspired to try: a rap rainbow from the Fugees to the Wu-Tang Clan, from matched old-timers Ice Cube and Public Enemy to up-and-comers Canibus and Witchdoctor.—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ROCK

Blockbuster rock soundtracks flooded the airwaves all summer. Which was the best? ***Godzilla*** (Epic). The movie may have been a box-office disappointment, but the *Godzilla* soundtrack was the real monster. No gooey ballads or second-class castoffs for the big lizard. Instead, more than a dozen of today's hottest bands offer some of their best new material. The Wallflowers' cover of David Bowie's *Heroes* is surprisingly ballsy. Puff Daddy's impassioned rap over Jimmy Page's ominous *Kashmir* riff on *Come With Me* kicks ass. Jamiroquai does its best Stevie Wonder impression yet. Rage Against the Machine's *No Shelter* is its most focused riff-and-rant fest. Ben Folds Five's *Air* establishes the trio as the postpunk heir to Brian Wilson. The remaining cuts, from the Foo Fighters, Fuzzbubble and Fuel, are head and shoulders over the cheesy guitar pop clogging the radio today. *Godzilla* is the Big Gordita of soundtracks.

BRIAN TUMORI

The Beastie Boys say *Hello Nasty*.

The Beasties get *Nasty*, *Godzilla* rocks and Santana is revisited.

Most psychedelic bands of the Sixties thought that with a little weed and a lot of noodling they could improvise endlessly like their jazz heroes, John Coltrane and Miles Davis. Mostly, they were wrong. Carlos Santana was one of the few exceptions, with the chops and taste to pull it off. To mark the band's 30th anniversary, the folks at Sony/Legacy have done a superb job remastering Santana's first three classic releases, ***Santana*** (1969), ***Abraxas*** (1970) and ***Santana III*** (1971), as well as the songs on the new ***Best of Santana*** single disc. The sound separation is positively holographic, highlighting Carlos' ability to enrich the terse economy of the blues with Latin lyricism and Afro-Cuban rhythms. The first album is essentially a polyrhythmic drumfest, while *III* tends toward hippie-pop anthems. With a haunting moodiness, *Abraxas* is Carlos' masterwork and features his finest early songs, including *Black Magic Woman*, *Oye Como Va* and *Samba Pa Ti*. The *Best of Santana* may be your best buy. All the Santana you really need is here.

—VIC GARBARINI

I thought I was beyond guilty pleasures, but then I got Stevie Nicks' ***Enchanted*** (Atlantic). Relishing a triple-disc boxed set from pop radio's loopiest drama queen is almost too embarrassing to admit to, but the live version of *Edge of 17* could be the most powerful piece of California rock ever made. *Stand Back* and *Stop Draggin' My Heart Around* are the kind of songs for which Top 40 radio was invented. The best unreleased track is a Warren Zevon song on which Stevie duets with Don Henley. So fuck guilt.

—DAVE MARSH

With blues-like staying power, punk has enabled two decades' worth of alienated adolescents to vent their frustrations with songs that are fast, hard, brutish and short. Usually, nobody else cares because most punk bands sound indistinguishable to outsiders. But, like its pop compadre Green Day, Berkeley's Rancid is an exception, going gold with *And Out Come the Wolves*. It must be noted that never before has a band of comparable stature so slavishly and effectively emulated its heroes. From Tim Armstrong's sputtering Joe Strummer howl to the rhythm section's punk force-beat and Jamaican skank, Rancid is the Clash revisited. That makes ***Life Won't Wait*** (Epitaph) its *London Calling* in 22 songs, with guest shots from dancehall shouter Buju Banton and a panoply of ska heroes. Rancid's sprawl, scope and enthusiasm all promise the freedom that is rock and roll's mission.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

Jazz used to be popular music—the kind of stuff found on jukeboxes and nonspecialist radio and in the record racks of nonsnobs. Saxophonist James Carter, the leading heretic in today's jazz world, drags the music straight back there. ***In Carterian Fashion*** (Atlantic) has its roots in the soul jazz of Jimmy Smith and Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley and Jimmy McGriff. And you know what? It swings like crazy. *Fashion* is partly original, partly traditional—and a blast. In fact, it's hard to tell sometimes who's having more fun: Carter on his various horns (mostly tenor sax) or his bandmates—especially Craig Taborn cutting loose on a B3 organ.

Eva Cassidy's ***Songbird*** (Blix Street) is a collection of pop, rock, jazz, gospel and blues standards. Her voice is sweet, swinging, bluesy and tender; above all, it

it's your world

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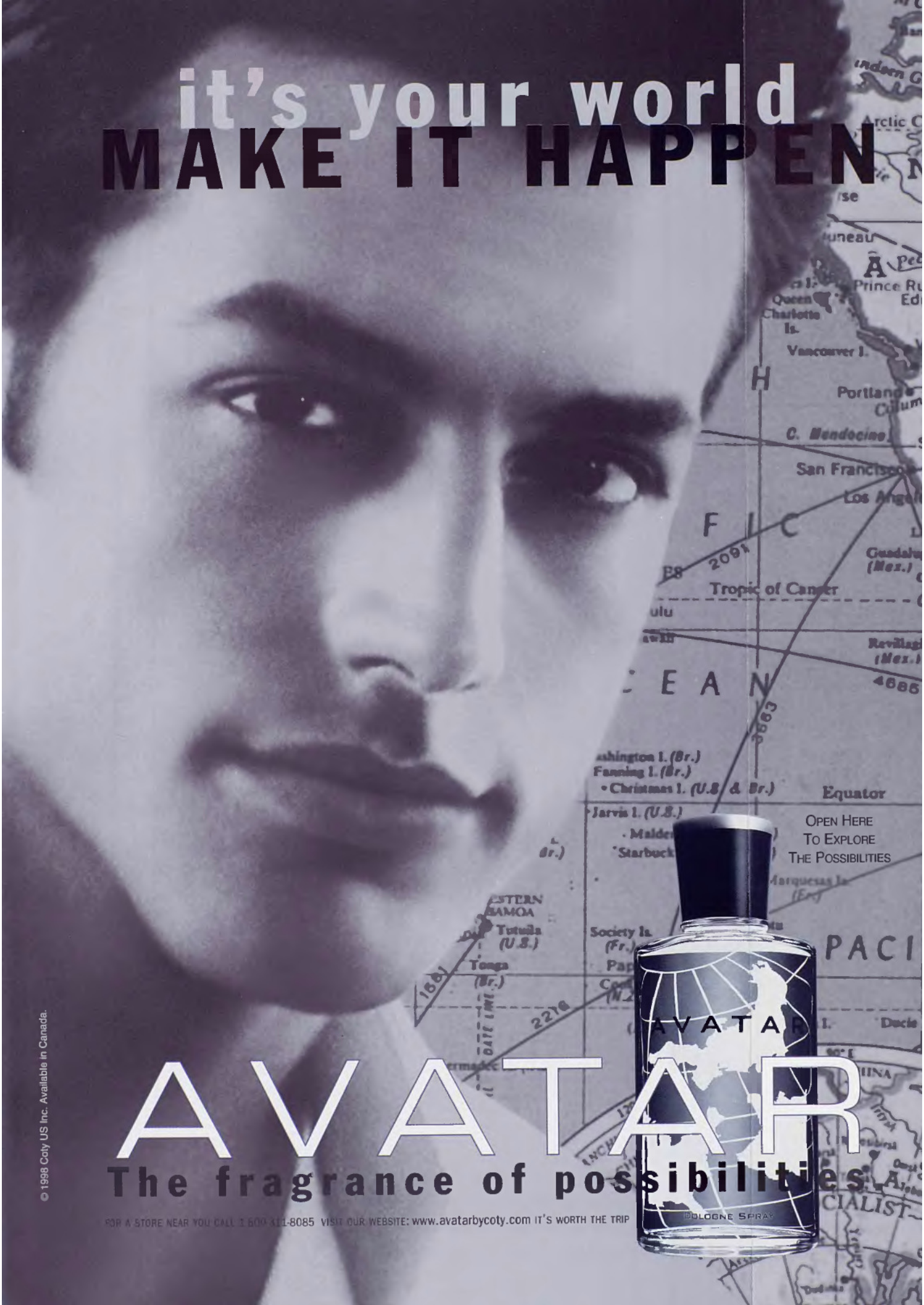

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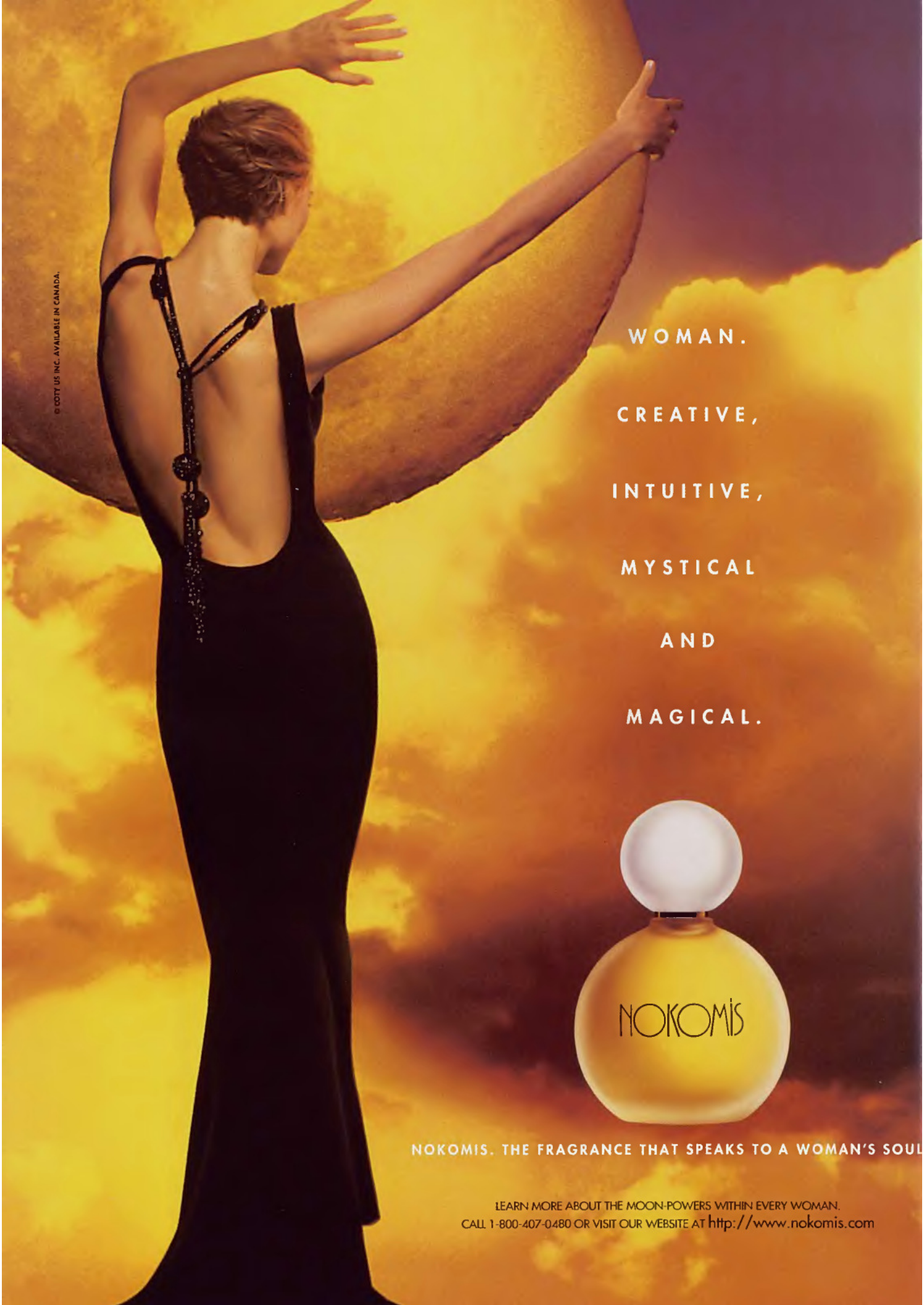
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radiates musical assurance. The concluding track is an over-the-top *Over the Rainbow* that Cassidy made with Washington, D.C. go-go king Chuck Brown. Although the album was released after Cassidy's death from cancer at 33, *Songbird* has every right to be compared to the best work of important singers.

—DAVE MARSH

The male vocalist of the Nineties, Kurt Elling, has built his reputation on artistic risk taking. So even when he tackles an album of love songs, you can count on something different. Sure, ***This Time It's Love*** (Blue Note) is heavy on ballads, but most come with a twist. The pristine *My Foolish Heart* has an irresistibly sexy rhythm; the staid standard *She's Funny That Way* becomes a flowing abstraction. Best of all, *Freddie's Yen for Jen*—inspired by the temperature-raising Freddie Hubbard tune *Delphia*—proves that true romance can get down. Elling's first two CDs scored Grammy nominations; this one should make it a hat trick.

—NEIL TESSER

BLUES

The first time I listened to Lucinda Williams' ***Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*** (Mercury), it didn't occur to me that I was listening to a country album. It wasn't pop, either, or blues or folk. Or rock and roll. It didn't remind me of anyone on the Lilith tour. She wasn't flirting like Sheryl Crow. She wasn't ranting like Courtney Love. She was singing really amazing songs: 13, one after another, that flow together and make a unified album. It reminded me of a time 25 years ago when I bought albums with the expectation of getting a complete work of art, as opposed to one hit and a lot of unlistenable crud. So if you want a label for Lucinda Williams, call her a Whole Album artist. Play any cut and you'll be hooked. After you're humming along, you'll start to wonder about the lyrics and you'll notice vivid narratives with a subtle element of reflection, an eye to form and an aversion to cliché. Even the love songs are anchored in a convincing story with a perspective you weren't expecting. Also check out the sex song *Right in Time*. OK, it's been a long time, six years, since her last album. But if it takes that long to get it right, she should take the time. Let's hope the Whole Album is a trend.

Dave "Snaker" Ray has been one of the great 12-string virtuosos since the early Sixties (often playing with John Koerner and Tony Glover), and his voice has an astonishing range of inflection that brings wit, joy and depth to his blues. On ***Snake Eyes*** (Tim Kerr), he extends his range even further with a little jazz that punctuates the blues shouting with more pensive moments.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Beastie Boys *Hello Nasty*	8	7	9	8	8
James Carter *In Carterian Fashion*	8	8	9	10	8
Various artists *Godzilla*	3	8	6	6	8
Rancid *Life Won't Wait*	8	7	8	9	8
Lucinda Williams *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*	10	8	7	8	9

YOU CAN BANK ON ELVIS DEPARTMENT: The Elvisly Yours credit card has been introduced in Britain. Cardholders get merchandise discounts and a chance to win an Elvis holiday. Every day is an Elvis holiday to us.

REELING AND ROCKING: **David Crosby** is working on a documentary called *Stand and Be Counted* that chronicles the role of popular music in social activism and political movements since the Civil War. . . . **Chris Isaak** will appear in *Shepherd* with **Tom Arnold** and **Clarence Williams III.** . . . **Coolio** plays three roles in *Tyrone*—the title character, his brother and his sister (yes, you read that right). . . . The animated film about Moses, *Prince of Egypt*, will have three separate albums, two (R&B and country) inspired by the movie and the third directly from the film. Listen for lyrics from **Stephen Schwartz** (*Pocahontas*) and music from **Hans Zimmer** (*The Lion King*). . . . **Madonna** has decided to postpone touring until 1999 to work on the film version of *Chicago* and on another movie, co-starring **Rupert Everett.** . . . **David Bowie** plays a gunman who goes up against **Harvey Keitel** in *My West*. . . . **Roger Daltrey** has been cast as a dying former rocker in a comedy, *Romantic Moritz*. . . . **Meat Loaf** will appear in *Fight Club* with **Brad Pitt** and **Edward Norton** and in *Crazy in Alabama*, directed by **Antonio Banderas.** . . . Look for **Joey Ramone** in the indie feature *Final Rinse*, about a serial killer who preys on big-haired rockers. Joey plays a nightclub emcee.

NEWSBREAKS: The Delta Blues Museum in Clarksdale, Mississippi is expanding and relocating, and has a couple of concerts planned: one for a 1998 kickoff fund-raiser and another for the grand opening in 1999. The city is renovating an old railroad depot for the museum. . . . **Fugees' Lauryn Hill** is working with **Carlos Santana** on his next CD, due out in late 1998 or early 1999. . . . **Kiss** is working with Intel and Brilliant Digital Entertainment on *The Kiss Multipath Musical Tour*, a digitally animated 3D music video. Users can dictate the story and graphics as well as alter action and mood. . . . To the categories already honored, the Grammys have added best Tejano music performance, best traditional R&B vocal performance and best classical crossover album. . . . **Mary J. Blige** will have a live CD out this year and is working on her next studio album. . . . Little, Brown will publish the second installment of **Peter Guralnick's** masterful **Elvis** bio in January. . . . **Garth Brooks** is talking to Microsoft and Intel about doing a live album that will combine audio and video and can be used in CD and DVD players. Look for a November release. . . . **Jac Holzman,** who started Elektra Records in a Maryland college dorm room in 1950, has written *Follow the Music: The Life and High Times of Elektra Records in the Great Years of American Pop Culture*. There are anecdotes about **Judy Collins, Phil Ochs,** the **Doors, Carly Simon** and **Queen,** among others. . . . Expect to see commercials for records when you rent certain movies. Warner Bros.' two-minute Inside Tracks were developed partly in response to a survey which noted that 60 percent of record buyers don't always know when their favorite artists release a CD. . . . Lastly, where would this column be without **Ted Nugent?** According to *Rock & Rap Confidential*, the Double-D Meat Co. now offers Ted Nugent beef jerky. "You can't beat my meat," Ted says in the press release. Ah, Ted, a PR department's nightmare.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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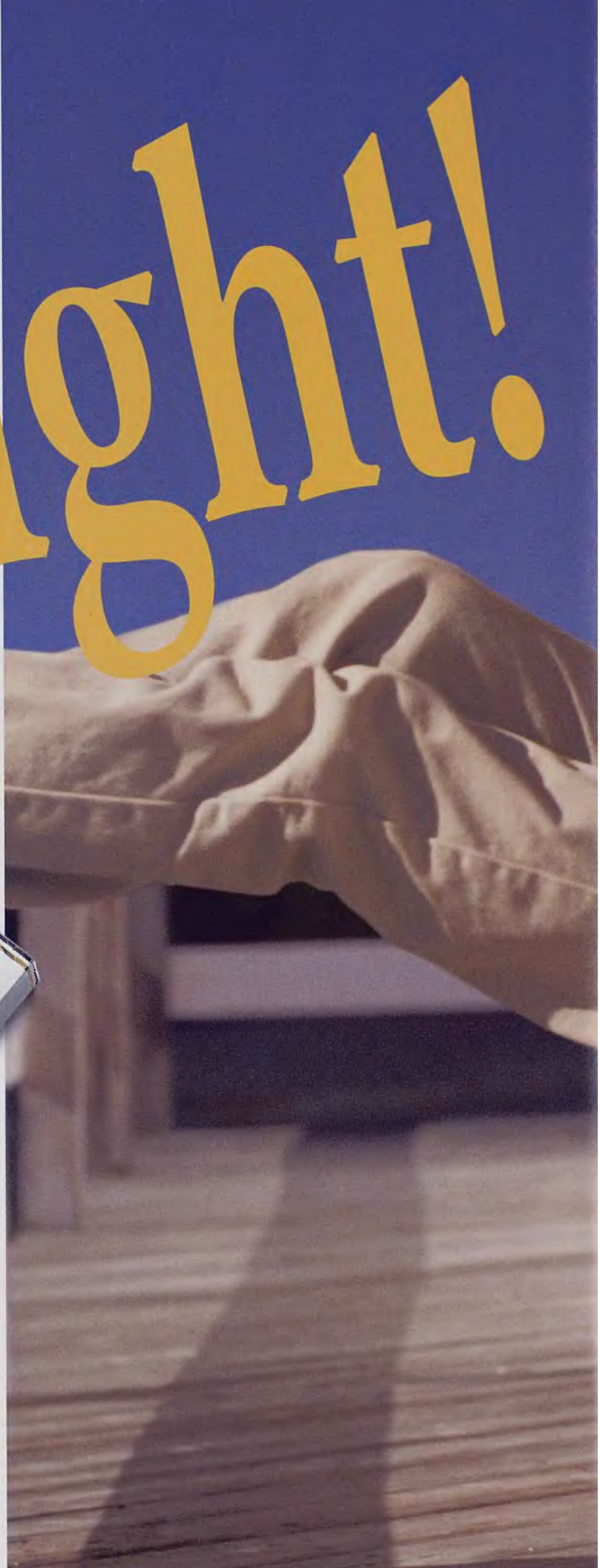

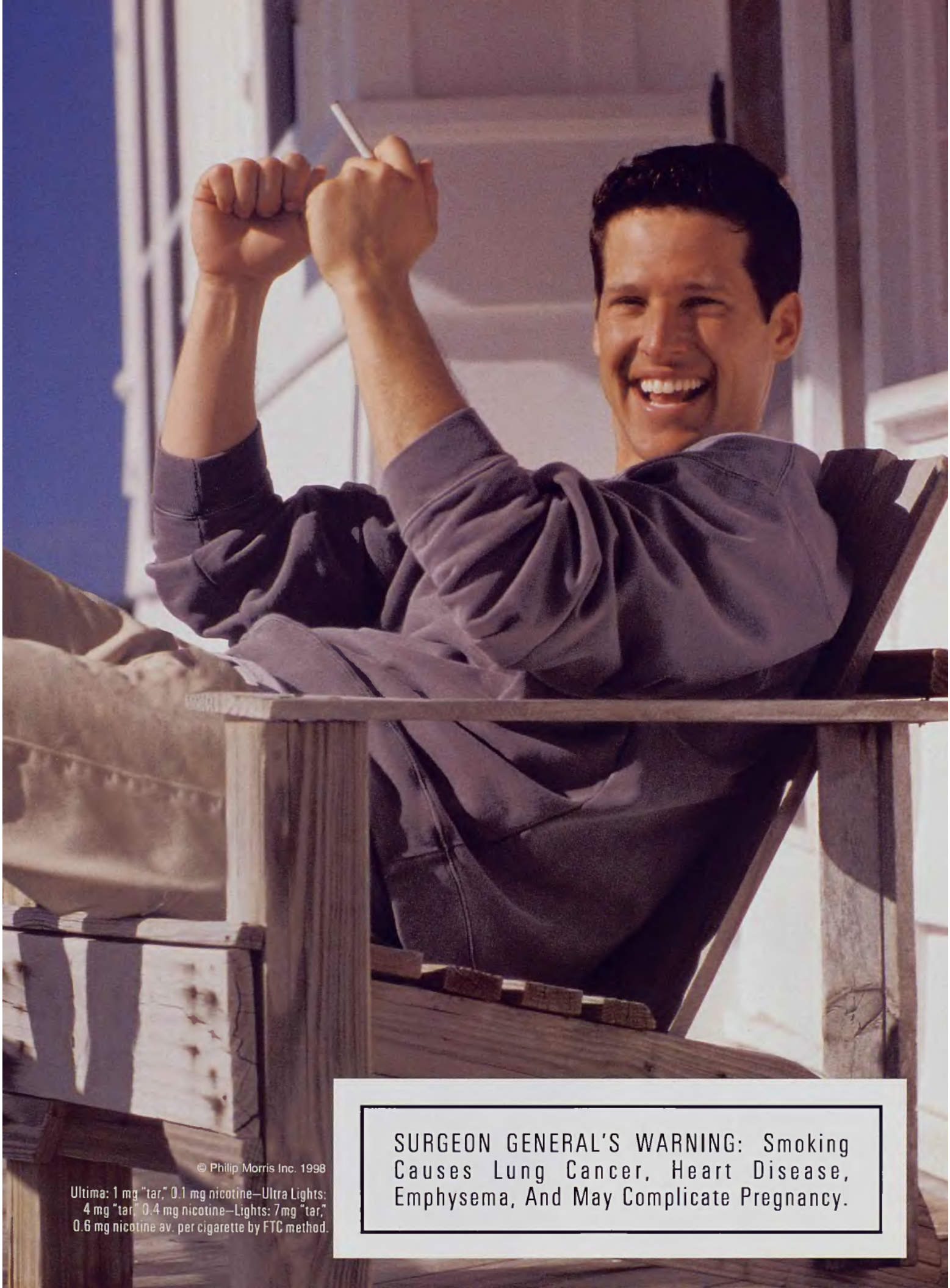

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LOOKS COUNT

It's not enough to have a lightning-fast computer with gobs of RAM and a huge hard drive. It has to look good on your desktop too. That's the premise behind the new iMac, a $1300 Macintosh that Apple honcho Steve Jobs calls "the coolest computer on the planet." As with the original line of Power Macs, the iMac bundles all the latest technology—including a 15-inch monitor, stereo speakers and plenty of Net-surfing and game-playing power—into a single piece of hardware. The difference? This updated version has sexy curves, translucent panels and slick retro styling. Apparently, Apple isn't the only company driven by aesthetics. The Panda Project has introduced the Rock City ST-400 (illustrated here with the iMac). This $2600 400MHz Pentium II PC is encased in a 12½-inch black aluminum cube with silver etchings, designed to stand at an angle like a piece of sculpture. Never mind that it takes up half your desktop—it's art! —BETH TOMKIW

JOHN O'BRIEN

DIVX: JUST THE FACTS

When Divx, a video disc alternative to DVD, was announced last year, it took a beating from the press—PLAYBOY included. But now that we've actually seen the format work, we're more optimistic about its future. Here's our update: Divx is not a replacement for DVD. It's a way to enjoy the exceptional picture quality of video discs without having to buy a bunch of movies you'll watch only once. Though Divx has yet to receive Hollywood's full support, the studios that have signed on will release Divx movies simultaneously with VHS and many DVD versions. You will pay $4.50 to rent a disc (currently available at Circuit City and Good Guys stores) and have 48 hours to watch it, from the minute you hit PLAY on your Divx remote control. After that you can trash the disc, keep it and rewatch the movie for an additional $3.25 or select the Divx Silver option for $15 to $20 and add the disc to your movie collection. Making these choices requires little effort. Divx technology is intuitive and the machines (which also play DVDs) automatically bill your credit card monthly for extra viewings and purchases. The upside of Divx? You'll never again have to return a movie or pay a late fee. The downside? Divx players from RCA, Panasonic and Zenith cost about $100 more than DVD players. And the first-generation Divx movies don't offer DVD extras such as wide-screen viewing and Dolby Digital Surround. —B.T.

FACE SCAN

You may soon be able to forget a few of those personal identification numbers swimming around in your head. Miros, Inc. has introduced a wild alternative to the PIN. TrueFace is a face recognition technology that allows you to access an automated teller machine by simply standing in front of it, punching in your Social Security number and then waiting a few seconds while your picture is recorded. If your face matches the one on record, everything works. If it has changed—say you've put on some pounds or are wearing specs instead of contacts—a risk-assessment program determines the chance of a security breach and a customer service representative talks to you by way of a speakerphone to confirm your identity. Then a new picture is taken on the spot and added to your portfolio. Mr. Payroll, a subsidiary of Cash America International, currently uses TrueFace technology in 120 check-cashing ATMs across ten states and it's a good bet that more areas of the country will be added to the list. Other futuristic security tech in the works: machines that provide access to bank accounts by scanning your fingerprint or iris, and others that use voiceprint recognition. —MARC SALTZMAN

JOHN CRAIG

WILD THINGS

Panasonic is taking home-phone technology to the next level. Its KX-TGM240 ($300, pictured below) is among the first cordless telephones to take advantage of a new 2.4-gigahertz radio-frequency band recently approved for personal use by the Federal Communications Commission. Cordless phones in this category reportedly get up to eight times the range of 900-MHz models. To give you an idea of how this translates on city streets, Panasonic tested the KX-TGM240 in the heart of Manhattan. With the base at a restaurant on 48th Street, a caller chatted for seven blocks—to 42nd Street—before reception faltered. That means under optimal conditions, you could make and take calls up to four miles away. Other features of the KX-TGM420: a digital duplex speakerphone and an all-digital answering machine. • Make way for Dancing Baby tchotchkes. Autodesk's bambina gained nationwide fame last year following appearances on *Ally McBeal*. Now Creative Zone is introducing a line of Dancing Baby novelty items, including air fresheners, pen toppers, magnets, stickers and an electronic doll that stands atop a base resembling a computer mouse. Click the mouse and the baby will do its trademarked donce maves to *Hooked on a Feeling*, the Seventies tune from Blue Swede. Prices range from about $5 for the baby powder–scented air freshener to $25 for the groovin' doll. —B.T.

SEX

By AMANDA GREEN

Last weekend, in the name of pseudoscience, my boyfriend, J., and I took Viagra twice, keeping track of our physiological changes and our lovemaking. We did a lot of fucking.

Not that we needed the drug, both of us are anxious to point out. J. and I are healthy and in our mid-30s. He is potent, I enjoy sex. I would describe our love life as wonderful: After a year and a half, we have great sex at least three times a week. J. would say our love life is adequate: After a year and a half, we have sex only three times a week.

The Viagra idea was J.'s. He said it would be an interesting scientific experiment. I saw it as yet another ploy in his endless, compulsive bid for more sex. But I was curious too, and so I agreed. We got the drug—a sample packet of five pills—from a dissolute friend, and we immediately argued over who would get the fifth pill.

Setting a date for our Viagra weekend wasn't easy with our hectic schedules, but we finally settled on one. V Day minus one, I began having fears. I worried the temporary face flush would never go away. I also worried about more serious changes: Would I become an uncontrollable sex maniac who leers at pimply-faced 15-year-old bag boys in supermarkets and rubs herself against lampposts?

V Day, Friday, finally arrived. I cooked a light supper and we each had a glass of wine, then solemnly took our little blue pills for dessert.

After half an hour, my head felt engorged like Violet Beauregarde's in *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* when she chews the forbidden gum, turns blue and swells up like a balloon. I also felt stoned and was giggling uncontrollably. J. also reported that his head felt swollen; unfortunately, he was referring to the one on his shoulders. I knew he was high too when he snickered and asked, "Have you noticed that *your tingers are fingling?*"

We went to the couch and began kissing, but I wasn't feeling particularly horny. J. wasn't either, and we both felt too giggly and stoned to do anything. I was discussing just that when he interrupted me with a smile and pointed to the enormous erection tenting his boxer shorts. "Hooray!" I shouted. "The circus is in town!" I, too, felt a rush of blood down there. We got busy.

J.'s orgasm was loud and swift as he yelled, "Jesus! I've got a *rock* between my legs!" I came faster than usual and was surprised by the shouts issuing from my own throat. Seconds later, J. was delighted to find himself harder than ever, "like I was 18!"

Green: On a little blue bender.

VIAGRA WEEKEND

Although thoroughly sated, we followed his late godfather's sage advice ("Son, never waste a woody") and on went condom number two. Though the sex was pleasurable and athletic, neither of us had an orgasm, and we stopped, exhausted. I was fascinated by the fact that while the drug made sex possible and easy—nay, urgent—it didn't really make me feel turned on. I was explaining this to J. when the sight of his still-tumescent dick got me all hot and bothered and I jumped him. I had an orgasm, he didn't.

Finally, at one in the morning, after about an hour and a half, his erection flagged and we were able to get some much needed sleep.

Saturday, family obligations prevented us from taking Viagra. Nevertheless, that afternoon we made love twice with a pleasure and an intensity we hadn't experienced in a while. In fact we felt it was better than the Viagra sex. I had very intense orgasms; J. maintained an erection in between and came twice. It turned out all that talk about sex and planning had been a big turn-on for us. And our candid discussion of our sexual responses had opened up our love life. This, then, I thought, is the true gift of Viagra.

Sunday afternoon, a little weary, we gamely popped the blue pills again and waited for them to do their worst. In half an hour there was the face flushing, right on cue. With no wine, J. didn't get that stoned, giggly feeling, but I did. After 40 minutes, there was Mr. Happy again—hard, red and angry. Jesus, I don't know if I can handle that thing, I thought. But, of course, I was experiencing a blood rush of my own.

And although J. could have brought all his foreplay skills to bear, we dispensed with the usual niceties. It was as if that little blue pill had its own timetable. All it took to get me ready was J. tapping his watch and announcing authoritatively, "Time for fucking, time for fucking." What normal, red-blooded Viagra-engorged American gal could resist? We had at it again. I came quickly this time. But the orgasm was kind of like fast food: You get the whole enchilada right away, but is it good?

By my fourth orgasm, his second, and our sixth position an hour later, I was thinking, Yes, damn it, it's good enough!

We were both exhausted but we'd had a great time—better than our first Viagra foray. This was not the kind of experience we'd want all the time—Who could take it? Who has the time? Who wants each lovemaking session to be a marathon—but it would be fun to revisit occasionally. J., unsurprisingly, loved his mighty, tenacious erections. I loved the number of orgasms I'd had, and the fun, pleasure and luxury of having his unflagging member at my disposal. But we were struck by the fact that although Viagra makes you hard and ready, it doesn't make you horny. That's still up to the relationship, the chemistry and the exchange of pleasure between you and your partner.

As Sunday afternoon gave way to evening, J. and I lay in each other's arms. We both had Viagra headaches and were too tired to move, which just may have saved our lives. I said, "Honey, what are we going to do tonight?" He smiled with pride, hugged me and said, "We're going to look at my dick, honey. Just look at my dick."

A few insights into the dreams of men.

Yes, men dream in color.

The average male only remembers 62% of his dreams.

5% of all men have a recurring nightmare.

Every man gets aroused at least once per night.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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BUCK BROWN

MEN

By ASA BABER

When I win the Pulitzer Prize (dream on, Ace) and reporters ask who helped me in my work, I will say: "I owe this award to the folks in PLAYBOY's mail room. Frequently, when I was under fire for something I'd written, I would go see them just to joke around and relax with some real friends. Their kindness carried me through some tough times as the *Men* columnist, and I thank them for their support."

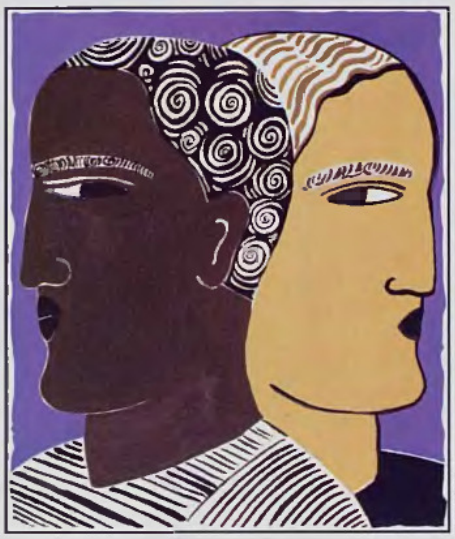
I will also have to add: "But as much as they mean to me, we lead quite separate lives. I am a Caucasian American. Most of the mail room employees are African Americans. And in our conflicted society, we know that there is sometimes a barrier between us, one built by taste, customs and traditions, not by judges and courts. We rarely acknowledge that barrier because it makes our lives easier in some ways and spares us the possibility of painful misunderstandings. But it also makes our lives narrow and isolated, and I don't like it."

As a nation we seem committed to racial separation in some of the most meaningful areas of our lives. But do we not feel the coldness of that condition, even when we are not directly thinking about it?

Two researchers from Vanderbilt University recently published a study of computer use in black and white America. Talk about separate tribes: Some 73 percent of white high school and college students have access to home computers, while only 32 percent of black students do. I submit that the significance of that fact alone for our future as a supposedly integrated culture is momentous.

The same study, published in *Science* in April, found that in households with annual incomes below $40,000, whites were six times more likely than blacks to have used the World Wide Web in the week before they were surveyed. In addition, lower-income whites were twice as likely to own a home computer as were lower-income blacks. And while an estimated 22 million Americans had used the Web in the previous week, less than seven percent of those were black (even though blacks constitute more than 12 percent of our population).

Similar divisions and disparities can be seen in the shows whites and blacks choose to watch on television. As Ray Richmond pointed out in *Variety* last April, TV sitcoms aren't exactly shining



KAREN BARBOUR

SEPARATE TRIBES

examples of racial integration. The best-rated comedies among blacks feature mostly black casts, while—you guessed it—the top shows in white households have predominantly white casts.

Consider this: The final episode of *Seinfeld* charged close to $2 million for 30 seconds of ad time, distinguishing *Seinfeld* as the master of its domain last May 14. But that domain was largely limited to white viewers. The *Seinfeld* series, top rated with white households, stood at an unimpressive 54th place with black audiences, according to media research released early this year. And, as Richmond reports, "the top series in black households—the now-canceled *Between Brothers*—placed 117th with white audiences. Another Fox comedy, *Living Single*, ranked second with black audiences and 115th with white viewers." The beat goes on: *The Wayans Brothers* ranked fifth with blacks and 124th with whites. *The Steve Harvey Show*, fourth among black viewers, stood at 130th among white viewers. "The races, it seems," Richmond writes, "remain jarringly polarized when it comes to the business of making people laugh."

I have come to no simple conclusions regarding the gaps between whites and blacks in America. On the one hand, these separations might be seen as healthy. We are not surging across racial lines with false smiles and superficial aspirations while singing *We Shall Overcome*. We are not forcing ourselves on one another. We are who we are, we seem to be saying, and given the plentitude of television channels, we simply sort out ourselves and do what we want to do. We live and let live.

But I think something else is going on that reflects an increasingly common phenomenon around the world, not just in our country. My name for it is tribalization. And I suggest we get ready for it, because we are heading back to the Stone Age globally.

As we approach the 21st century, time is playing a great joke on us and our supposed mastery of technology and markets and human psychology. Like ancient societies, we are splitting into primitive tribes, fragmented and huddled in our separate caves, fearful of venturing too far outside. And we seem to like the arrangement. I get Jerry Seinfeld in my cave, you get Magic Johnson in yours. I sit in front of my TV, you sit in front of yours, and when we meet at work, we rarely speak of any common experiences other than sports.

What's wrong with tribalization? Let me close with a brief war story. In the Sixties I spent some time in Lebanon. When I wasn't out in the field, I stayed at the Phoenicia hotel in Beirut and heard everybody praise the beauty of Lebanese society as a healthy and functioning organism made up of many disparate clans and interest groups, Christian, Muslim and Druze. But then something happened, and what had once been competing interests became competing militias, both internally and externally. Lebanon fell apart, its center could not hold, and there has been hell to pay there for decades. Tribalization led to disintegration and constant combat.

My lesson for today?

Move outside of your tribe as often as you can. Make an effort to know others. Absorb different cultures. Break down barriers and disturb yourself. Because if we retreat into our caves and live only with our own people and ignore everybody else, we will be ripe for devastation.

FYI: This column is dedicated to the memory of Wyndell Carl Grant, a friend from the mail room with whom I shared many a laugh.

Jersey worn by Bronko Nagurski in 1943 when, after a 6 year retirement, he returned to play three positions for the Chicago Bears, and lead them to an NFL Championship.

Watch worn by Brian McDermott the night he regained his crown as arm-wrestling champ at Michael's Old Town Tavern.

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A Saleen Solution

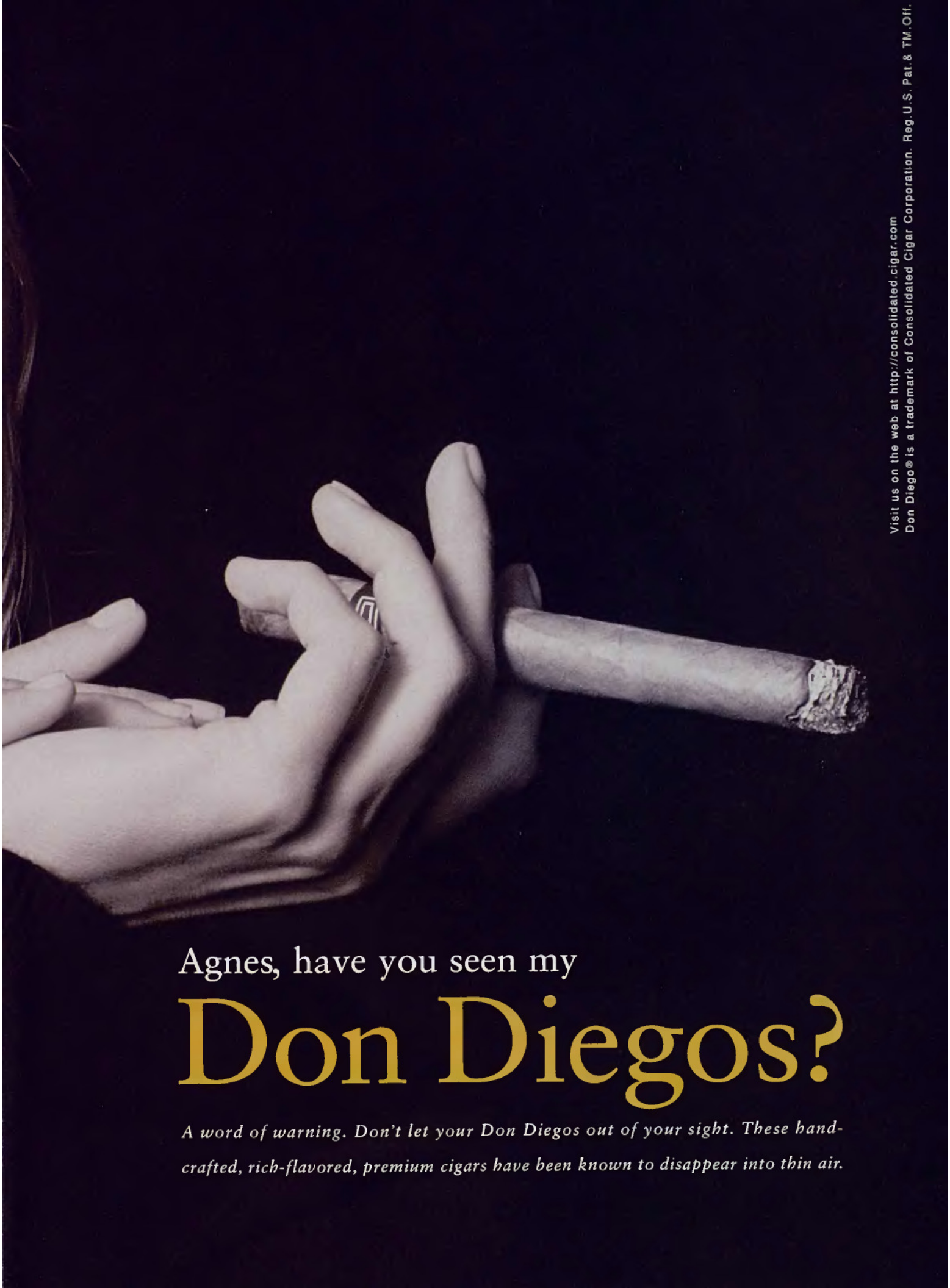
Saleen Performance, the specialty manufacturer best known for adding serious gallop to the Ford Mustang, has turned its attention to the Ford Explorer. "We've enhanced the on-road performance of the Explorer without compromising its off-road capabilities," says Steve Saleen about the Explorer performance utility vehicle that his company offers through select Ford dealers. Three engines are availoble, from a 4.0-liter V6 to o 5.0-liter supercharged V8. Maximum horsepower for the supercharged version? It's 286, compared with 215 for the stondord Explorer. The hopped-up vehicle has also been lowered by two inches to improve handling, ond features mognesium wheels and Pirelli Scorpion II rodials to give it a hot-rod look. Unique door cladding, side skirts and other external enhoncements identify it as a Soleen Explorer. Prices range from $42,000 to $56,000. Call 800-SALEEN-4 for your nearest Ford deoler.

The Ring of Truth

CCS Internationol's Truth Phone is billed as the first telephone that can tell if the person you're talking with is lying. Combining a desktop telephone with an electronic voice-stress onalyzer ond a microcassette recorder, the phone covertly analyzes o person's voice for suboudible microtremors thot ore the handmoidens of discomfort and deception. The anolyzer displays o numericol evoluation of the speaker's voice-stress level so that, presumably, you can distinguish between a minor fib and o whopper. A CCS technician applied the VSA device to a recording of o speech by Saddam Hussein, who reportedly clocked some of the highest stress numbers ever ochieved. Of course, truth doesn't come cheop: This phone will cost you about $3900.

A Cask of Character

Just when you thought you had single-malt scotches figured out, o new liquor called single-cask scotch is hitting the stores. For those of you who could use o quick lesson, a single-malt scotch comes from one distillery, but the final product is derived by blending the contents of more thon one cask. Single-cask scotches are bottled directly from the borrel. Mony ore produced by independent bottlers (including Gordon and MacPhail, Cadenhead, and Blackadder) that buy up individuol casks ond bottle them in limited editions. The 18-year-old Royol 8rockla pictured here (distilled in 1979 and bottled in 1997) costs obout $60, ond the 20-yeor-old 8lairfindy (1976–1996) is about $90. Seagrom's just issued vintages of single-cosk Glenlivet priced at $300 for o set of five 200ml bottles in o fitted box (also shown ot right).



Agnes, have you seen my

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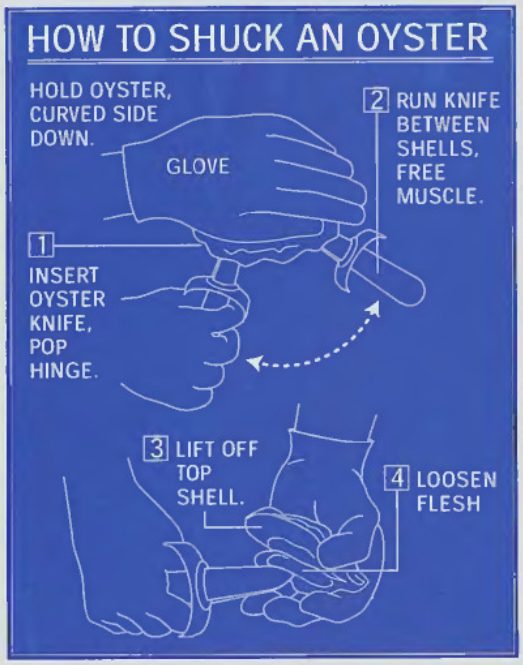
HOW TO SHUCK AN OYSTER
HOLD OYSTER, CURVED SIDE DOWN.
GLOVE
2 RUN KNIFE BETWEEN SHELLS, FREE MUSCLE.
1 INSERT OYSTER KNIFE, POP HINGE.
3 LIFT OFF TOP SHELL.
4 LOOSEN FLESH

Opening an oyster shouldn't be such o struggle that it prevents you from enjoying this culinary treat. Using a stout oyster knife, find the weak point in the hinge and wiggle in the blode to release it. The rest is fairly eosy if you use the blueprint ot left. Usually there is o muscle at the two o'clock position (when the hinge is facing you) that you try to free after you've loosened the hinge. It's o good ideo to wear a moil glove to prevent injury if the knife slips.

How to Shine Your Shoes

Good grooming is built from the ground up. Scuffed shoes con sabotage the look of even the best-fitting Brioni suit. Besides, shining your shoes is o manly ort everyone should ocquire. First clean your shoes with soddle soap. Then, using o small brush or a cloth, opply the polish (from o tube, preferobly, rather thon o con) in even, circular motions. (Professional bootblocks use their fingers, but such dedication is not required of omoteurs.) Work the polish into the seams ond crevices of the shoes, then let the polish rest o few minutes. Next, vigorously buff the leother, making sure the polish is completely worked into it. Finish by buffing with a soft cloth. Repeot weekly. Rest your shoes between weorings and store them using shoe trees. Shine them well before you have to wear them—in fact, shine them before you wear them for the first time—to prevent stoins and water domoge.

Travel Essentials

Here ore five easy ways to take the stress out of your next trip. Get a Bucky Shodes eye mosk from Mogellon's ($24.85; 8D0-962-4943) and French-made Boules Quies wax eorplugs ($12 for two boxes) from Coswell-Mossey in Manhatton. Then phone 800-674-4467 ond order o tube of Origins' Sleep Time On-the-Spot gel ($15) to rub on your solor plexus. A two-doy supply of Anti-Jet Lag Formulo nutritional supplement ($9.50) helps ensure o hoppy landing (212-734-5678). For emergencies, carry the Victorinox Troveler's Kit, which includes o 19-function knife, a Moglite ond other gizmos in a leather case ($80).

Cigars and Classic Cars—Why Didn't We Think of That?

When you're in the mood for a legal pre-Castro Cubon cigor, an 18-year-old scotch ond o 37-year-old Joguar, there's only one place to go in Manhattan—Cooper's Classic Car and Cigor Bor ot 41 West 58th Street. The combination bor-ond-car showroom is the brainchild of octor Elliot Cuker, who olso owns o clossic cor showroom on Perry Street in Greenwich Village. Cigars from the well-stocked walk-in humidor are reasonably priced (the Cubans mentioned obove ore $40 to $45 eoch), but you'd better have o full wallet if you're contemplating o pristine 1961 Jaguar XKE such os the one Cooper's recently sold for $55,000. The bor itself feels hipper thon heavily paneled cigar clubs, with black leather couches arranged into intimate seoting oreas.

There's a seporote areo colled the Romeo y Julieto Room thot con be reserved for special occasions. Cooper's usuolly disploys only one car at o time, rotated from Cuker's stock. The car is for sale, and often is sold within a few weeks. Cooper's can even be rented out for private functions. "I wanted a sensual ploce where you can relox," soys Cuker. (Phone: 212-588-8888.)

LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ACTION ON SATURDAY NIGHTS?

SINS OF THE CITY

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the September issue, Nina Hartley talked about her swinging lifestyle. How does a single guy get into the scene?—R.T., Santa Barbara, California

Many swingers are introduced to "the lifestyle" through clubs, the worst of which resemble bad discos lined with mattresses. Nearly every state has at least one club, with concentrations in California, Texas and Florida (the best-looking women we've seen frequent Plato's Repeat in Fort Lauderdale). For a list of clubs and more information on swinging, point your Web browser to nasca.com. Many clubs welcome single men (and their entrance fees) but restrict their wanderings. Saturday nights are reserved for couples, and some clubs limit the number of single men allowed in on other nights. Phone first for a particular club's policy. Be aware that some couples will resent or be surprised by the presence of a lone wolf. Learn to brush off the occasional "Get a girl, asshole" and don't be too grabby (a breathy play-by-play or shouting "Move over, Rover, let Jimi take over!" is not the best way to introduce yourself). The sexiest part of our most recent club night out wasn't the sex. It was watching the women undress in the coed locker room.

Next month I'm taking my first business trip to Japan. I've been told that discussions conducted over drinks are a key part of doing business. What should I know?—L.W., Atlanta, Georgia

Soon after you arrive, you'll be invited by your hosts to spend the evening at a club or cabaret (known by the locals as mizu shobai). Don't turn down the offer. "The ultimate expression of goodwill, trust and humility among close business associates is to drink together. Refusing indicates that a person is arrogant, excessively proud and unfriendly," explains Boye Lafayette De Mente, author of numerous guides on Japanese etiquette (800-526-2778). Because the Japanese business world is built on formalities, many managers don't feel they can be candid until everyone gets drunk. Pace yourself; some Japanese businessmen fake intoxication to fulfill the requirements of the custom. Once or twice during the evening your hosts will get serious and discuss the deal. Get on their good side before then. Lift your drink and offer an early toast ("kan-pie," which means "drain the cup"), pour the second or third round, and pay attention. That may be a challenge at a mizu shobai, which is typically staffed by an impressive array of young women. Also be sure to host at least one night out before you fly home.

My boyfriend says that going to a peep show and getting off is no different from being at home with a video. But I say it's very different! What does the Advisor think?—M.H., Salt Lake City, Utah

There are differences. For one thing, the girls usually are staring back at the guy who attends a peep show. And they want him to spend money, so they make an effort to interact. Most important, there's no comfy couch. Your boyfriend doesn't see a difference between live and previously recorded viewing because he isn't making an emotional connection in either case. He should respect your feelings, but that doesn't mean you can't compromise. Offer your boyfriend a private show. Or go to the peeps with him. That could be interesting.

I have been saving my PLAYBOYs since the Fifties, and I would like to appraise them. How do I find out how much they're worth?—R.W., Tulsa, Oklahoma

If you need to round off "priceless" for some insurance adjuster who doesn't understand, the Playboy Collectors Association offers a value guide that can help (send $12 to Tom Bonner, P.O. Box 653, Phillipsburg, Missouri 65722). The condition of your issues is crucial in determining their value. That's why serious collectors buy a reading copy and a "collecting" copy, which remains unopened and stored in a Mylar bag. The magazine's first 15 issues, dating from 1953 to February 1955, are the hardest to find in excellent condition and have the most value. If you're missing any of these early issues or have extras to sell, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to independent dealers such as Doug Tracy, 1220 23rd Street, Suite 2PB, San Diego, California 92102 or Ken Ritchie, 3825 Bowen Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee 38122. Most issues from September 1962 to the present are available from the Playboy Catalog (800-423-9494).

You repeated a frequent error when you wrote in your June column, "The length of a man's penis has nothing to do with his height or the size of his nose, feet or hands." Researchers have found that the gene that controls the growth of fingers and toes also determines penis size. I have found that the distance between the bottom of my palm and the tip of my middle finger accurately reflects the impressive measurement of my fully erect penis.—C.D., Galveston, Texas

You need only one hand? You're right: The same genes, known as Hox genes, apparently control the initial growth of the limbs and the genitalia of male and female fetuses. Researchers documented the connection after disabling the Hox genes in mouse fetuses. In humans, a mutation in one of the Hox genes has been linked to a disorder called "hand-foot-genital syndrome." But Jeffrey Innis, one of the geneticists who conducted the research, points out that many genes ultimately determine the size and shape of hands, feet and genitals.

I've read that buttondown collars don't go with suits. Should I wear only straight collars at the office?—D.R., Nashville, Tennessee

Don't believe everything you read, unless you read it here. Buttondowns are OK with most suits, but wear a straight collar with your best one.

After we made love, my new boyfriend and I were basking in that damp, exhausted afterglow of orgasm. Suddenly he expelled a large amount of flatus. I'm no stranger to natural body functions, but I was embarrassed for him. When I said, "I can't believe you just did that," he replied, "So what? I'm just being me." I was so turned off! If he had just said, "Excuse me" or "Sorry," I would have let it go. Am I judging this guy too harshly? At what point in a relationship is it acceptable to fart in front of your partner? My boyfriend subscribes to PLAYBOY, so I'm hoping he'll get some advice from you about class and manners before he starts asking me to pop his zits.—C.R., Miami, Florida

A gentleman never passes gas in front of a woman until she has passed gas in front of him. Thus, your boyfriend is guilty of a fart paux. His boorish display reflects a lack of manners and maturity, but surely this wasn't your first clue.

Three years after my wife and I were married, I went to Central America to help with my family's business. I stayed about a year and met another woman. We were married, and she returned with me to the United States. I told wife number one that the new woman was my cousin and would be staying with us. It

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

has been a year and wife number one wants to know when my so-called cousin will be moving out. What should I do? I guess I really screwed up this time.—A.R., San Diego, California

We'll say. One wife wasn't enough? Your spouse—the original one—knows something is up. If she finds out about the marriage, she could go to the police. Bigamy is a felony in nearly every state, including California. If you can't decide who it's going to be, the decision will be made for you.

Does chewing an Altoid before giving a guy a blow job make for better oral sex?—R.T., Wheeling, West Virginia

Sure, if the woman prefers the taste of peppermint to the taste of penis. This legend got started with an anonymous story posted on the Internet and has been a boon to the makers of the curiously strong mint. Is it a rumor or an ingenious marketing plan? The Net posting claims that a smoker who chewed four Altoids before having sex with a new lover received raves for her blow job technique. Researchers in the Playboy test bedrooms report less spectacular results. Some male volunteers felt a slight numbness or tingling. More notable, perhaps, were the reports from their partners, who said two to four mints created an abundance of saliva. Barbara Mikkelson of the Urban Legends Reference Pages (www.snopes.com) believes the Altoids story took off because "it promises an easy path to sexual ecstasy. It works by exploiting the human desire to be privy to 'special information.' We're uncomfortable with the notion of people having sex, so laughing about it over a tin box of mints becomes a way of dealing with our unease. It's like whistling in a graveyard to feel less frightened." Mint may change the sensation slightly, but can anything improve fellatio? As Adam Carolla of "Love Line" has pointed out, "No one was complaining about blow jobs before Altoids."

I'm thinking about tying the knot. I come from a wealthy family and have made substantial money during the stock market boom, and my business is thriving. I'm afraid of losing my fortune if for some reason the marriage ends. Should I insist on a prenuptial agreement? I don't want my girlfriend to think that I don't trust her.—R.D., Houston, Texas

If you decide to get married, you need to face the finances. It may take you to the heart of your relationship. A prenup should be part of a larger discussion about budgets, insurance, wills, debt and spending habits. In some ways, a prenup can be a relief: It provides evidence for family members and business partners that the marriage isn't about money. Couples who have comparable net worths might opt for a partition agreement (a contract that spells out who owns what major assets). But be cautious. Ken Kurson, author of "Green Magazine's Guide to Personal Finance," warns that "if a spouse dips into protected assets to cover shared expenses, a court could hold that the entire sum was community property."

In an attempt to stimulate the G spots of his lovers, a friend inserted a six-millimeter plastic bead under the skin of his penis. He used a sharp toothpick to make the opening, then let the wound heal (it took about a week). Have you ever heard of this? Does it work?—L.S., Loretto, Pennsylvania

A bead won't do anything except make your penis swell from infection. And after all that effort, your partner might think it's a wart. Penile inserts are most common in southeast Asia, where tribesmen have traditionally implanted bells, stones, jewels, ivory, gold, pearls, balls and shells in their shafts or glandes to add girth. According to the book "The Penis Inserts of Southeast Asia" (really), some objects are the size of a small chicken egg. "As many as a dozen might be inserted," the authors note. "Kings might remove one of theirs to bestow it on a person deserving great honor." In India, where inserts may have originated, prostitutes sold gold, silver and bronze bells to teenagers to sew into the skin of their penises to impress lovers. Japanese mobsters insert beads out of machismo—each represents a year spent in prison. One mobster's ex-lover said she could feel his 13 "pearls" but that they didn't make the sex any better. In fact, she described the bumps as "hokey." If that sort of feedback turns you on, at least hire an experienced piercer to do the job right.

While visiting Venezuela my husband and I were offered a drink called a *guarapita*. We loved it, but the bartender wouldn't reveal the ingredients. I'm guessing they include rum and passion fruit. Anything else?—M.C., St. Paul, Minnesota

The primary ingredients are aguardiente (a smooth, potent alcohol) and papelón (also called panela), a hard brown sugar sold in the U.S. chiefly in Latino food markets. Fruit juice, usually lime or lemon, provides flavor, but you can also use passion fruit, orange or grapefruit juice—whatever suits your taste. Add plenty of ice. One recipe we've seen substitutes white rum and includes vermouth and a splash of bitters.

My wife and I are close with another couple, and though we have never switched partners, we always find ourselves in fun adventures. At some point during an island hike my wife suggested we go native. The men went behind one bush, and the women chose another. No sooner had we undressed than the women took our clothes and ran (they hadn't disrobed). We chased them, but running barefoot through brush doesn't allow for speed. We fashioned modesty panels out of leafy branches and made our way back to the hotel. I had a full head of steam when I walked through the hotel room door, but my wife was laughing so hard I had to laugh too. Then we enjoyed some of the best sex of our marriage. Why is that? So far I have resisted the temptation to be a comedian in bed, but should I cut loose?—P.P., Boston, Massachusetts

Don't force it. You had great sex because you were laughing together, which helped you relax. Laughter increases alertness, skin temperature, brain activity, heart rate, hormone production and circulation (a key part of arousal). More important, a good laugh brings even strangers closer together. If you enjoy that feeling, work to make your sex life more playful. Challenge each other to Scrabble in bed, but allow only dirty words. Rent a favorite comedy or comedy special and watch it nude. Play naughty Mad Libs. Dig up a copy of "Is Sex Necessary?" by James Thurber and E.B. White. Or laugh at nothing at all. You'll feel the tension melting from your neck and face as it builds farther down on your body.

I think I'm fairly "with it" sexually. I read PLAYBOY for sex tips, I love to lick and suck on my husband's cock, I'm completely shaved and I don't have a problem with the two-women fantasy. I like it all, but I want to be romanced. I apparently have gotten my newlywed husband so revved up that he doesn't hear my requests for seduction. I would like to start an evening with romance but know we'll still end the night in wild passion. But no matter how wild I get, I still need TLC. How do I get him to listen to my request? I'm not asking for this every night, just once in a while. Hints: Cards for no reason, going for walks, lighting candles around the house, playing romantic music and hearing him tell me about a time I made him feel special. By the way, my husband complains because he doesn't get to see PLAYBOY until I have read it cover to cover.—P.R., Dallas, Texas

It's not as much fun if you have to tell him, right? We'll let your husband read it here, after you're done.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or ad visor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

THE FIRING RANGE

ruby ridge revisited

By JAMES BOVARD

Horiuchi: The rules were . . . any adult male who came out of the cabin armed could be shot at—if the shot could be taken without harming the children.

Q: And after the call-out?

Horiuchi: After the call-out was made, any adult—this included Vicki Weaver—who came out with a weapon could be shot at.

Q: What about the children? What were the rules as far as the children were concerned?

Horiuchi: The rules for the children were basically the standard rules of FBI deadly force. And that is, if any of our lives or the lives of innocent bystanders were threatened, the children could be shot.

Q: Would it have been possible to fire off a warning shot?

Horiuchi: Sir, we do not fire warning shots in the FBI.

PLAYBOY first reported on the incident at Ruby Ridge in June 1995. In 1992 federal agents had staked out the cabin of Randy Weaver, an Idaho man who had missed a court date on a weapons charge. (He had allegedly sold sawed-off shotguns to an informant.) In an article called *Overkill* we described the Idaho confrontation in which federal marshals shot and killed 14-year-old Sammy Weaver. The FBI Hostage Rescue Team took over, with orders that could be boiled down to one sentence: "If you see 'em, shoot 'em." On August 22, 1992 FBI sharpshooter Lon Horiuchi, hidden on the ridge, opened fire without warning. His first shot hit Randy Weaver in the back. His second shot killed 42-year-old Vicki Weaver as she stood in her cabin doorway holding her 10-month-old baby. After passing through Vicki Weaver's head, the shot also wounded family friend Kevin Harris. Horiuchi claimed Harris was the intended target—that he did not see Vicki Weaver.

A 1994 confidential Justice Department report condemned the sniper's action: "Although Horiuchi could not see behind the front door of the cabin, he had reason to believe someone might be on the other side when he took his second shot. . . . By fixing his crosshairs on the door when he believed someone was behind it, he placed the children and Vicki Weaver at risk, in violation of the special rules of engagement."

Federal officials conducted a reenactment of the shooting, using the same rifle and scope. One observer said he could see the wedding ring on the hand of the person standing behind the cabin door.

Nonetheless, in August 1997 the Justice Department announced that the on-site supervisors who came up with the bizarre rules of engagement would not be prosecuted, that there was "little circumstantial evidence"

that FBI agents may have had "an intent to use more force than was necessary."

That same month, Horiuchi was charged with involuntary manslaughter by an Idaho County prosecutor. The charges alleged that he "did unlawfully, but without malice, kill Vicki Weaver, a human being, in the operation of a firearm in a reckless, careless or negligent manner." FBI Director Louis Freeh defended Agent Horiuchi's actions despite the 1994 report that concluded the agent had acted "needlessly and unjustifiably."

After getting his trial moved to federal court, Horiuchi's lawyers (financed by the Justice Department) filed a motion to dismiss the case, claiming that Horiuchi was immune from state or local prosecution because he was following federal orders at the time of the killing. Randy Weaver had often been labeled a white supremacist in the press (as though that alone justified the brutal confrontation), but it was the Constitution's supremacy clause that decided Horiuchi's fate. The law makes federal agents immune from state prosecution in certain circumstances. One previous court case protected an agent who killed a suspect he thought was armed. The suspect had no gun, but the court said it was sufficient that the agent thought he did.

On May 14 federal judge Edward Lodge decreed that the state of Idaho could not prosecute Horiuchi for killing Vicki Weaver, that the agent had done what was "necessary and proper." Lodge focused intently on Horiuchi's subjective beliefs: As long as Horiuchi did not believe he was acting wrongfully, he could not be tried.

Horiuchi testified that he had opened fire because he'd heard an FBI helicopter take off and feared that Randy Weaver might open fire. Judge Lodge heard about the same helicopter in a previous trial. In 1993, when Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris faced murder charges for returning fire and killing a marshal involved in the first shoot-out, Lodge dismissed for lack of evidence the federal charge that Weaver or Harris had tried to fire at the helicopter. But now, if Horiuchi believed there was a threat, that was enough.

Strangely, Lodge blamed Vicki Weaver for her own death. He decreed that "it would be objectively reasonable for Mr. Horiuchi to believe that one would not expect a mother to place herself and her baby behind an open door outside the cabin after a shot had been fired and her husband had called out that he had been hit." Lodge added, "The fact that all parties, including Mrs. Weaver, were armed, and the haste with which the other two people entered the cabin, demonstrated the hostility of the situation."

When the FBI turns your home into a firing range, it's your fault.

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY CREMORE

THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY VI

our latest review of the never-ending parade of whiners, gripers and finger-pointers

By CHIP ROWE

Here we go again. We've taken the measure of finger-pointers five times now (most recently in August 1997), yet the epidemic of not-my-faultism continues unabated. We would have lost hope were it not for the occasional person who stands up to say, "Hey, my bad." Take Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, who refused to shirk responsibility for the World Trade Center bombing. "I am a terrorist and I'm proud of it," he said. The judge gave him life plus 240 years. In Garland, Texas Hon-Ming Chen predicted that God would appear on television. When he didn't show, the cult leader conceded, "You can now take what we have preached as nonsense." And in Seoul, Korea corporate vice president Suh Sang Rok felt so badly that his company declared bankruptcy, he quit and became a waiter. "I'll never again take a high position at a company," Suh said. "I'm not qualified." Sang Rok, you are the man.

THE BLAMELESS

- Beth Ann Smith
- Hakeem Olajuwon
- Vernell Robinson
- The Reverend Henry Lyons
- Deborah Lyons
- Christopher Thornton
- William Lee Monroe
- Dr. William Cone
- Timothy Johnson
- Diana Taylor
- Ricky Wossenaor
- LeRue Grim
- Robert Wiggins Jr.
- John Bennett Jr.
- Janet Doiley
- Norman Mayo
- Virginio police officer
- Sheila Torimino
- Alberto Salgado
- Peter Chiafos Jr.
- Nushawn "JoJo" Willioms
- Beverly Reed
- Rommel Noboy
- Vencor, Inc.
- Ernie Tolorico Jr.

THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
While searching for contraband (cigarettes), vice principal caught teen with three knives	Making sandwiches, Beth?	The vice principal, for violating teen's civil rights
NBA star suspended and fined for fighting during game	Great role model	The devil. "It was Satan at work"
Army drill sergeant had sex with five female trainees	They salute, he salutes	Satan. Robinson: "I got the devil in me"
Head of National Baptist Convention USA accused of trying to swindle $330,000	Please don't blame Satan	Satan, along with "serious errors in judgment" and "human frailties"
Reverend Lyons' wife accused of setting four fires at the home of his mistress	A woman scorned	Clumsiness. Lyons claims she accidentally dropped a match
Stabbed ex-girlfriend four times while holding her hostage for 13 hours	Vicious psycho	A bad breakup. Thornton: "I'm the one who's hurting"
Stole stove and removed gas shut-off valve; subsequent blast hurt five	Is there a black market for stoves?	Stupidity. Monroe says he didn't know open gas lines were dangerous
Psychiatrist told patient she needed to suck his nipples because she hadn't been breast-fed	That's a new one	"Moral insanity"
Handcuffed drunk driver escapes from police car; later found dead in creek	Stay put	Police officer, for not protecting prisoner during escape (family sues)
Bank officer allegedly stole $72,000 from 86-year-old blind woman	Pick on someone your own size	Fen-phen
After police chase, caught in possession of stolen money, guns, mask and bulletproof vest	Give it up	Mystery man who slipped a drug in Ricky's drink, then put him in car wearing vest
Lawyer suspended for lying about having sex with imprisoned killer's wife	Were those billable hours?	The wife. Grim says she fucked him "without [my] consent"
Coached Pony League baseball team that lost in playoffs	Maybe next year	The umps (naturolly). Sue league for $75,000
Defrouded charities of $135 million in pyromid scheme	The things people do in the name of God	Unchecked "religious fervor" (judge knocks 12 years off sentence)
Plagiarized parts of her romance novels from rival Nora Roberts	They're different?	An unspecified "psychological problem I never even suspected I had"
Developed clogged arteries and suffered minor stroke	Watch that fat	Dairy industry, for not putting warnings on milk
Suspended after exchanging sexy e-mail with teenage girl	Officer A-Little-Too-Friendly	The girl. Lawyer: "She's a cyberspider"
Slipped on popcorn that stuck to her shoe while bowling	Hold the butter!	Bowling alley, which should have posted popcorn warnings. Sue for $50,000
Arrested with two friends and charged with gang rape	How can you explain that away?	"Accidental" penetration as "unknown person" repeatedly pushed him on victim
Charged with fondling six-year-old boy and seven-year-old girl	Lock him up	Evil scents. Chiafos claims he was overcome by air freshener in his cab
May have knowingly exposed more than 100 women to HIV	Disarm him	The women. Cousin: Girls should have been taught to "keep their legs closed"
Raised tens of thousands for nine-year-old beaten to near death; girl received $1375	Twice victimized	Fund-raising expenses
Princeton grod tells med schools he is half-black Merit Scholar supported by lepers	Free ride!	Princeton, which informed schools Nobay was lying (Nobay sues)
Evicted 52 residents, all on Medicaid, from Tampa nursing home	Out with the poor, in with the rich	Renovations
Used stun gun to sexually assault man	A diseased mind	Acne medicine

JUST SAY NO

DARE and programs like it don't work—so why are they still around?

By CHIP ROWE

The job of keeping kids ignorant is big business. Consider the popularity of "just say no" programs that claim to prevent students from taking drugs. Numerous studies have shown they don't work. That hasn't stopped the government from wasting billions of dollars to fund them.

The federal government allocates about $2 billion annually to youth drug- and violence-prevention programs (the total cost, including state, local and private funding, has been estimated at $8 billion). This past July, the government launched a taxpayer-funded, $1 billion "just say no" advertising campaign. President Clinton announced the campaign at a United Nations special session that pushed the theme "A Drug-Free World: We Can Do It." Actually, we can't. The war against drugs has failed miserably, in large part because it is punitive, racist and overly broad. The imbalance is as obvious as it is tragic. Only a third of the $17 billion Clinton pledged for the war on drugs in his UN speech will be used to help addicts. The rest will be parceled out to law enforcement.

Prohibition has become a mantra among those in power, to the exclusion of all other strategies. Yet studies have shown that abstinence programs aimed at youth, such as Drug Abuse Resistance Education, have no long-term effect. That hardly matters. Buoyed by the Drug-Free Schools and Communities Act of 1986, which requires schools to launch zero-tolerance programs if they want federal funds, DARE has achieved incredible status. By its own accounting, the program reaches 26 million children in 75 percent of the nation's schools. It also has been exported to 44 countries.

DARE began as a police action. In 1983, Daryl Gates, then chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, sought a way to prevent drug crimes in schools. DARE sent its first ten officers to 50 schools. Today, the group boasts that its instructors receive "special training in areas such as child development, classroom management, teaching techniques and communication skills." How much training? About two weeks' worth, after which the police officer provides his services as a teacher, psychologist, counselor and drug expert.

Armed with a teaching manual from DARE America (the nonprofit organization that administers the curriculum), the uniformed officer visits a school each week for four months to instruct fifth- or sixth-graders on personal safety, assertiveness, self-esteem, "managing stress" (a principal reason kids take drugs, according to DARE) and the dangers of mind-altering substances, including alcohol and tobacco. The students take time from their reading, writing and math lessons to organize skits, watch videos and complete assignments in their DARE workbooks. The officer also encourages students to submit written questions. Inquiries such as "Why do my parents smoke marijuana after I go to bed?" are forwarded to authorities at the cop's discretion.

The problem with "just say no" education is the same one that has plagued drug propaganda since Congress approved the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1914: It doesn't survive a reality check. Abstinence education preaches that all drug use constitutes abuse, all drugs are equally dangerous, lifetime abstinence is a realistic goal and recreational drugs such as marijuana serve as gateways to narcotics. It claims to teach kids to make decisions, but dictates the correct decision and punishes those who make any other choice. If a student is caught experimenting, he or she is kicked out of school as part of a zero-tolerance sensibility. The kids who most need help making decisions about drugs, even the straight-A students, are ostracized.

The most harmful effect of "just say no" may be the damage it does to the credibility of teachers and parents. When students first try "mind-altering" marijuana, they quickly discover it doesn't make them ill or lead them into a spiral of addiction (if they watch the news, they must wonder why some sick people smoke marijuana to feel better). Teenagers learn through experience that adults spout hyperbole and distort by omission on the topic of drugs. As a result, useful distinctions may not be made. In the introduction to *Buzzed: The Straight Facts About the Most Used and Abused Drugs From Alcohol to Ecstasy*, the psychologist and two pharmacologists who compiled the book offer this example: "Not too long ago, it was widely reported that a well-known basketball player, Len Bias, died after he used cocaine. This story has been used repeatedly to illustrate the dangers of cocaine. However, most people who use cocaine do not die as a result, and cocaine users and their friends certainly know it. If horror stories are the principal tools of drug education, it does not take long for people to recognize that such accounts do not represent the whole truth."

Students who have been taught that drugs kill see a different reality outside of school—a variety of people using a

variety of drugs with a variety of effects. The two views don't mesh, which results in a lot of confused kids. Joel Brown, director of the Center for Educational Research and Development in Berkeley, was struck by the anxiety many students felt after going through a "just say no" program, in this case California's Drug, Alcohol and Tobacco Education. Brown randomly surveyed 5045 students and interviewed another 240 in focus groups. He found that DATE, like DARE, had no long-term effect on consumption. But he also discovered something more alarming: DATE left many kids unsure whom to believe on the topic of drugs.

After Brown's findings were reported by the media, he received threatening phone calls from men who identified themselves as cops. In the weeks after he appeared on MSNBC with William Modzeleski, director of the Department of Education's Safe and Drug-Free Schools Program (who later called Brown's conclusions "asinine"), his funding abruptly dried up. Faced with compelling evidence that they are wasting taxpayers' money, "just say no" educators respond with worn justifications such as "the programs build character" and "if we're reaching one kid, it's worth it." ("We would hardly declare a math curriculum successful if only one kid learned to add," scoffs the Drug Reform Coordination Network in response.) If you're against "just say no," argue the supporters of abstinence education, you must be for kids becoming addicted to drugs.

Dennis Rosenbaum, head of the criminal justice department at the University of Illinois at Chicago, is the latest researcher to find flaws in the prevailing drug education model. His study, funded by the Illinois State Police, tracked 1090 students at 36 schools over six years. Comparing schools with DARE programs to those without, he found that students used drugs in high school regardless of their exposure to the program. DARE struck back immediately, questioning Rosenbaum's credibility and research methods. Among the charges: The professor studied only the program's elementary curriculum, not its "revised and enhanced elementary curriculum"—a shell game at best. DARE even attempted to turn Rosenbaum's research on its head: Since the professor had surveyed students who received DARE instruction only in elementary school, his findings pointed to the need for more intense brainwashing. DARE president Glenn Levant, a former Los Angeles cop, outlines the plan in his official parents' guide: "Instruction goes from kindergarten through fourth grade, with a full semester in the fifth or sixth grade, reinforced with ten more antidrug lessons in middle school or junior high and another nine weeks of curriculum in high school."

To accomplish that, DARE needs help from teachers. On its Web site, DARE America encourages educators to integrate "just say no" seamlessly into their lessons and to weigh participation as part of a student's final grade: "Student participation in the DARE program may be incorporated as an integral part of the school's cirriculum [*sic*] in health, science, social studies, language arts or other subjects. It is important that you, as the classroom teacher, maintain a supportive role in classroom management while the officer is teaching."

Is DARE another welfare program for cops?

Critics who question the effectiveness of abstinence education have not gone unnoticed. In Barre, Massachusetts, the school board considered dumping DARE after teachers complained it took away too much class time (a DARE cop responded that she needed more class time). In Houston, city councilman Ray Driscoll called for a 50 percent cut in DARE funding from the city. "We're spending a lot of money on public relations and T-shirts, pencils and signs, but we're not getting any results," he said. "We've had the program for 12 years. Drug use among youth continues to rise. Something is wrong. I have spoken to high school kids about DARE and few of them can tell me what it is. They say something like, 'I remember that. I went through that.' 'What did you learn?' They say, 'Drugs are bad.' I don't think you have to go through DARE to learn that." The Houston program costs $3.7 million annually, 90 percent of which pays salaries and benefits for 63 full-time DARE instructors. Is DARE another welfare program for cops?

In Washington, the Department of Education has subsidized "just say no" programs for years without demanding accountability. This year, for the first time, the agency implemented guidelines that require districts to use only antidrug strategies that have proved effective. Yet at the same time, the Drug-Free Schools Act requires schools to preach abstinence, a strategy that has proved ineffective. The government has little choice but to rely on "just say no" programs, because after years of funding them exclusively, no alternatives have been prepared.

Faced with a crisis, the Department of Education needed loopholes, and fast. First, it revised the guidelines to allow for "local evidence." Rather than rely on larger national studies, schools can produce their own surveys to measure student drug use supported by "perceptions of teachers, students or administrators about the youth drug problem." Second, the agency approved curricula "that show promise of being effective." DARE officials met with Modzeleski in Washington earlier this year and assured him their program can be revised and enhanced yet again. Sounds promising.

Is there an alternative to entrenched programs such as DARE? Some people believe the truth would work. Imagine a curriculum that honestly addressed questions such as "Why do people take drugs?" "Why do people stop taking drugs?" and "Why can't some people stop taking drugs?" It would certainly have to explain, for instance, that the greatest risk of smoking marijuana is being arrested. In the no-nonsense drug guide *Buzzed*, two college students describe their attitude toward drugs as "just say know." While growing up, the more they learned about "attractively mysterious" drugs such as ecstasy and heroin, the less they wanted to experiment. "If someone offered one of us heroin, we wouldn't be just saying no but defending an informed decision to stay away from the drug," they write. "Phrases like 'just say no' are not sufficient. Instead of asking us to respond blindly, convince us."

READER

GINGRICH'S SPORTING PROPOSITION

Bob Wieder complains that if we "suspend every NBA player who tests positive for, say, cannabis . . . there won't be enough players to suit up two teams" ("Mr. Newt's Sporting Proposition," *The Playboy Forum*, July). So what? These men aren't nuclear physicists or brain surgeons who would be hard to replace. The service they perform—playing basketball for the entertainment of the public—can be performed by thousands of aspiring professional athletes. How many young men who dream of escaping the ghetto by developing their basketball skills would be willing to forgo drugs to have that chance?

Marshall Giller
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Wieder barely touched on Newt Gingrich's proposal to apply zero-tolerance standards to professional athletes. Instead, he uses his commentary to take a cheap shot at Newt. I'm left with the impression that if Congressman Henry Waxman or Rosa DeLauro or James Carville had condemned jocks and drugs, Wieder would have jumped on the bandwagon.

If Wieder wants credibility, why doesn't he cite instances from the turn of the century when drugs were legal and Coca-Cola gave drinkers a cocaine kick for a nickel at the soda fountain with no societal harm done? Why doesn't he extol the wonders of medicinal marijuana? He takes instead a trashy political shot at an idea that is in no way original (but has merit) just because he doesn't like Gingrich. Shame on him, and shame on you for publishing it.

John Oram
Woodville, Texas

I can't understand why politicians are so intent on committing more and more of our financial resources to the same old failed drug policies. And remember—they plan on winning the drug war by the year 2002. Not on your life! These politicians are determined to destroy what little is left of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

We have been fighting this war on drugs for over 80 years. What makes these politicians think that four more years of the same old stuff will win the drug war once and for all? The police keep making arrests to save us from drugs while the Republicans continually accuse the president of being soft. Prisons can't be built fast enough to keep up with the conviction rate.

The drug war has failed from its inception because no one can control the morality of the U.S. through criminal sanctions.

David Correa
Coleman, Florida

ABORTION

I was pleasantly surprised by Paul Krassner's "The Saintly Abortionist" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), about a man who helped thousands of women in the face of danger. I was also pleased with "Why We Care" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), in which PLAYBOY once again explains its pro-choice position and commits itself to reproductive rights.

Danielle Renfrew
San Francisco, California

Regarding "Why We Care," I admit that I agree with PLAYBOY up to a point. People have a right to privacy and to choose not to reproduce, but how far into a pregnancy do they have those rights? When does abortion become murder?

I have a child who was born when I was six months pregnant. He weighed two and a half pounds and was hospitalized for three months after his birth. I can't believe women are having abortions at that point in their pregnancies, and that my tax dollars are paying for it! If people aren't smart enough to use birth control, why should society pay for their mistakes? There should be a limit on how far into her pregnancy a woman can get an abortion. Women should also have to pay for it themselves.

Cheryl Tatham
Crystal Lake, Illinois

The majority of abortions occur in the first trimester. And most abortions are paid for by the patients, not by the state. As for your last point—the right to choose should be available to all women, not just those who can afford it.

PLAYBOY's estimate of 5000 deaths of women in 1965 because of botched abortions seems extremely high. To check that number, I went to the Vital Statistics of the United States for 1965, Volume II—Mortality, Part B. It reports 235 deaths from abortions in that year. From 1951 through 1975 there were fewer than 325 deaths from abortions each year. These numbers do not distinguish between spontaneous, legal and illegal abortions, as later mortality reports have done.

Are you suggesting the U.S. Public Health Service is guilty of underreporting deaths from illegally induced abortions in those years and missing actual frequency by 95 percent?

Charles Thomas Smit
Wabasha, Minnesota

That is exactly what we're suggesting. Few deaths were attributed to abortions in

FOR THE RECORD

PUBLIC CERVIX ANNOUNCEMENT

"I no longer show my cervix onstage, but if you missed it, don't despair. You can still see my cervix on my Web site: www.heck.com/annie."

—*Annie Sprinkle, Post-Porn Modernist* BY ANNIE SPRINKLE. FOR YEARS, THE PORN STAR AND PERFORMANCE ARTIST WOULD TAKE TO THE STAGE, INSERT A SPECULUM AND INVITE AUDIENCE MEMBERS TO VIEW HER CERVIX. BY SPRINKLE'S OWN ESTIMATE, SOME 25,000 ENJOYED THE VIEW.

RESPONSE

the pre–"Roe vs. Wade" era because of the criminal repercussions associated with abortion at that time. Instead, the cause of death was usually labeled as something else. And that's only for the women who made it to the hospital. *Turn to "The Road to 'Roe vs. Wade'" on page 164.*

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

In the article "What's It Worth?" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), Stephanie Goldberg states that last year only 3253 of the 15,500 sexual harassment complaints reviewed by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission were deemed to have merit. "In other words," she writes, "only one in five lawyers knows sexual harassment when he or she sees it." That's a pretty stupid deduction on Goldberg's part. Consider these cases:

(1) A woman files a sexual harassment lawsuit against her employer because a male co-worker has a picture on his desk of his wife in a bikini skiing behind a boat with their two kids.

(2) A woman files a sexual harassment lawsuit against her employer because a male co-worker asks her once if she would like to go out to dinner and a movie.

(3) A woman files a sexual harassment lawsuit against her employer because a male co-worker compliments her once on her new hairstyle.

When only 3253 sexual harassment cases out of 15,500 are considered legitimate by the EEOC, maybe it really means only 3253 were deemed to have merit by attorneys, and are therefore supportable in a court of law.

John Cartmell
Redmond, Washington

No. It means that out of 15,500 complaints filed by attorneys and/or supposed victims of harassment, only 3253 were deemed by the EEOC to have merit. Cases similar to the ones you mentioned have resulted in complaints; none, in our opinion, are worth the paper they're printed on.

As a licensed private investigator and certified legal investigator specializing in criminal defense and personal injury (including sexual harassment and unlawful termination cases), I read Goldberg's article with great interest. When she asks why rape is worth only $165,000 while harassment is worth millions, she is comparing apples with oranges. In every case she cites, the defendant was the victim's employer, and in every case the victim complained to a supervisor and was brushed off, demoted or fired. The one exception was the rape case. Had this victim complained to her supervisor and received the same reaction, her settlement would have been in the millions.

Francis Ritter
Torrance, California

MORE PANTIES TO GO

I thought you might like to know more about the situation here in Houston ("Panties to Go," "Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, July). As you reported, vice squad officers and health inspectors hassled Condoms and More for selling edible panties without a food permit. Très Chic Lingerie has two shops in Houston that sell sex toys and lingerie. About the same time they were visiting Condoms and More, vice squad officers stopped by one of our stores and demanded that a number of "obscene" sex toys be removed from the sales counters. These included vibrators, cock rings, anal beads, ben-wa balls and a male blow-up doll. In February, police arrested the manager of the second store for selling an "obscene" vibrator to an undercover vice squad officer. In response, all owners of lingerie stores in Houston have met to establish our legal rights to sell sex toys in Texas. It seems the law leaves the interpretation of what is illegal to the officer responding to a complaint. We were assured any attempts to fight this law would be expensive and time consuming. For now it appears the citizens of Texas have no alternative other than to purchase their sex toys through the mail.

Don Johnson
Très Chic Lingerie
Houston, Texas

KINKY CHIROPRACTOR

The case of the chiropractor massaging his assistant's pubic area through her clothes to relieve her constipation ("Kinky Business," "Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, July) might have been an incident in which the chiropractor, guilty or not, settled the lawsuit quickly to avoid bad publicity. But any chiropractic student knows that massaging near the intestines relieves constipation by stimulating peristalsis. The small and large intestines cover the entire abdominal region, including the upper pubic area.

This could be a case of misunderstanding or, worse, yet another person looking for money.

John Tuggle
Houston, Texas

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

MARGARET SANGER

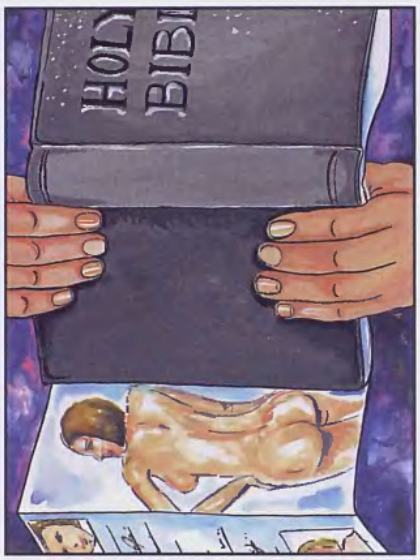
If you have been following *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, then you know that Margaret Sanger was a remarkable woman. As the nation's leading advocate of birth control and family planning and the founder of Planned Parenthood, Sanger was hailed "as a saint and castigated as an agent of Satan; admired and emulated, vilified and condemned." The Catholic Church called her "America's greatest enemy"; *The New York Times* labeled her "one of history's great rebels." Now she is the subject of a 90-minute PBS documentary by filmmaker Bruce Alfred which airs Monday, October 12. Check your local listings.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

RECYCLED SEX

MANILA—*Customs officials shredded more than a ton of adult magazines, including hundreds of copies of* PLAYBOY, *and donated the scraps to make Bibles. The*



magazines, most of which originated in the U.S. or Japan, were seized over several months from travelers at the city's international airport. "Instead of being a source of immorality, these can now be used to spread God's teachings," noted customs chief Guillermo Parayno. Customs officials could have burned the magazines, but Parayno said that would be a waste.

FREEDOM DENIED

MOBILE, ALABAMA—*In 1973 a judge sentenced teenager Michael Pardue to life in prison for three shotgun slayings. No physical evidence linked him to the crimes, and he later professed his innocence. Last year, the Alabama Supreme Court overturned Pardue's conviction and life sentence, ruling that his confession during a 78-hour interrogation had been coerced. Despite the court's finding, Pardue remained in prison. During his 24 years behind bars, he escaped three times from the place he shouldn't have been in. That qualified him for another life term under Alabama's "three strikes" law.*

JAIL BAITING

SEATTLE—*Five female guards at the King County Jail sued the county because they say male prisoners have created a sexually hostile work environment. The guards maintain that the prisoners call them vulgar names, threaten them with rape and masturbate in front of them. One guard complained that prisoners who smoke or otherwise violate rules are punished with confinement, but those who verbally abuse female guards are simply told to shut up. The jail director says rules against abusive behavior are enforced uniformly.*

HAULING ASS

NASHVILLE—*A teamster sued his employer for $150,000 because he had been assigned overnight runs with female drivers. During long runs, the trucker who isn't driving usually undresses in the cab before crawling into the bunk to sleep. David Virts worries that the arrangement might lead him to "lustful thoughts and sexual temptation, all of which the Bible says Christians should avoid." The trucking company says its drivers are assigned by seniority, not gender.*

WHAT GOES AROUND

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—*The American Family Association has lobbied for censorship of the Net in public schools and libraries. Now the AFA finds itself on the other side of the issue: A leading Internet filter added the AFA home page to its list of intolerant sites. Cyber Patrol, a software product that allows parents and teachers to restrict access to "inappropriate" sites, blocks the AFA because of the group's gay-bashing. That includes calls to outlaw "public" homosexuality and claims that a significant percentage of gays eat feces and have sex with animals.*

SAFER SEX WINS!

PHILADELPHIA—*A study of inner-city students found that safer sex lessons are more effective than abstinence education in reducing risky sexual behavior. Researchers studied 659 sixth and seventh graders, a quarter of whom were sexually active. They divided the students into three groups. The first received eight hours of abstinence education, the second received eight hours of safer sex instruction and the third received eight hours of instruction on non-sexual topics. A year later, 16.5 percent of the safer sex group, 20 percent of the abstinence group and 23 percent of the control group reported having recent sex. Researchers concluded that only the safer sex intervention significantly reduced unprotected sexual intercourse.*

FORCED PATRIOTISM

FALLBROOK, CALIFORNIA—*The ACLU filed suit on behalf of a high school student who refused to stand and recite the pledge of allegiance during class. When Mary Kait Durkee told her teacher that she disagrees with the pledge, the sophomore was ordered to say it by herself in front of the class. She refused. After the ACLU stepped in, school officials allowed Durkee to sit during the pledge for the final two weeks of school. But they said that when school resumed in the fall, Durkee would have to stand or leave the room.*

PEST CONTROL

ISLIP TERRACE, NEW YORK—*Police charged a Long Island man with thousands of counts of cruelty to animals after discovering his stash of snuff films. Police said the man hired women to wear stiletto heels and crush mice, rats, rabbits, snakes, guinea pigs, lizards and turtles. In some cases, he dressed in drag and did the job*

himself. The man sold the videos over the Internet and through foot fetish magazines. Police rescued ten mice and seized 36 videos with titles such as "Vanessa, Topless Crusher," "Vanessa's Frog Stomp" and "Debby the Destructor."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS BALANCED BY HILTON MCCONNICO.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERALDO RIVERA

a candid conversation with the comeback journalist about race and drugs, o.j. and jonbenet, broken noses and trash tv—and barbara walters' breasts

"Never relax!" Geraldo Rivera calls for the third time as he pulls his 21-foot mahogany powerboat, "Beulah," into the choppy mouth of New York's Hudson River. "At 60 miles per hour," he warns his passengers, "the trip could get treacherous, so grab a handle on each side and hold on tight."

The voyagers head out through New York Harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, then across a short stretch of the Atlantic Ocean to the New Jersey coast. This bracing journey is Rivera's usual commute from his office in Manhattan to his home in Locust, New Jersey, along the lush red banks of the Navesink River. For a while the pace slows to a leisurely 45 mph, until Rivera sends the boat into a sharp pitch to avoid a sudden cluster of driftwood. Once again, it's all about holding on tight and never relaxing.

Indeed, Geraldo Rivera knows a thing or two about bumpy rides. When this interview was conducted, he had just capped a two-decade comeback from professional ignominy by signing an exclusive pact with NBC News, placing him in the rarefied $7 million–per-year stratum usually reserved for TV's top anchors and stars. Above all, the deal speaks to the state of cable television today, pitting network news channels against CNN and its cable progeny and increasing the premiums for top talent.

On a personal level, though, Rivera's deal represents validation and a return from exile. In 1970, at the age of 27, he burst onto the scene at New York's WABC-TV as part of a move by the station's programmers to offer a newscast that better reflected the city's cultural diversity. With a degree from Brooklyn Law School, this ambitious son of a Puerto Rican father and a Jewish mother went to work for Community Action for Legal Services, one of the many do-good inner-city organizations of the Sixties and early Seventies. There Rivera became aware of the Young Lords, a Puerto Rican nationalist group working out of a Harlem storefront. He soon presented himself as legal counsel and spokesperson for the group, and it was in that capacity that WABC took notice of his swarthy good looks and easy manner with a microphone.

Rivera quickly made history at WABC, producing a report in 1972 that revealed horrifying conditions at the Willowbrook State School for the Mentally Retarded on Staten Island. It was epochal television, with viewers transfixed as an uninvited, aghast Rivera boldly directed his cameraman through scenes that were too real and grisly to believe. The Willowbrook story won Rivera an Emmy and put him on the fast track at ABC News, a path that led him to the network's prime-time magazine show, "20/20," and million-dollar contracts.

Those were heady days, Rivera notes in his often lurid 1991 kiss-and-tell autobiography, "Exposing Myself." "I was an odd kind of ghetto pet to New York's jet set." But he soon became one of the glittering crowd, partying with rock legends, marrying Kurt Vonnegut's daughter Edie (his second of four wives) and covering hot spots from the Middle East to Latin America. Embracing the gonzo approach to stories, Rivera helped establish "20/20" as a perennial programmers' favorite. His September 1979 report on "The Elvis Cover-Up," which raised questions about Presley's death by a drug overdose in 1977, remains the show's highest-rated episode.

But in 1985 Rivera's good fortune at ABC ended when he challenged management's decision to kill a report by Sylvia Chase that suggested a romantic link between John F. Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe. ABC fired Rivera, who as recently as last fall maintained that the dismissal was part of an industry-wide blackball.

Cut adrift from his professional credibility, Rivera the populist found a lucrative home in syndication. His first live syndicated special offered viewers a glimpse into Al Capone's long-sealed vault in the basement of a Chicago hotel, promising lost secrets of the Mob. The vault was almost empty—but

"The difference between 'Dateline NBC' and 'Hard Copy' is in degree, not in substance. The network would have you believe that it does a far superior and more honorable job. That's absolutely a canard. It's bullshit."

"O.J. Simpson is a brutal murderer, an arrogant man who doesn't love anyone. Not his children. Not his slain wife. Nobody but himself. I wish we could settle it man to man, because he's a creep and needs to be punished."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Drugs should be legalized. It's so silly: Robert Downey Jr. going to jail for six months? Who did he hurt? But, no, put the cuffs on him and take him away. Bend him over. Let Bubba fuck him in the showers."

Rivera's audience was riveted, and the April 1986 broadcast became the most successful syndicated special in TV history, a distinction it still holds. To some, the Capone event also served as a demarcation point of Rivera's descent into TV hell.

His daytime talk show, "Geraldo," followed, with its procession of teenage hooker moms. In 1988, awestruck viewers watched as a confrontation on the show between black and skinhead guests escalated into a raucous brawl. A thrown chair broke Rivera's nose, and "Newsweek" ran his image on its cover—broken proboscis and all—to herald the new and curious age of trash TV. Subsequently, Rivera landed in every comedy monologist's repertoire. The release of "Exposing Myself" in 1991, with its dishy boasts of sexual conquests—among them Bette Midler and former Canadian First Lady Margaret Trudeau—seemed another blow to Rivera's career.

But, as always, he wasn't down for the count. CNBC president Roger Ailes (now chief executive of Fox News) hired him and launched a prime-time call-in show, "Rivera Live," in 1994—just in time for the O.J. Simpson phenomenon. Rivera dubbed the show "the program of record on the Simpson case" and indeed it soon became CNBC's most watched nightly program. That cachet led to NBC's lucrative embrace of Geraldo last fall.

To talk with Rivera about the strange road Geraldo has traveled since his first Playboy Interview (November 1978), we sent **Gregory P. Fagan,** *an associate editor at "TV Guide," to meet with the peripatetic newsman and ambassador to clamorous Nineties television. Fagan reports:*

"Geraldo Rivera has a charismatic presence—more profound in person than on TV—that can rub people the wrong way. Some count him among the first and greatest of the Sixties' hippie sellouts. Some can't get past his generous nose and the way he provoked its breaking on national television. And some just label him a fraud—a kid from Long Island named Jerry Rivers who embraced the Hispanic half of his background only when it became profitable to do so.

"In sifting through research, I was surprised to see how much criticism Rivera has survived over the past quarter century. More intriguing, though, is how much false information persists, even as Rivera denies it. Take the Jerry Rivers story, for instance. In his first 'Playboy Interview,' nearly 20 years ago, Rivera explained that he was born Gerald Rivera, and that his Puerto Rican family dubbed him Geraldo, which he chose as his newscaster's byline. (He alters this story in his autobiography.) Yet the Jerry Rivers myth continues. It is as if his public has always been more satisfied pegging Rivera as a hot dog and scam artist than truly finding out what he's all about.

"For our late-night after-show sessions at Elaine's, New York's legendary media hangout, Rivera showed up on time and ready to talk. When our meeting moved to the New Jersey home he shares with his wife of 11 years, C.C. Dyer, and their two daughters, he was gracious and forthcoming.

"On one evening in particular, Rivera was looking out on the moonlit Navesink River from his back patio, and he began alluding to F. Scott Fitzgerald's tortured tycoon, Jay Gatsby. As he spoke, I realized that the character's accomplishments—rising from inauspicious roots to conspicuous prosperity—do invite comparison. Once again Geraldo Rivera has sold himself in grandiose and colorful terms, and his audience has, for the moment, bought it."

PLAYBOY: We last interviewed you 20 years ago. It seems most of the major events in your career have occurred since that time—at least the newsworthy ones. Let's run them down. In 1985, you were sacked from ABC News after working there for quite some time.

RIVERA: Fifteen years.

PLAYBOY: You lost your job over an exposé that linked Marilyn Monroe to President John F. Kennedy. How did that come about?

RIVERA: I was a senior correspondent and senior producer—a management role—

The network news business is more hypocritical today than it has ever been. It's absolute bullshit.

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at *20/20*. Sylvia Chase, who was reporting the Kennedy story, came to me and said, "This is horrible. Roone Arledge is killing the piece!" Roone has had a long and brilliant career in news and sports journalism, but this was one time when he fucked up. Maybe it was his journalistic judgment, or maybe it was his relationship with Ethel Kennedy and his oversensitivity to matters involving the family, as I alleged at the time. But Roone canceled the story.

PLAYBOY: Your firing was a rough blow for you.

RIVERA: I was 42, about the same age my father was when he got laid off from his job as the head of kitchen help in the cafeteria at the Republic Aviation Corp. in Long Island. He was a broken man, and I remember thinking of him as elderly at that time. I was determined that would never happen to me again. Then I got the Al Capone vault gig, and the rest is history. One day, unemployable. The next day, a dozen job offers. So, you know, for all the stigma, the jokes and the ribbing I've taken over the years—and it's been merciless—the fact is, the Monroe controversy eventually made me a rich and powerful man. Well, not rich—let's say a prosperous and powerful man.

PLAYBOY: Summarize the Capone show for us. After months of buildup you cracked open Al Capone's long-forgotten vault in front of a national audience, only to come up empty-handed. What's the story behind that?

RIVERA: After I was fired from ABC, the only offer I had was from CNN, for $200,000 a year, and this was after I'd been making $1.2 million at ABC. I was spending $50,000 a month. That's the grim reality. The people who were dependent on me weren't just C.C., who was my girlfriend at the time, or Craig, my little brother, who was working for me. My mother and a huge circle of people who had no alternative sources of income needed me. I decided that, rather than deal with it—and considering I had my $500,000 severance pay from ABC—I would take my boat and sail it from New York City to Los Angeles. I figured that would at least tell my audience I wasn't moping about—that this was not a defeat but just another phase in my life.

But then I got a call from Jimmy Griffin, my agent, and he said, "I am honor-bound to give you every offer. This one I know you're going to turn down. The *Chicago Tribune*'s television arm has this vault in the basement of the Lexington Hotel in Chicago where Al Capone lived for many years. There's something in there, but they don't know what: It could be bodies, it could be Prohibition booze equipment, it could be weapons. There has been stuff found in other Chicago vaults. And they have an idea for a live special."

I asked him, "How much?" He said, "They're offering $25,000. But you can't take it because it would be like when Joe Louis went into professional wrestling after his boxing career. You'll humiliate yourself." I said, "If they give me $50,000, I'll do it." So Craig, C.C. and I set off in New Wave, my 44-footer, and sailed to Key West and Cuba. I got a call on ship-to-shore from Jimmy. He said, "How can you do this job?" I said, "I've got no choice. It's one less month I have to worry about. I'll leave the boat in Panama, fly to Chicago, do it, then continue my journey."

And that's what happened. I flew back to Chicago for a month of on-location stuff for a pretty good documentary about the Mob era, and then did the live special in April 1986.

PLAYBOY: And inside the safe?

RIVERA: Two empty Gilbey's gin bottles, a stop sign and a couple of other things.

PLAYBOY: You looked pretty dejected on the air.

RIVERA: Yeah. I went to the party the *Tribune* threw that night at the Hilton. When I got there, the president of the *Tribune* had already left. Meanwhile, I promised the guys who did the actual

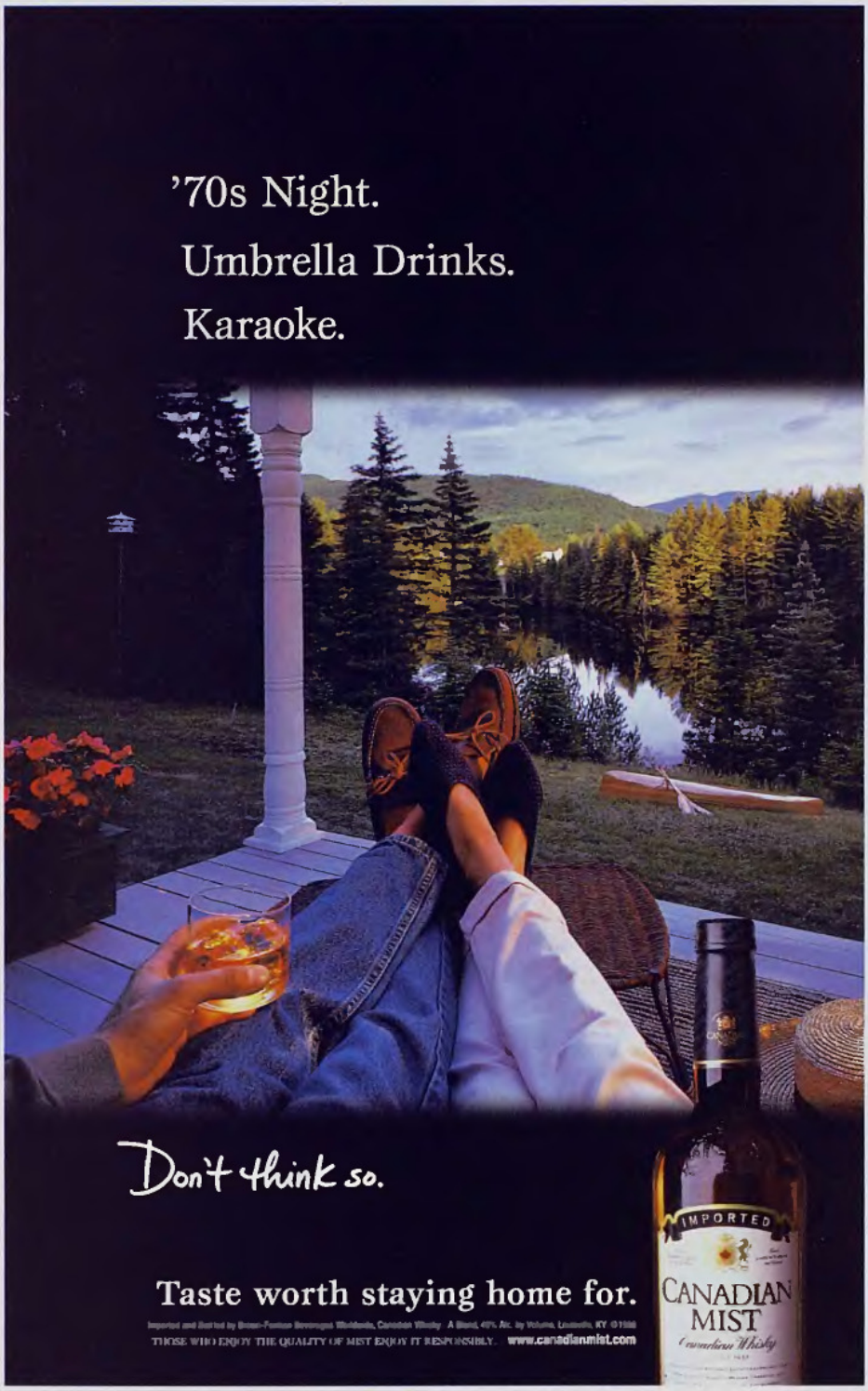
digging that I would meet them at the Catfish Bar right near the Lexington Hotel. I went there and had a few.

What really irked me was knowing that Peter Jennings, my archenemy, was watching and laughing at me. Good thing the windows in my hotel room didn't open. The next morning, the elderly man who brought my room service said, "Don't worry. We don't blame you that the damn thing was empty." It made me think that maybe there was hope. Then there were all these messages outside the door—12 job offers. The show turned out to be bigger than the Academy Awards. It's still the highest-rated syndicated special in history.

Look, this was Hollywood, and they're lemmings. There wasn't a major studio in Hollywood that didn't offer me a job. I went from being the coldest, most unemployable man in the business to being the hottest commodity.

PLAYBOY: The Capone gig led to your daytime show, which landed you alongside Donahue and Oprah, in the holy trinity of daytime talk. But part of that success had to do with sacrificing your role as a journalist in order to respond to commercial market pressures. In other words, it was sell-out time.

RIVERA: Let me suggest that the difference between a program like *Dateline NBC*, for example, and one of the tabloid shows—say, *Hard Copy* or *Inside Edition*—is in degree, not in substance. The network would have you believe that it does a far superior and more honorable job. That's absolutely a canard. The topics on *Dateline NBC* and those other network shows are exactly the same ones everyone else is doing. Diana is dead. JonBenet Ramsey. Whenever they do an exposé, it's about the guy running a tire scam on a college student in a Georgia gas station, not stories about multinational corporations that actually have the resources to sue them. The network news business is more hypocritical today than it has ever been. It's absolute bullshit.



PLAYBOY: Speaking of the Ramsey murder, you've called your CNBC show "the program of record" on the JonBenet Ramsey case. Why is there the continued fascination?

RIVERA: Here is a victim immortalized on home video, so we all have a chance to relate to that child in the cruelly artificial world created by her parents. An assistant D.A. in Denver suggested that the child was abused by the way her parents were exploiting her. So we already pity her and damn the parents even before the murder. That's the setting for the murder story—an exploited child whose parents are the objects of our disdain. What's the first thing they do when their child is killed under mysterious circumstances? They hire lawyers.

They've guaranteed they will remain under suspicion no matter what the grand jury in Boulder does, unless they find someone else who did it.

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't there been a resolution yet?

RIVERA: It's like Zippergate. The only two people who can tell you whether or not they did it are the president and Monica Lewinsky. In a family homicide, the only people who can tell you are family members. If the crime originated in the family and no one's going to talk, it will remain unsolved. The forensic evidence is inconclusive. If there's a butchered little girl, and her father picks her up and hugs her to his bosom—as any dad would—then his forensics are all over the crime scene and all over the victim. So by his professed love for his child, he has obliterated any chance that the murder can be traced to him, forensically speaking. If the Ramseys are involved, it is diabolically brilliant, because once the crime scene is polluted in that way, it becomes a question of circumstantial evidence that isn't very powerful.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the point, hasn't the network news been dabbling in tabloid-style reporting for years?

RIVERA: Yes. The networks have gone down to meet the tabloids, and the

tabloids have come up, partly to avoid the citizen revulsion that was welling up. But the difference now, especially on the big stories like O.J. Simpson, is almost indecipherable.

But to respond to your earlier question: Did all of this force me to become more commercial? Well, look at the great topics I did in the good old days. The highest-rated *20/20* in history was my story on the Elvis conspiracy. It was sex, drugs and rock and roll. It was Dr. Nick prescribing Elvis 12,000 pills and amphetamines in the last months of his life. It was a great topic for the *National Enquirer*. To say that what I did then was noble, and what I was doing until a couple of years ago was ignoble, is a gross oversimplification. In both cases I was doing stories that people have a gut interest in. A lot of times people don't even know why they're interested. They just are. But what I'm most scornful of is the pretense. I've always been one of the truth squads in the news business, and now it seems there's more bullshit and less difference than ever.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Through much of the afternoon-talk boom, you were slopping around in the mud with the rest of them.

RIVERA: I agree, I agree.

PLAYBOY: And *60 Minutes*, for instance, sure wasn't going in that direction.

RIVERA: I agree.

PLAYBOY: And it wasn't until 1996, when talk-show trash came under heavy fire, that you introduced your bill of rights for viewers—a public promise to clean up your act. Do you really think much has changed since then?

RIVERA: I saw the *Jerry Springer Show* yesterday, with trailer-park trash punching each other onstage. I think Jerry Springer is the most shameful man in America. I look at him and see Geraldo at his worst—times ten. It's appalling that it still exists, that people advertise on that program. It's disgusting. I was even going to write him a letter about it today, mainly because he's a smart man. He was the mayor of Cincinnati, for God's sake. This is not someone who doesn't understand what he's doing.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to think about pulling out?

RIVERA: We all started trying to out-lowball the other guy. I'd do "My Daughter Is a Hooker and So Am I," so you'd do "My Daughter Is a Hooker, So Am I and So Is My Mother." It just got crazy. But when I started losing my advertiser support, I pulled out of the death dive just to save myself and whatever remained of my reputation. I pulled out to get off the late-night monologs. In the end, I was getting a lot of the heat for things of which I wasn't by any means the most egregious example.

PLAYBOY: When did you hit bottom?

RIVERA: The worst thing that ever happened to me was getting my nose broken, because that made me the epitome of the worst of trash television. That's what the *Newsweek* cover said. At some point, I thought, Fuck it, it's just not worth it. I'm not going to go there.

PLAYBOY: You were clobbered with a chair by a skinhead.

RIVERA: It's been ten years and people are still talking about it. That's amazing, when you consider that *Jerry Springer* has about ten fights a week at this point. But it was a real fight. It was spontaneous. I'm not unhappy that it happened.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the broken nose coming, or were you as surprised as the rest of America?

RIVERA: I wore my Herman Survivors boots that day. My assistant said, "Why are you wearing those?" I said, "Because if something happens, I want to be on firm footing." So, yes, I definitely knew that something could possibly happen. I was pushing these guys as far as I could. I hated them. Anyway, it's a much better industry now than it was five years ago. To the extent that I pulled it down, I also think I should be credited for pulling it up. I shouldn't get all the credit in either case.

Jerry Springer is the most shameful man in America. I look at him and see Geraldo at his worst.

PLAYBOY: You've had more than your share of sobering experiences during the past 20 years. What's your biggest regret?

RIVERA: I'm sorry that I wrote the book. That's my biggest regret.

PLAYBOY: You are talking about your autobiography, *Exposing Myself*. Bette Midler was furious over your revelations of the sexual liaisons between the two of you. Have you spoken to her since then?

RIVERA: No. No. It would be inappropriate. We now talk through intermediaries. Besides, I have said I'm sorry in enough different ways. Even if what I said was true, truth is not always an absolute defense, certainly not against bad taste.

PLAYBOY: What other changes would you make if you could do it all over again?

RIVERA: I look back to the Marilyn Monroe–JFK–Roone Arledge business and think about how undiplomatic I was, how I could have schmoozed that situation more effectively. I could have made the same points privately. I didn't have to embarrass the man who had basically been my rabbi for ten years. Anyway, they told me at the time that it would all work out for the good, which is what is said to terminal cancer patients. But in the long run, ABC News is poorer for my not being there. I think *20/20* is a less effective show because of my absence. You know, I recently visited Barbara Walters' show *The View* and she said to me, on the air, that they still miss me at ABC.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted that you had a crush on Barbara when you were working there.

RIVERA: Barbara Walters was—and is—a very sexy babe. When she was at her most intimidating, that's what all the other men missed. All the other newsmen were scared shitless of her, and so resentful of her that they missed the point—she is a profoundly sensual, very female being with a great body. How can you look at Barbara Walters and not see those great tits? She is just a great dame who happens to be brilliant and formidable.

It's funny, but if there were a brilliant and formidable guy who was also a hunk, you wouldn't ignore his physical attributes. But with Barbara, because it was politically incorrect, and because she scared the shit out of everybody, nobody went there. It was as if she wasn't a woman at all—she was *Barbara Walters!* She was like NATO, like the UN—an institution, not a woman.

That was the difference between how I saw her and how everyone else saw her. I always saw her as a woman.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of Diane Sawyer?

RIVERA: I really came to respect Diane Sawyer when she went to the West Bank and somebody spit at her because she's an American. She stood there and took it. She didn't have to. By the same token, Dan Rather didn't have to go behind the lines in Afghanistan—Gunga Dan and all that. He already had the anchor job. But he did it anyway. I have tremendous regard for those people today. The great successes—there's not an accident among them. You have to honor them. They are successful because they are special.

PLAYBOY: What about Stone Phillips?

RIVERA: Stone Phillips is generally not regarded as a heavyweight, but watch what he does. A guy like me wants to hate Stone. He went to an Ivy League school, was a star football player and a fraternity boy, has a well-connected family. Every benefit in the world. The fact is, he has worked his ass off. He has tried his best to learn his craft. He's dogged. He's gracious. He's graceful. I think he's terribly underrated.

PLAYBOY: Sam Donaldson.

RIVERA: A hell of a journalist. He is undaunted, unswerving. He can be awkward sometimes, especially in the early days of *Primetime Live*. But give him credit. He's rebounded from personal

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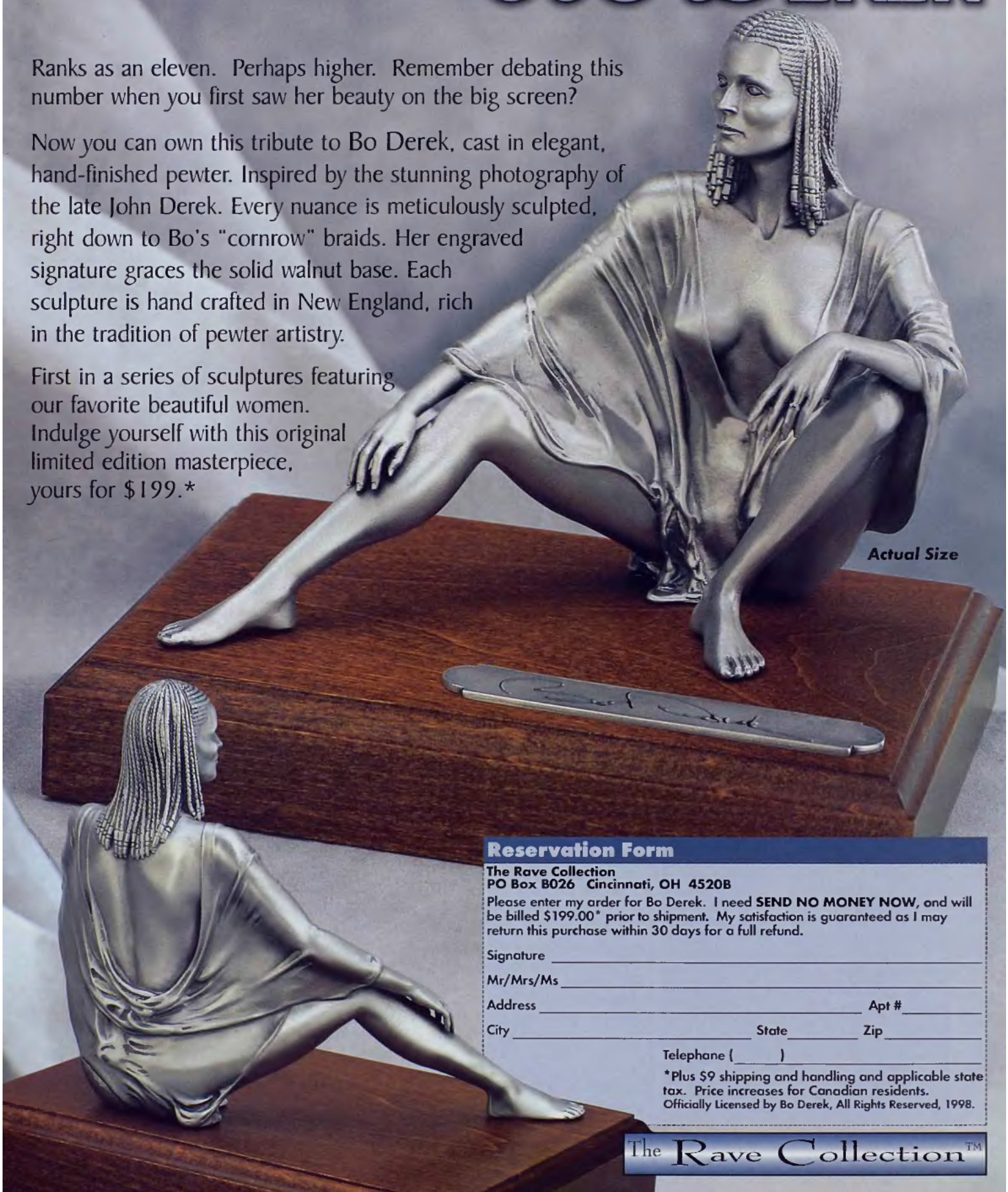

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turmoil, his illness and all the rest. I like him, though many people don't. I would never sit and have a drink with him, because I could never be friends with him. But I admire him.

PLAYBOY: Dan Rather.

RIVERA: Dan Rather is my favorite, as kinky as he is and as weird as he is. It turns out that a guy really did accost him and say, "What's the frequency, Kenneth?" So maybe my instinctive regard for the guy is well founded. But I've always liked the way he delivers.

PLAYBOY: Peter Jennings?

RIVERA: I don't think of him much. I still think of him as little Petey, whose father put him on the air. But he has paid his dues, too.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Christiane Amanpour?

RIVERA: Fabulous—and sexy. So incredibly appealing. She's exactly my type. She's got big balls, that woman.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on the supposed rivalry between Amanpour and Diane Sawyer?

RIVERA: Christiane Amanpour is a seasoned war correspondent. Diane Sawyer is a socialite who wrote for President Nixon and then became a news correspondent who suddenly had to risk her dignity, even her physical safety. Christiane has seen it all and has been everywhere. Diane could have stayed on Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue, or at Regine's or Elaine's. She didn't have to go to the West Bank to put herself at risk. That's what made the event extraordinary. I wouldn't credit Christiane with having any more courage than Diane. Someone who is fearless doesn't necessarily have great courage, he or she is just fearless. Someone who is afraid and does it anyway, that's what I call a person of great courage.

PLAYBOY: You have said you want to be regarded among the wise men of your generation, a respect you feel you've never been accorded. Do you think you should have made some compromises along the way to earn it?

RIVERA: I don't think my personal style has changed much. I don't think my message has changed. I don't think my personal philosophy has changed. I am basically the same person I was when I was 26 years old.

When I was at the University of Arizona, I didn't have a mustache and I cut my hair short. I wore Weejun knockoffs and khaki pants and madras shirts. And still, nobody bought me as another white kid. I tried and it didn't work. So maybe getting rejected from all those fraternities was the lesson I needed about trying to fit in. I may never fit into that establishment. But, thankfully, my audience is not the establishment.

PLAYBOY: Last fall, you left your syndicated afternoon show to concentrate on your prime-time CNBC show. Some suggest that Dr. Jekyll had finally banished Mr. Hyde. Is that how you see it?

RIVERA: Look, I want to be a newsman. Having a live, nine o'clock program gives me a platform to talk about breaking news in a way that is free-flowing and spontaneous. I can easily and effectively say to people, "Here's what happened and here's what I think about it." But I'll continue to be independent. I'll continue to be an outsider. I'll continue to be the only minority anchor in prime time. My voice—because it's a different voice and because it's a courageous voice—will have resonance.

PLAYBOY: Stop right there. Clearly, you're sincere, but isn't your choice of words—"different voice," "courageous voice"—a bit melodramatic? When you speak like that, some people who follow your career, even some of your fans, roll their eyes and think, There he goes again.

RIVERA: I am dramatic. I tend to say things in apocalyptic terms. Take what's been going on with President Clinton in Zippergate. It happened on Wednesday, January 21. During the next three days, every major commentator in the country, including Sam Donaldson and George Stephanopoulos, was talking impeachment. Some suggested it would happen as soon as the following Wednesday or Thursday. On Monday night, the 26th, I went on the air and said, "I like his chances." I was the only one in that firestorm of condemnation who said that. Why? Precisely because I am a minority. I was the only one in that crew who was listening to urban radio. When Hillary Clinton showed up in Harlem to make a speech at a day care center, I watched how adoringly the people of Harlem received her. I knew then that the accusers were taking this ride without the heart of the country. They were so caught up in the allegations, they didn't understand that the American people would not pillory this man for doing something that virtually every adult has done to some degree: Illicit sex. Lies. These simple people, the grass roots, the heart of the earth, saw that this was a chump charge. And I was the first one to see it.

PLAYBOY: NBC made you a newsman in a highly publicized contract negotiation that was covered by all the papers. How did it unfold?

RIVERA: Television management is not terribly individualistic. They tend to go with trends. It just happened that, as this contract was expiring, all the things I had worked so hard to do had come to fruition. There was an almost simultaneous recognition—and, ironically, NBC was the last to realize it—that I was, for lack of a better phrase, a hot commodity.

I had inquiries from several different areas in media—radio, television and even television ownership. But ultimately it came down to my old boss and ally [Fox News chief executive officer] Roger Ailes believing that he saw something the

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others didn't and making a bold play for me.

PLAYBOY: What did Ailes say to get your attention?

RIVERA: When Roger said, "It's not about money, it's about self-respect," he hit a real chord in me, because for me it was all about that: my personal vision of where I am and should be at this stage of my life. He said, "You should be the lead man in a news organization that respects you and backs you whether you're hot or in a jam. It's about people recognizing that, despite all the sideshows, you've been a journalist for a generation now."

I just said, "Wow, you got it right—I'm going." But then my agent, Jimmy Griffin, called and asked if I would take a phone call from NBC News president Andy Lack. I said, "What for?" He said, "Hear him out." So Lack started talking, talking and talking, and finally I said, "Andy, let me ask you a question: Am I going to be a news correspondent for NBC?"

He said, "Well, you'll have access to all of the NBC News resources. . . ."

And I said, "Andy, am I going to be an NBC News correspondent or am I *not* going to be an NBC News correspondent?" Well, he fumbled around that issue for about 45 minutes. Finally I said, "Andy, you've made all your points, I've made all my points. Let's say goodbye and leave this as gentlemen."

PLAYBOY: Why was it so important to you to be an NBC News correspondent?

RIVERA: When I worked for *Eyewitness News* at WABC-TV in New York in 1973, my first overseas assignment was in Chile. Augusto Pinochet had just led a CIA-sponsored coup that had overthrown Salvador Allende, the first democratically elected president of Chile. *Eyewitness News* asked me to go down and interview Pinochet. So I did the piece and signed off, "Geraldo Rivera, ABC News, reporting." Victor Neufeld, who later became the executive producer of *20/20*, said, "No, you can't sign off 'Geraldo Rivera, ABC News.' It's 'Geraldo Rivera, *for* ABC News,' because you're not an ABC News correspondent." It was something I became hyperconscious of. So when Andy Lack was trying to sell me his bill of goods, it wasn't playing at all because I had been there 20 years earlier.

PLAYBOY: But eventually Lack did come through. The deal not only makes you an NBC News correspondent, but also lets you keep your CNBC show, while guaranteeing you four prime-time news specials as well as featured appearances on the *Today* show. The only stipulation was that——

RIVERA: I had to give up the talk show.

PLAYBOY: Right. Had the daytime talk show been on the table before?

RIVERA: I had already said that, if the salary got to a certain number, I would take the hit and get rid of the talk show.

PLAYBOY: After all the negotiating, how does it feel to be a correspondent for NBC News?

RIVERA: I feel, in a sense, that I've joined the army again. Like all those 50-year-old guys who became paratroopers because they had to get involved in World War Two. It's like a government job, in that sense. But it's a huge deal.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the job change will go over with the public?

RIVERA: You'll see a wave of all the old Geraldo haters who have been quiet. It has already started in the press. I'd forgotten how bitchy it can get. I'd forgotten how interested everyone is in "What did he get? What did she get?"

I said to Andy Lack last week, "Until I get to work, all they're going to talk about is you, me and the deal. As soon as I get to work they'll talk about the stories, and that will be fair." I told him that he'll have all the Geraldo hate stories, but that there won't be a single name attributed to any of the negative comments. That's the way they work. Chickenshits. Network chickenshits.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't a guy like you enjoy the challenge of that kind of a confrontational environment?

RIVERA: I certainly don't shirk from it. Pick a fight with me, and you're picking a fight with the tar baby. I'm the worst possible person. Take, for example, Richard Cohen, the columnist for *The Washington Post*. I can't wait to say, "Isn't he the sissy who had an affair?" I don't give a shit if you publish it. He's the sissy who got involved with Peter Jennings' wife. He called me a "virus" infecting the body of the news. Howard Rosenberg of the *Los Angeles Times* is an archenemy I haven't heard from in years. Today he weighed in.

PLAYBOY: What did he write?

RIVERA: I didn't read it. I started to but then I stopped because I didn't want to have a motive for murder. If he's ever killed, I don't want to be a suspect. I'll have O.J. do it. Even though, in my heart, I have a lot to prove to an institution and to history, contractually I have nothing to prove. All I have to do is show up for work for six years and they have to pay me. So long as I don't commit any felonies.

I've already heard that Tom Brokaw said I wasn't going to be on the show, I wasn't going to substitute anchor for him and I wasn't going to do special reports for the show.

PLAYBOY: And, knowing what Brokaw said, that's OK by you?

RIVERA: Yes, that's his deal. I'm not going to get involved in the jousting. Let them go through whatever angst they have to go through. Data talks and bullshit walks. I've always thought the stories and their commercial effects spoke for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Former NBC correspondent Arthur Kent also weighed in on your NBC contract: He said, "A lot of my colleagues at the news division are up in arms over it. In a few years, there will be

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no real news in America."

RIVERA: Arthur Kent is an empty leather jacket.

PLAYBOY: Is it just sour grapes on his part?

RIVERA: Of course it is. He was famous as the Scud Stud for about ten minutes. He didn't even get 15.

PLAYBOY: A little while ago you stood outside on your balcony and looked through the trees to the peaceful Navesink River, and you said, "This is a nice place to grow old." You have two lovely homes, a great young family and plenty of money. Does having young children, at this stage of your life, temper your sense of adventure?

RIVERA: What it clearly does is limit the occasions where that's even a consideration. I mean, you just don't go to war as often as you used to when you have a three-year-old and a five-year-old and a talk show——

PLAYBOY: Not to mention, what, 15 dogs?

RIVERA: That's why I knew Simpson did it, by the way. From the very first minute.

PLAYBOY: What?

RIVERA: That Akita didn't bite him. There's only one reason the Akita didn't bite O.J. Simpson: because Simpson was the alpha male, and I know about being the alpha male. Do you think that huge Akita would have stood by with his head under his leg when his mistress was being slaughtered on the front steps of her house? It would never happen. The Akita was the real lie-detector test. There's only one man on earth that dog would not have attacked, and it was the alpha male in the family. Simpson had bought that dog. He had raised that dog. In effect, he had sired that dog.

PLAYBOY: Why wasn't this theory ever presented in court? Was it just too off-the-wall?

RIVERA: It was never presented at trial because everyone was so intimidated by the defense. The Dream Team was so formidable that these civil servants didn't stand a chance. Anything they did would be questioned in a hostile environment; besides, the jury was predisposed, so the prosecution probably never could have won.

PLAYBOY: Marcia Clark is now your colleague at NBC and a regular on your show. Do you feel comfortable saying she never had a chance?

RIVERA: I don't think it was Marcia's fault. She was up against a century of relationships between the LAPD and the African American community of Los Angeles. She couldn't have made the cops appear believable to that particular audience no matter what she said or what she did. They could have had a confession. They could have shown a videotape of O.J. Simpson stabbing this woman, and he still would have gotten an acquittal with that jury.

PLAYBOY: You said you won't write a book on the Simpson case. But if you did, what would the blurb on the back cover say?

RIVERA: "O.J. Simpson was blessed by his athletic prowess. He is now doubly the luckiest man alive. He is a brutal double murderer who doesn't have the good sense to keep his mouth shut. He's an arrogant man who doesn't love anyone. Not his children. Not his slain wife. Nobody but himself." I only wish that, in a different context, we could settle it man to man, because he's a creep and he needs to be punished.

PLAYBOY: It's said that you have a personal fantasy about having a bar fight with O.J. Simpson. Who wins?

RIVERA: First of all, I have to be careful what I wish for because my wishes have a way of coming true. But in the fantasy, I'm at the second or third table in the bar—the place I sit after I've already gone past the point of no return in terms of self-discipline and adult responsibility. I'm never sloppy about it, but I get very cavalier. It's smoky and it's late and I've got half a buzz on. Then Simpson comes in. Al Cowlings is almost always with him, and Cowlings is huge. In the dream it varies, depending on how aggressive I feel. I say something—but more often Cowlings says something, and sometimes Simpson says something. Then there's almost no conversation after the initial burst. It's the kind of fight that is stopped before anyone is mortally injured, but it's still a serious bar fight. And it settles things between us.

There's only one reason the Akita didn't bite O.J.: because Simpson was the alpha male, and I know about being the alpha male.

PLAYBOY: You have a full gym in your home and you own a boxing gym in New York City. Are you secretly in training for a real bout with Simpson?

RIVERA: I can take care of myself. He's big, though. Simpson is a big person. But I just don't think he's very tough without a knife. And you can tell him I said so. My experience has been that men who abuse women generally have no balls.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also talk about a pay-per-view boxing event between you and Joey Buttafuoco?

RIVERA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You're always picking public fights with the bad guys. What's going on here?

RIVERA: I tend to reduce things to "Oh, yeah? Put 'em up." I'm very basic and retro in that sense.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's one of the reasons people question whether you have a wise man's temperament?

RIVERA: I'm not particularly embarrassed by it, if that's what you're asking. I'm sure I've had more fights than any other millionaire in America [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss race, which you call the number one issue facing the country today. You also say it's the least covered story. Why?

RIVERA: I'm not an alarmist about great social trends, but I see a real fracture happening here. I don't think the white media understand at all how alienated black people are from the whole scene. They are separate and unequal in a way that is every bit as dramatic and egregious as the days before *Brown vs. Board of Education*. What's happening now is that black people are getting their own media and their own universities. They interrelate with whites only to the extent that they have to, in pragmatic terms. But there is definitely a true and profound movement apart between whites and blacks. With Hispanic people, it's a bit more ambiguous. The separation tends to be about language, or the differences between black Hispanics and white Hispanics. It's more complicated. But there's a separation happening in the Hispanic community—which, by the way, is the fastest-growing minority and will be the largest in ten to 15 years.

And then you have the Farrakhan phenomenon, the Promise Keepers, the born-agains and, of course, the Republicans and the Democrats. There are very few people who can speak to all the disparate groups. Now, maybe it's my ego talking—maybe it's overinflated self-importance or maybe it's just ambition—but I feel that I am uniquely situated to be a bridge between the various communities, to cut through the bullshit, to be a truth speaker. To have an impact. So while I can understand that outsiders might view my ambition as rewriting my epitaph, I do have a grander vision.

PLAYBOY: But you're at a point in your career where you can actually coast. A lot of people like you would take it easy. Isn't that the temptation? Why be so motivated now?

RIVERA: Because I think I can affect the beginning years of the next millennium. I'm as comfortable on 125th Street as I am on Park Avenue. I don't think there are a lot of people who can make that statement. And I don't think there are a lot of people who can back up that reality. People who are like me—in this increasingly fractured United States—are going to be more and more important. I don't know. Maybe I overstate my importance. But I have had a couple of hits. And maybe I can have a couple more.

PLAYBOY: Do you honestly feel we're a more fractured society than we were 20

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or 30 years ago?

RIVERA: It's crazy, man. It is crazy. Go to any student union in the country, in any so-called integrated university. Black kids, white kids, and almost never the twain shall meet. Black dorm. White dorm. Gay dorm. Lesbian dorm. It's amazing.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't it seem odd that after generations of assimilation, and a few decades of integration——

RIVERA: It's absolutely over. There are fouler things said privately now in black groups and in white groups—about each other—than at any time since the goddamn Civil War. In fact, the Civil War is still going on. It's impossible to overstate how serious this is.

PLAYBOY: How did we get to this place?

RIVERA: Oh, I saw it years ago. I saw it in the Young Lords. I saw the raw bitterness of those kids. But it really came to me during the Simpson trial, when I saw the knee-jerk reactions on both sides. People were choosing sides along racial lines. It was as basic as that. People chose sides and refused to be swayed by the facts.

Were you so inclined, you could track the TV viewing habits of black America and white America to chronicle the growth of the schism. There is virtually no correlation between the top ten programs in black America and the top ten programs in white America. I don't think there's a black person in the country who watched *Seinfeld*, or a white person who watches *New York Undercover*.

Do you know what black people call the United Paramount Network? The United Plantation Network. They know what's going on. They know what's in the minds of the white owners of UPN. And I forget what they call the Warner Bros. Network, but it's something equally pejorative. You now have conscious decisions being made by moguls in Hollywood to niche programs in a way that would do credit to Jim Crow. And I think sociologists are missing this. Television is really leading the way to neoracism. It's awful.

And that's too bad. Separation is a fact of American life. People are choosing to be segregated. I think forced integration is sophomoric. If you want to integrate, you do it. If you don't, you don't. I don't know. Do black people read PLAYBOY? Is there a black editor of PLAYBOY? Is there an urban PLAYBOY? Urban is the code word now. What does urban mean, anyway? It's bullshit. What they mean is black. What is this "talking to the urban audience"? Fuck you, urban. Urban means black.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk with your good friend and business partner Quincy Jones about this?

RIVERA: Quincy is great. He stood by me through that Simpson bullshit. And you don't know the tenth of it. It was very—I don't want to say scary, because I don't get scared, and I would never admit it if I did. But I was living in a pressure cooker. Friends stopped being friends. People were saying I betrayed them. It was an amazingly conflict-filled time in my life. It was horrible. And Quincy never wavered. Not for one minute. Thank God for the Quincys of the world.

Anyway, my point is that white people and black people are farther apart than they have ever been. And unless we recognize that they have absolutely separate experiences and should be judged accordingly, then we have no chance as a nation. That's going to be one of my big crusades.

PLAYBOY: And you don't see the president doing anything to help at this point? You've given up on Clinton?

RIVERA: As much as I like the guy, he went to Akron, Ohio for a town meeting on race, and it seemed like there were three or four black guys, and there were no Latinos. Everybody else was a white college student. What is that? If they wanted to have a race dialogue, they should have shown my confrontation in the Washington Cathedral after the O.J. Simpson verdict. That's the reality of race, not what the president did. His was jive.

It is time finally to admit that a junkie is going to get whatever a junkie wants, no matter what you do.

PLAYBOY: Not confrontational enough?

RIVERA: The big, telling remark was when he said: "You want to do away with affirmative action? Well, what about Colin Powell?" That was as provocative as he gets on race relations? That was the daring comment of the night? Give me a break. How about black mothers who are afraid to let their kids go home on the subway, not because of the crooks but because of the transit cops? Because the cops may feel threatened by them and shoot them for no reason other than that they look menacing. That's what it's all about, not Colin Powell.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about drugs. Last year, you did a show from one of the more notorious drug locations in New York City: 173rd Street in Washington Heights. Didn't you feel the slightest bit at risk being there?

RIVERA: I lived there. I feel at home there. I could walk anywhere in New York and be received as an ally, a neighbor, a friend. That's one of my greatest achievements. My first New York apartment was down on Avenue C. Places where others might need a police escort, I'm welcome, even by the people I'm exposing. It's funny. They say, "Oh, come here to take a picture of the crack den." There's no hostility at all. It's, "How nice of you to stop by." And it's not just New York. I get the same reactions in other communities. Los Angeles. Chicago. Miami. Dallas. Houston.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the irony in that? You're not exactly a guy from the hood anymore.

RIVERA: But they know I'm a square shooter. Even if I went to a skinhead place—if it wasn't a particularly confrontational setting—they wouldn't beat me up. It would be, "Hey, it's Geraldo."

PLAYBOY: That gives you a leg up on your competition. How do you think your peers would fare in that environment?

RIVERA: Give me a break. Can you imagine Peter Jennings on 173rd Street for three minutes without six bodyguards? It wouldn't happen. There's no one else. Not even Mike Wallace, God bless him, who is a far better reporter. Most of the African American reporters wouldn't go there, either. It's just that they're not comfortable in that milieu. And I'm absolutely comfortable.

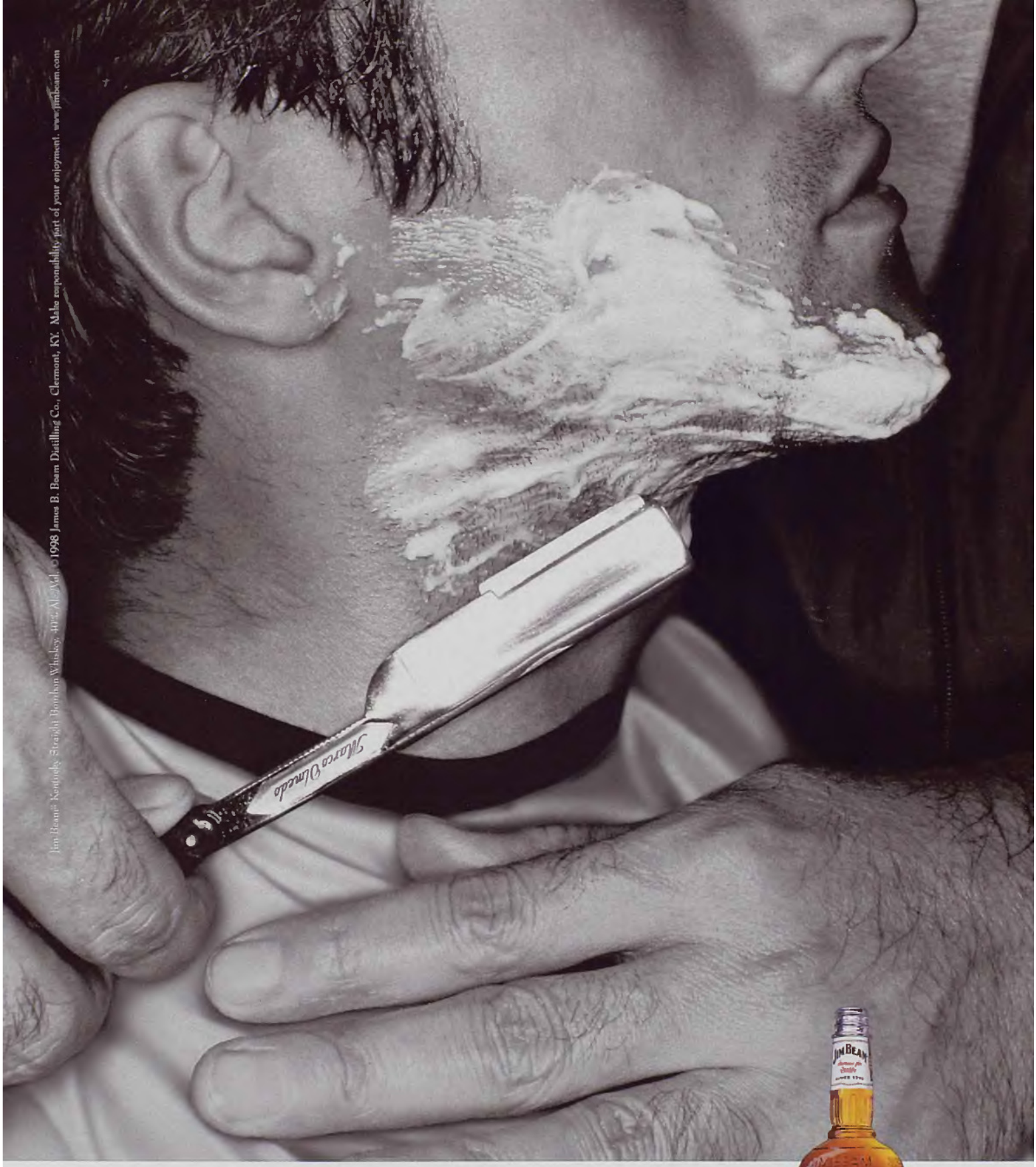
When I ride the subways, I'm like a frigate on patrol, you know?

PLAYBOY: Haven't you been reporting on drugs throughout your career?

RIVERA: I have chronicled the war on drugs more intimately than anybody, and I challenge anyone to dispute that. I've been in opium mills in the tribal territories on the Pakistan–Afghanistan border. I've been in the Golden Crescent—Thailand, Laos and Cambodia. I've been all over goddamn South America. I've tracked the French Connection. I've been to every crack den in Washington Heights and Harlem.

Nobody knows more about drugs than I do. And I have come to the conclusion that we have lost. That's something I've only had the courage to say in recent months, but I'm going to say it much more often now. We have expended the nation's treasures, the nation's blood. And we have fucking lost. It is time finally to admit that a junkie is going to get whatever a junkie wants, no matter what you do. Stop this canard. Take that money and put it into rehab programs. Put it into educational programs. Put it into treatment programs. People are going to do what people are going to do.

That's the kind of position I'm going to take in the next millennium. Hugh Downs has said it. William F. Buckley has said it. I'm going to say it over and over again. Drugs should be legalized and taxed. Marijuana for sure, but drugs generally. It's so silly: Robert Downey Jr. going to jail for six months? Exactly who did he hurt? But, no, put the cuffs on him and take him away. Bend him over. Let Bubba fuck him in the



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showers. During his sentencing, he said that he started using when he was eight. That's how cool that was. Right, that's cool. You're a great actor, now you're going to jail.

PLAYBOY: Have you met him?

RIVERA: I hung out with him when he was doing *Natural Born Killers*. He seemed like such a nice guy. He was frail. He didn't seem like most of the junkies I've known.

PLAYBOY: OK. we've covered the really important topics—race and drugs. What about sex?

RIVERA: Sex is fun. If it weren't fun, there would be no problem.

PLAYBOY: You had quite a reputation, much of it chronicled in *Exposing Myself*, of being a dashing young international journalist stud. But a few tabloid reports to the contrary, you have been laying relatively low. How much have you changed?

RIVERA: The difference between me and Robert Downey Jr. is that he just could not give up drugs. And I *could* give up extramarital sex. Both are, if not addictions, fascinations and learned behavior. I love sex and I love flirting. Flirting is still very much a part of my essence. I'm not made for a monogamous world. Monogamy is an Anglo concept. To most Latin European men, or Iberian men, the whole notion is hopelessly archaic. It's not that I disagree with it philosophically. It's just that under the rules I choose to live by—because they are the rules of the game I'm playing, the game of life in Anglo Saxon America—you are not allowed to cheat. And my wife wouldn't permit it. She wouldn't be married to me if I did. So you make choices and you sacrifice.

It's not that I don't want it. It's not that I don't have my fantasies or remember the good old days. But you have to choose between that life and this life—you can't compromise. You can't make a deal, as I'm very clever at doing in most other aspects of my world. Because the deal is, you either fuck around or you're married. Those are the only two choices.

PLAYBOY: What about the tabloid rumors linking you with Denise Brown?

RIVERA: I know the Denise Brown rumors aren't true. So, no matter what they said, it was only making me a bigger man. No one could say, "Aha, gotcha!" I never got her, so they couldn't get me. You know, there have been very few women who have said bad things about me. Actually the only bad things that have been said about me publicly have been by women I made the mistake of mentioning in my book. I broke the oath, which was my mistake. But I had a great run.

PLAYBOY: So you're down to fantasy now?

RIVERA: Everybody dreams of screwing whoever the babe of the moment is. But the fact is, there's always a babe of the moment, so you could screw all day long every day—especially if you're rich and famous. Nobody says no anymore; it doesn't matter who they're married to. It's almost as if I should get some extra credit for not screwing around.

PLAYBOY: All this talk sounds suspiciously like the sexual reappraisals of a middle-aged man.

RIVERA: Am I going to live to be 108? I'm way past middle age. I've got one foot in the grave. Luckily, my dick hasn't joined my foot. Sure, I have a lot of reflections. And am I concerned about the final chapter? Do I seriously care about a legacy or an impression? Yes. I care deeply.

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap up. When you took us across New York Harbor in your powerboat, you kept repeating, "Never relax." It's interesting that your hobbies—sailing, powerboating—aren't exactly passive pursuits.

RIVERA: That's true. I don't want to overpaint it. I mean, I'm not one of those extreme sports people. But I enjoy a good ride. I'm very respectful of the ocean—or the mountain, or the sky—but I'm not a sissy about it. You know, the first boat I ever had I stole.

I love sex and I love flirting. Flirting is still very much a part of my essence. I'm not made for a monogamous world.

PLAYBOY: You stole it? What kind of boat was it?

RIVERA: A runabout.

PLAYBOY: And it was stolen?

RIVERA: I saw it and I couldn't afford it, so I stole it.

PLAYBOY: Did you give it back?

RIVERA: No. I felt bad about it. I almost got caught stealing it. But I never gave it back. This was a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: You were busted once, though, weren't you?

RIVERA: Yes. For stealing the tires of a 1955 Oldsmobile in West Babylon. Me, my friend Frankie DeCecco and another kid. Frankie is dead so I'll name him, but the other one I won't name. Anyway, we stole the whole Oldsmobile. We took it joyriding and then abandoned it—none of us wanted to keep it. We knew we'd get arrested for auto theft. But we kept the tires.

PLAYBOY: Just the tires?

RIVERA: Great tires. Not that they fit on any of our cars. They were just cool tires. We stashed them someplace and forgot all about them.

PLAYBOY: How did you get caught?

RIVERA: I remember being called to the station house with my father. I had no clue what for. I went into the interrogation room and there were the four Oldsmobile tires. They had these electric blue rims. I knew exactly what they were the second I saw them. The policemen said almost nothing. My dad asked, "Did you steal them?" He was—I could cry telling the story—the most honorable man who ever lived. He had worked like a slave his whole life to give us a better life. Getting up at 4:30 every morning to work in the kitchen of this fucking defense plant. And I couldn't lie to him. So I said yes. He was so brokenhearted that I resolved right there that I would never, ever do anything that would embarrass him again. It was such a profound moment that I remember it photographically. It definitely pulled me away from a place I might have gone.

PLAYBOY: You have pretty strong feelings about your dad.

RIVERA: I grew up mad at my father because he was so humble and had so little. I always had an attitude in that sense. But the one thing he always had was pride and self-respect—which demanded respect. I don't want to idealize him; he had his flaws. But he loved his children. He loved my mother. He worked hard. He sacrificed the way working-class people sacrifice every day, striving so his children would have better than he did. That moment in the police station crystallized for me that his moral code was admirable and desirable. And because it was honorable, it was my moral code of choice. Until that moment, I was drifting toward punkhood.

PLAYBOY: You used to run with the rock-and-roll crowd—Jagger, the Allman Brothers, Paul Simon. Your current situation seems about as far from that life as you can get.

RIVERA: Ah, I don't think so, really. I'm friends with Jon Bon Jovi and hang out with him. C.C. was at the Stones concert yesterday. It's just that we understand the need for family and a base, and some semblance of domestic tranquility and trust. Someone to watch your back. Some sanctuary. Knowing that in all the chaos there is a place of relative tranquility gives me great strength. It's kind of like the Bat Cave. You know, the Bat Cave with kids [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: And a wife.

RIVERA: Oh, when I lie down with her, it's like sleeping with the crystal of power. It's so safe. Besides everything else—sexual and the rest of that—it's so comfortable and so confidence-building. It's almost like recharging a battery. And you go forth from here, to do . . . whatever.

Good and bad, I'm definitely strengthened by spending time here. It's a great place to be.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

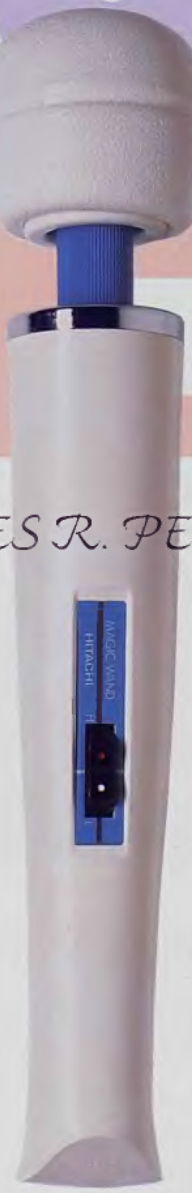
He knows when to bust out of his routine. This weekend he drove his SUV into the Sierras, just like the 2.2 million PLAYBOY men who went camping or backpacking this past year. That's more than the readers of *Sports Afield*, *Outside* and *Backpacker* combined. PLAYBOY men are responsible for one fifth of all dollars spent on hiking equipment and clothing. PLAYBOY—month after month, it's the essential guide to recreation, indoors and out. (Source: Fall 1997 MRI.)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, PART VIII

1970–1979

THE JOY OF SEX

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



Wire me up and fuck me wired!" Grace Slick's voice, even bleeped, grabs your attention. *The Dick Cavett Show* has just lurched out of control.

The guests are Hugh M. Hefner, psychologist Rollo May (looking and sounding like a benign Barry Goldwater), the Jefferson Airplane and Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton "for the women's liberation movement."

The night begins harmlessly.

There is light banter about the *Big Bunny* jet, about the impracticality of installing a bath onboard a converted DC-9, about how a mistake by an Italian translator started a rumor that Hefner was getting married. (The translator had substituted the word fiancée for girlfriend, girlfriend being a dirty word in Italian.)

Rollo May, the author of *Love and Will*, takes a seat. "The trouble with love in our day, as it comes out in, say, the hippies, is that they have spontaneity, but they don't have fidelity. They don't have commitment, responsibility. And these are all matters of will."

There is too much freedom, May says. Too many choices.

He takes exception to Hefner's hedonism: "PLAYBOY takes the fig leaf off the genitals and puts it over the face. The faces of these lovely girls have no expression. They are withdrawn, detached. And this goes along with the feeling in PLAYBOY that the aim is to play it cool, not to commit yourself, don't get caught."

Cavett asks Hefner if he wants to respond. "It would be a short show if I

ILLUSTRATION BY DUNCAN GUTTERIDGE

just let it go," he says.

Hefner reduces *The Playboy Philosophy* to a single paragraph: "The best kind of sex and the best kind of love includes involvement. But I also think there should be a period of discovery, of self-discovery, immediately after the teens, to find yourself as a human being. A time of exploration and play. PLAYBOY is devoted to those years."

The talk drifts to the subject of impotent men and whether frigid women are becoming extinct. When Hefner invokes the names Masters and Johnson, Slick joins the conversation with her remark about "fuck me wired."

Cavett then introduces Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton, saying, "Maybe we can find out what the women are all

(text continued on page 70)

What people fantasized about in the Sixties happened in the Seventies. Call it the great permission. While Hollywood heroes intoned, "May the force be with you," the rest of the culture urged: Think Pink. (This fashion advice from Fred Astaire's *Funny Face* took on new meaning as an ad slogan for *Hustler*.) Women learned the power of private parts. ("Think clitoris," said one feminist. "It is time to dig cunt," said another.) Sex became public and visible. Making sexual toys became an art (below left). People who performed sex on camera became household names. John Holmes learned the power of his private part (below left), while Marilyn Chambers made her debut on a box of Ivory Snow. A porn star could be 99 and 44/100ths percent pure. Bob Guccione's 1969 ad (below right) announced the coming decade's Pubic War.

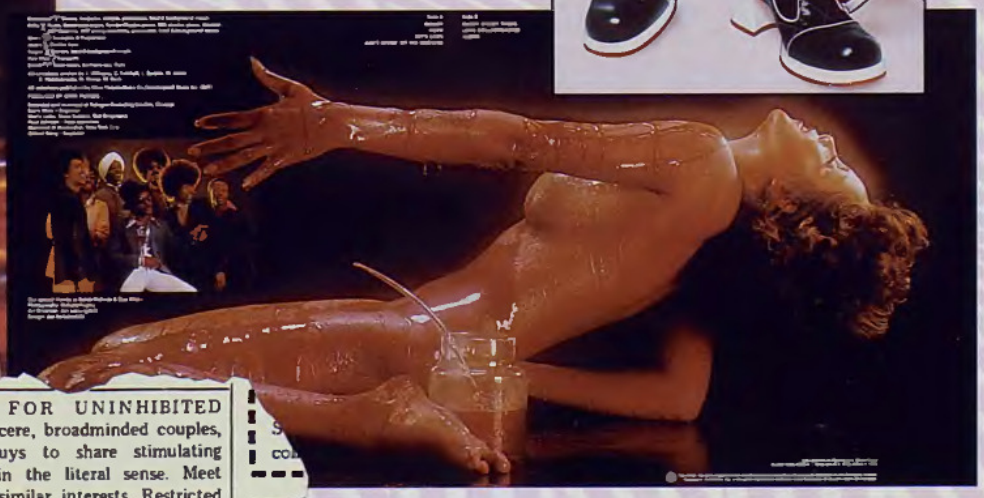
THINK PINK!

SUBMISSIVE GIRLS: Imagine being spreadeagled, caressed, tonguelashed into exquisite oblivion, then bound prostrate licking your handsome master's feet and performing other ignominies at his command. Write

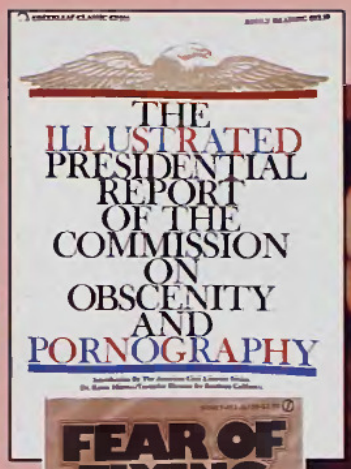
MARRIED MALE., 43, tired of same old sex routine wishes to meet lady in same situation for enjoyable new sex relations. Willing to learn. Sincere, discreet.
Flash

Clockwork Orange (above) explored the dork side of pornoviolence, but most of the Seventies sex icons were squeaky clean. Charlie's Angel Farrah Fawcett and model Cheryl Tiegs adorned walls and fantasies everywhere.

Disco brought the mating dance back and created a whole new nightlife and fashion (left). Miniskirts gave a glimpse of paradise. Clubs such as Studio 54 were hedonism personified. The music had a sound that was pure sex—as sweet as honey. The full range of behaviors created by the sexual revolution could be found in personal ads.

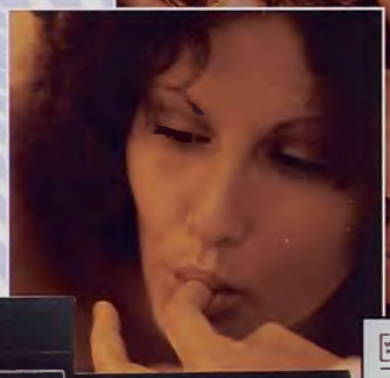


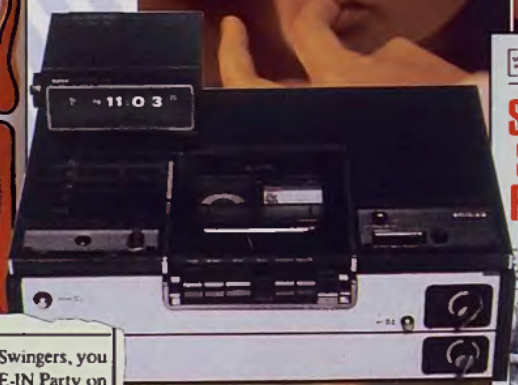
PARTIES FOR UNINHIBITED PEOPLE. Sincere, broadminded couples, girls and guys to share stimulating experiences in the literal sense. Meet people with similar interests. Restricted membership. For further information



FEAR OF FLYING
ERICA JONG
THE MOST UNINHIBITED, DELICIOUS, EROTIC NOVEL A WOMAN EVER WROTE... A WINNER!
–JOHN UPDIKE, NEW YORKER

This is what a sexual culture looks like. The permission swept thraugh Hollywood films like *Last Tango in Paris* (above). Al Galdstein's *Screw* and Larry Flynt's *Hustler* praved that shack sells, while *Rolling Stone* celebrated pure celebrity. Erica Jong detailed the zipless fuck in *Fear of Flying*, PLAYBOY went to an argy and Linda Lovelace taught the nation a new trick. If you didn't catch *Deep Throat* at the theater, you could watch it at hame an video. Swingers swapped wives and secrets; voyeurs delighted in random nudity and live sex shaws.





PARTY, PARTY, PARTY. Swingers, you are invited to a groovy LOVE-IN Party on Saturday, Feb. 14th. Sponsored by New York's grooviest swinging magazine. Featured will be live music, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and the chance to meet lots of sexy swingers. Admission: $10 per couple. Ladies Free. Co

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When a group of social scientists declared parn was harmless, President Nixan rejected their findings. The publisher wha produced an illustrated version af the report went to jail. Feminists such as Gloria Steinem, editor of Ms., turned abortion rights into a rallying cry. The personal became political. Sex made headlines.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER PALOMBI

SEX
HOT
SEX
LUST
SEXY

upset about."

The women's liberation movement, you learn, is hot copy. Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* has set fire to the best-seller list. It will be followed by Shulamith Firestone's *Dialectic of Sex*, Robin Morgan's *Sisterhood Is Powerful* and a dozen other titles. The sisterhood-is-powerful SWAT teams travel in pairs, but their message is the same: Men don't deserve power. Men don't deserve women. Women deserve women.

Asked what men were doing wrong, Brownmiller replies, "They oppress us as women. They won't let us be. And Hugh Hefner is my enemy. Hefner has built an empire based on oppressing women."

Hefner concedes that Judeo-Christian culture has treated women as second-class citizens and chattel. But the magazine has tried to humanize women as sexual beings and put an end to the Madonna–whore duality of the past. He agrees that society has offered more limiting roles for women, but the challenge, he says, is to find more demanding roles for both men and women.

Brownmiller rails on: "The role that you have selected for women is degrading to women because you choose to see women as sex objects, not as full human beings."

Grace Slick joins the conversation, expressing deep skepticism at sisterhood's precious view of men: "Some of them are great, some of them are crummy. Why do you have to form a theory? Some of them look at you as a sex object, fine. You fuck them. The ones who like to both go to bed with you and talk to you, you do both of those things. The ones who like to make music and talk to you and go to bed with you and write, whatever you do—draw?—you do all those things with. I don't see where the problem is, maybe because I don't see what you're talking about. Yet. I don't see the problem. Yet."

The audience applauds. Cavett invites the Airplane to do another song, but has to explain that it will not be *White Rabbit*, because the FCC won't allow ABC to broadcast a song that contains drug references.

The audience doesn't realize it, but in one hour the show captures the great themes of the Seventies: Permission. Play. Love. Will. Choice. Freedom. Or, simply, different strokes for different folks. There is no single script. The sexual revolution has not made things simpler.

THE GREAT PERMISSION

Bathroom graffiti announces A LITTLE COITUS WOULDN'T HOITUS. Bumper stickers invite strangers to HONK IF YOU'RE HORNY. The staid *Oxford English Dictionary*, after almost a century of silence, finally includes the word fuck in its pages.

Rock star Janis Joplin tells a reporter that life at the edge is everything: "Maybe I won't last as long as other singers, but I think you can destroy your now worrying about tomorrow."

The sexual revolution is in full swing. But there are numerous skirmishes. Joan Terry Garrity, the "J" who penned *The Sensuous Woman*, startled the world by declaring that "oral sex is, for most people who give it a try, delicious."

A woman recently converted to oral sex writes *The Playboy Advisor* and asks an obvious question: Oral sex may be delicious, but what, exactly, is the caloric content of ejaculate? The *Advisor* finds the answer (approximately one to three calories). When the magazine tries to run the letter in 1970, the head of production and the printer refuse to publish the offending passage. It will be two years before the answer finally sees print.

Sex is in the music, in the great hits of Donna Summer and Giorgio Moroder. *Love to Love You Baby* is described by *Time* as a "marathon of 22 orgasms."

Sex is in the fashion. The midiskirt joins the Edsel. The miniskirt becomes a micromini. Hotpants is a noun and an adjective. Norma Kamali popularizes Lycra spandex, a fabric so formfitting that "it's like wearing your body on the outside."

Male nudity goes mainstream when *Cosmo* publishes a centerfold of Burt Reynolds. In January 1974 students across the nation abandon clothes (with the exception of running shoes) in mad cross-campus dashes. A streaker at Texas Tech sets a record for five hours of uninterrupted nude jogging. At the University of Georgia 1548 bare-assed students stage a group streak. Lone streakers disrupt graduation ceremonies and the Oscar awards.

Men are peacocks. Commenting on a green velour Edwardian suit, one man says wearing it on a date is like starting foreplay early. "And when you're alone, you just turn it inside out." The whole world, it seems, sleeps on satin sheets.

In 1972 FBI agents arrest Philip Bailley, a Washington, D.C. defense attorney, on 22 morals charges, including violation of the Mann Act. The agents find 164 photographs of nude women, four address books and various sexual devices. Bailley's defense is classic: "Women get a thrill out of having their pictures taken in the nude. You take them up to your apartment, make love to them, take their picture, make love to them again. It sure as hell beats watching television."

He explains the sexual paraphernalia this way: "Hell, anybody who digs sex has stuff like that around his apartment. Those Justice Department bureaucrats just don't understand my lifestyle, which is the lifestyle of half the people in America my age."

Welcome to the Permissive Society, the Me Decade, the Whee Decade. In *The Sexed-Up, Doped-Up, Hedonistic Heaven of the Boom-Boom Seventies*, Tom Wolfe describes the moment: "It was in the Seventies, not the Sixties, that the ancient wall around sexual promiscuity fell. And it fell like the wall of Jericho. It didn't require a shove. By the mid-Seventies, any time I reached a city of 100,000 to 200,000 souls, the movie fare available on a typical evening seemed to be two theaters showing *Jaws*, one showing *Benji* and 11 showing pornography of the old lodge-smoker sort, now dressed up in color and 35mm stock. Two of the 11 would be drive-in theaters, the better to beam the various stiffened giblets and moist folds and nodules out into the night air to become part of the American scene."

Sex is a visible part of the landscape, inescapable, in your face. A December 1970 *Newsweek* article describes the wall map of a New York City vice squad: "Pink pins for the 55 dirty bookstores, silver for the 16 theaters showing sex films, yellow for the six emporiums of lewd eight-millimeter movies, black with white crosses for the six burlesque houses, green for the eight figure-modeling studios, red for the one live peep show and blue for the five live sex exhibitions." *Newsweek* notes that the phenomenon is nationwide: "Within seven blocks of the White House, 27 adult bookshops and moviehouses are currently in business."

Storefront operations offering coin-fed porn projectors and private booths are as popular as the nickelodeon had been at the turn of the century—only now, instead of watching a man and a woman kiss, men watch a man and a woman copulate. Or two women. Or a woman and a dog. Men are turned on by the idea that sex (or at least masturbatory relief) can be obtained with a handful of quarters.

The idealism of the Sixties, the vast tribal frenzy, seems to disappear overnight. Abbie Hoffman leaves a courthouse in Chicago and realizes that the Movement is over.

Image: A girl kneeling over the body of a slain student at Kent State. Image: A lone helicopter on the roof of the American embassy in Saigon. Headlines: JIMI HENDRIX DEAD. JANIS DEAD.

Baby Boomers move the wild-in-the-streets energy of the Sixties into the bedroom. And millions embark on a decade of adventure.

(continued on page 78)

"It's time to go to bed, Franz, you have a lifetime to finish that symphony."

JOHN DEREK'S LEGACY LIVES ON THROUGH THE WOMEN HE LOVED

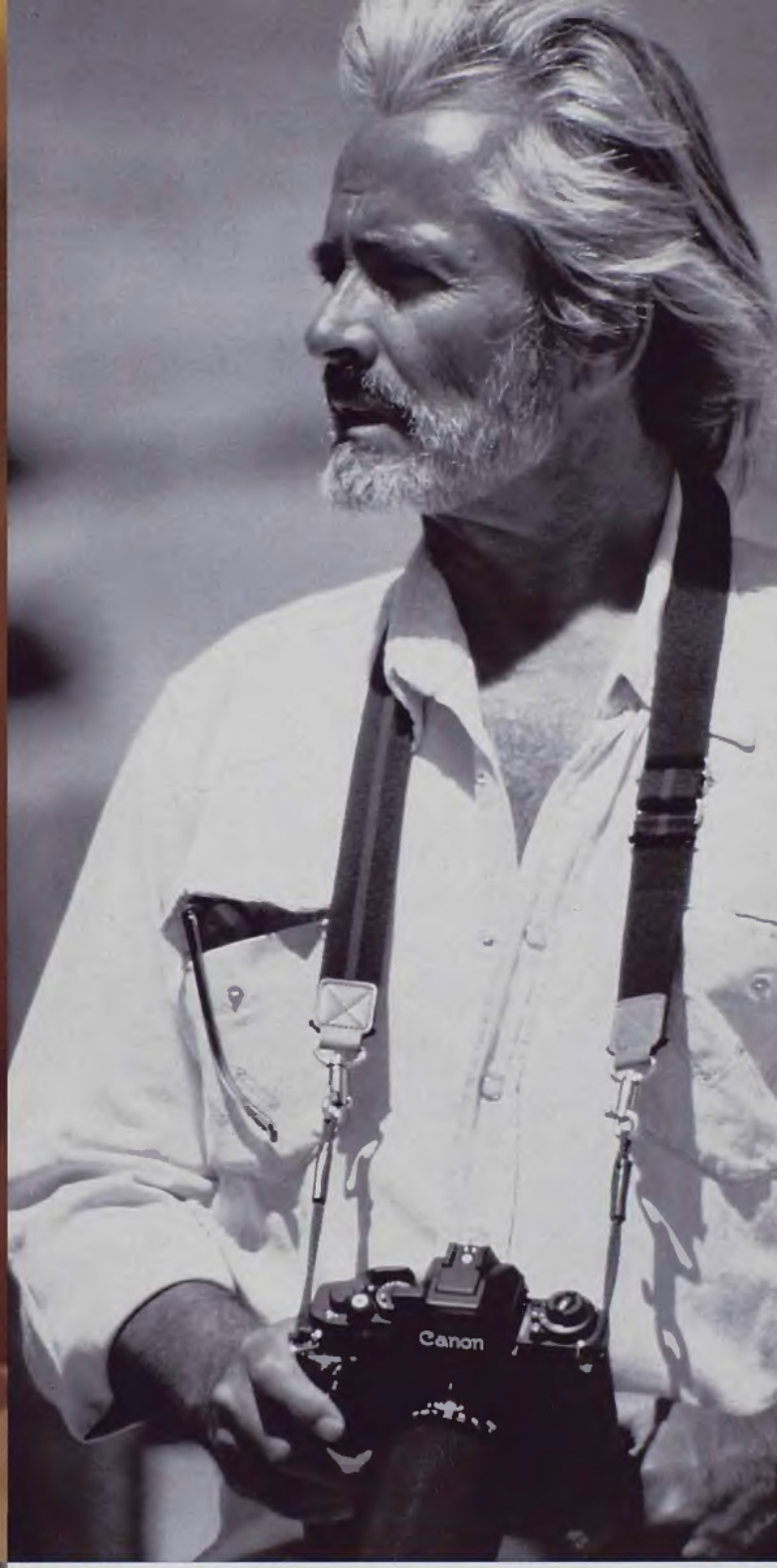
His search for beauty led him to relationships with some of the most remarkable women on earth: French starlet Patti Behrs, Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and, for the past two decades, the perfect ten, Bo. John Derek understood beauty in a special way: He was exceptional-looking and was born into a Hollywood awareness of the power of physical perfection. His movie career relied more on his appearance than it did on his acting ability. It's only fitting, then, that in Nicholas Ray's *Knock on Any Door* (1949), Derek's character, Nick Romano, has the privilege of uttering the unforgettable line "Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse."

Disenchanted with Hollywood and unfulfilled as an actor, Derek decided his interests would be best served behind the camera. His personal life provided a handy start. Having divorced first wife Patti Behrs, he fell in love with and married the ravishingly beautiful Swiss actor Ursula Andress.

Derek's pictorial *"She" . . . Is . . . Ursula Andress* appeared in the June 1965 issue of PLAYBOY. It was a photographic tour de force, though it required a team effort to pull off. Derek had worked with Ursula for weeks but had failed to capture images that he thought suited her beauty and the standards of the magazine. Hugh Hefner and then–Photography Editor Vince Tajiri suggested that Derek change

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK

An Eye For Beauty



Derek's blonde ambition and photographic talent led to nine memorable PLAYBOY pictorials. Left: Ursula, John and Bo in Paris.

locations and use the grounds of a Los Angeles mansion as a backdrop. In one afternoon Derek shot the photographs that anchored the dazzling 12-page pictorial.

Derek and Ursula parted ways in 1965, shortly before Linda Evans arrived on the scene. It was then that Derek's penchant for high-cheekboned blonde goddesses became apparent. The eerie similarity between Evans and Andress was fully revealed in another PLAYBOY pictorial shot by Derek, *Blooming Beauty*, in July 1971.

It was easy to see Derek's hand at work in the photos, manipulating the hair into hints of braids, promoting the soft, natural look of the makeup and accessories. Here

was Linda, whose body was as ravishing as Ursula's but even more innocent and pure.

In 1973, while making a movie in Greece titled *And Once Upon a Time*, Derek met Mary Cathleen Collins, a teenage actor working under the name Bo Shane. The attraction was immediate and mutual, and they wed.

Now Derek concentrated on transforming the astonishingly beautiful Bo into his last vision of perfection. He prescribed exercise, a strict diet and a sunbathing regimen that called for her to be delicately tanned even between her fingers and toes. He coached her on camera presence and styled her hair in the soon-to-be-famous braids.

And when he learned Blake Edwards was casting for the perfect woman to play opposite Dudley Moore in *10*, John knew Bo's moment had arrived.

I met John and Bo in the summer of 1979 when Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and I visited them in their small apartment in Marina del Rey, just before *10* became a magic number. They had just spent two weeks at Lake Powell, alone, camping out, working on photos for a PLAYBOY pictorial. John was obsessed with the results. He wanted to make certain that only the right photos appeared in the magazine and only in a form he and Bo could be happy with. John, Tom and I sat at a table

In 1982 PLAYBOY described Derek (below) as having "the enviable habit of marrying the world's most beautiful women and then taunting the rest of us with wonderful pictures of them." Case in point: wife number three, Linda Evans (left and right), photographed by Derek as an up-and-coming TV star in July 1971. Her role on *Dynasty* followed. Below right: Derek and Evans turned heads at the 1968 Emmys.

as John projected hundreds of transparencies against a white kitchen wall. Only when John became convinced that Tom and I fully understood what he wanted from the pictorial were we allowed to take the photographs back to PLAYBOY. *Bold . . . Beautiful . . . Breathtaking . . . Bo* ran in March 1980 on the heels of *10*. The issue was a sellout.

The magazine followed that pictorial with four additional pictorials and covers: *Bo . . . Is Back* (August 1980), *Tarzan & Bo* (September 1981), *Brava, Bo!* (July 1984) and *Forever Bo* (December 1994). Each was a success.

John Derek's dedication to beauty and physical perfection was unrelenting.

"She is magnificent, elusive, breathtaking and more," wrote Bruce Williamson in our 1980 ode to Bo, which included the shot above. Though he was often called her Svengali, John (right and below) was happily married to Bo for more than two decades.

However, his paranoia and suspicion of the Hollywood establishment grew, and John and Bo became increasingly reclusive at their Santa Ynez Valley ranch, where they raised horses, dogs, cats and roses.

In later years the man so often described in the media as Bo's Svengali took a self-deprecating backseat to his wife's aspirations. She played a major role in the production of the films they made together—*Tarzan the Ape Man*, *Bolero* and *Ghosts Can't Do It*.

John Derek died of heart failure at their ranch in May 1998. We will remember him as a photographer who looked beauty in the eye and who had the uncompromising will to capture it.

—GARY COLE

THE JOY OF SEX (continued from page 70)

The main dish was "loving intercourse." The spice rack was filled with exotic variations.

THE JOY OF SEX

Alex Comfort was an unlikely hero of the sexual revolution. A tweedy, owlish Englishman, he was reminiscent more of Q than of James Bond. (In fact, a boyhood fireworks accident had obliterated four fingers on Comfort's left hand.) Comfort had tinkered around the edges of the topic for years. *The Anxiety Makers*, a 1967 look at the history of sex manuals, had condemned the medical profession's treatment of sex, suggesting that doctors unjustifiably assumed a mantle of expertise on moral conduct.

Comfort was known in England as the Doctor of Fun, in part for his suggestion that 15-year-old boys should carry contraception. He had announced two new commandments: "Thou shalt not under any circumstances produce an unwanted baby. Thou shalt not exploit another's feelings." He had written a comic novel about a couple who open a sex clinic in Paris and a chemist who invents a drug called 3-blindmycin that reduces inhibitions.

When a friend at a London hospital complained that sex was not being taught properly, Comfort set out to write a serious text on the sexual customs of different cultures. After a few days he became bored with the project. The world didn't need another tour of the Trobriand Islands. He decided to write something slightly funnier instead and in two weeks had cobbled together *Cordon Bleu Sex*. The metaphor was inspired. Here was a menu of delight that, like a cookbook, was "a sophisticated and unanxious account of available dishes."

Comfort defined permission this way: "As to the general repertoire, the whole joy of sex with love is that there are no rules, so long as you enjoy, and the choices are practically unlimited."

The Joy of Sex, published in 1972, would sell more than ten million copies. The book took sex out of the bedroom and put it on the coffee table: It was above all a thing of beauty. In a series of illustrations, artists Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss captured the stations of lust. A bearded man and an equally hairy, uninhibited woman kiss, caress, fondle, tug, tease and ride each other through worlds of obvious pleasure. The drawings were inviting—the couple seemed to live in a private kingdom, infused with permission. The trust, the willingness to explore—be it using vibrators on each other or tying one partner's ankles and wrists to a bed to boost her orgasm or inviting the neighbors over for "foursomes and moresomes"—were pure propaganda for pleasure.

The main dish was "loving, unselfconscious intercourse." The spice rack was filled with exotic variations. Beyond the full matrimonial (man on top) lay *cuissade* (half-rear entry with one leg between), *croupade* (squarely from behind), *flanquette* (half-facing) and inversion (letting one's partner hang upside down off the bed). *Pattes d'araignée* was fancy talk for a fingertip caress of body hairs, *postillionage* the insertion of one finger into your partner's anus just prior to orgasm. *Florentine* was the adjective to describe lovemaking in which the woman stretched her partner's foreskin to the point of tautness, and never let go. *Pompoir* encouraged a woman to milk the penis through vaginal contractions. On the last of these, Comfort quoted the explorer Richard Burton: "This can be learned only by long practice and especially by throwing the will into the part affected."

Throwing our will into the part affected could be the motto of the decade.

Comfort had odd biases: a mere 11 paragraphs on "mouth music," almost seven pages on bondage. Another segment celebrated the big toe as a sex organ. "The pad of the male big toe applied to the clitoris or the vulva generally is a magnificent erotic instrument." He gave readers the naughty image of a man removing shoe and sock in a dark restaurant to keep his partner in almost continuous arousal with their hands still in view on the table. Dining out thus became a sexual adventure.

Comfort included erotic art from Japan and India that prompted one female reader to comment, "If you've seen one Persian penis, you've seen 'em all." He tantalized readers with various techniques described by ethnographers. Put a goat's eyelid on your cock to stimulate your partner's clitoris? Let's go back a few pages to feathers, dear.

And there were the pure put-ons. The Grope Suit was a "diabolically ingenious gadget which has just come on the Scandinavian market to induce continuous female orgasm." It supposedly consisted of a "very tight rubber G-string with a thick phallic plug which fits in the vagina and a roughened knob over the clitoris. The bra has small toothed recesses in the cups which grip the nipples and is covered all over inside with soft rubber points." Every movement would touch a sensitive area. The Grope Suit was a figment of Comfort's imagination, but hundreds of people wrote *The Playboy Advisor* to ask where one might obtain the attire.

Comfort moved to America to work for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. He became a frequent guest at Sandstone, an erotic retreat near Los Angeles. He wrote a follow-up manual, titled simply *More Joy*. He told us "that there is nothing to be afraid of, and never was, and that we manufacture our own nonsenses." He rarely gave interviews and came to view *Joy* as "frankly, an albatross." It was just one of 50 books he would write. He devoted most of his energy to the study of aging.

But he had taught the band to play. We never learned the identity of the couple who let us witness their sexual coupling in Comfort's books. Christopher Foss, one of the artists who illustrated *Joy*, having made the world safe for sex, went on to become a "visualizer" for such movies as *Alien*, *Dune* and *Superman*.

WOMEN ON SEX

Alex Comfort told an interviewer that "the trouble with the English was that the men didn't mind reading about it but didn't want to do it, and that the women didn't mind doing it but didn't want to read about it." Americans, it seemed, had the opposite problem.

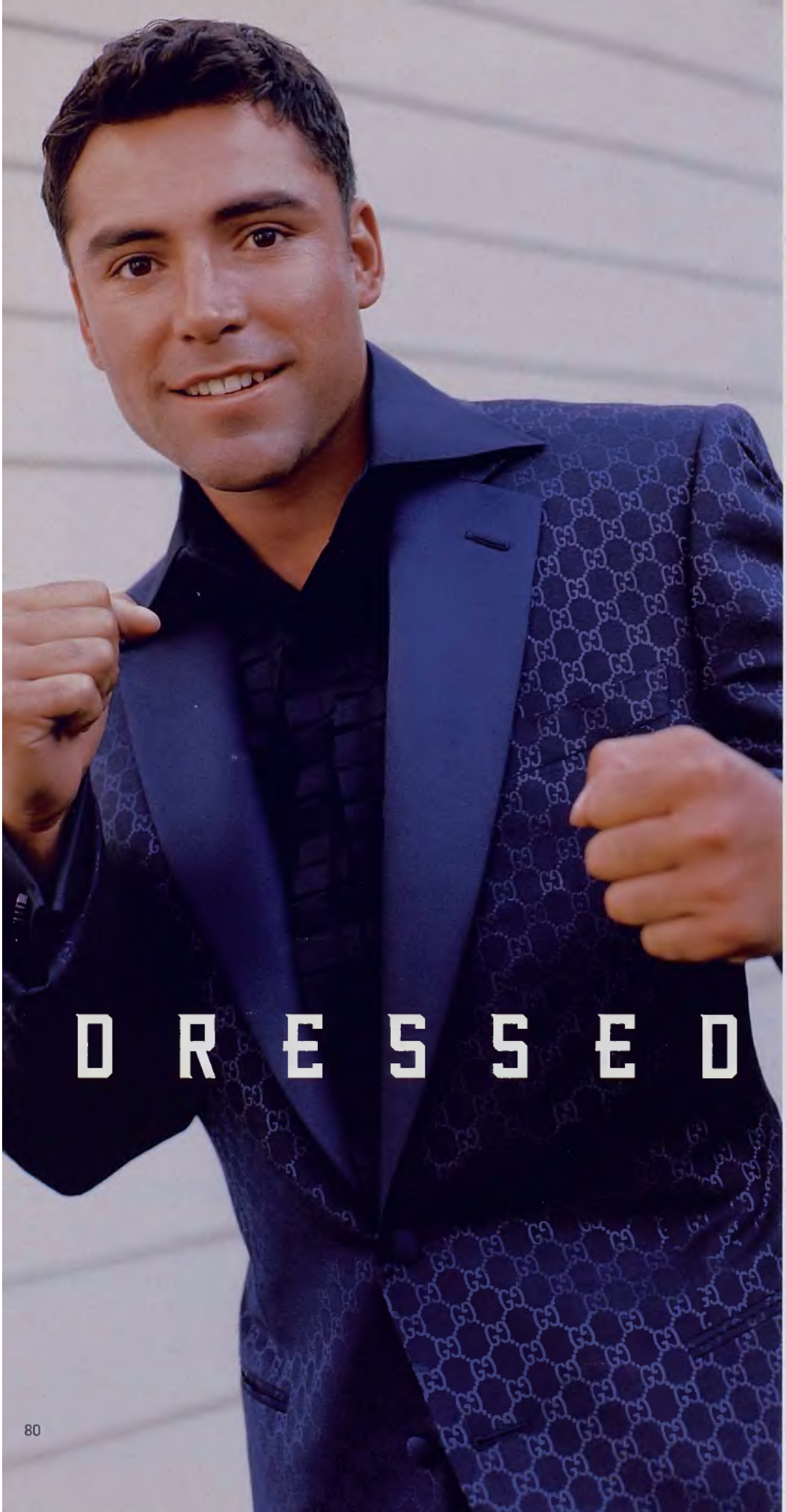
The Sixties had unleashed literary lust—but most of the disputed classics had been written by men. Now women abandoned centuries of silence and tried out what had been an exclusively male vocabulary. Coeds looking for role models devoured the diaries of Anaïs Nin.

In *Re-Making Love: The Feminization of Sex*, Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess and Gloria Jacobs tracked the return of the female voice. The sexual revolution was a war of words, carried out in essays, term papers, magazine articles and pamphlets.

In the Seventies, radical feminists attacked Freud. He was the perfect paper villain, the father of repression and creator of the myth of the vaginal orgasm. He had single-handedly queered sex for a century, they said. Now women wanted to find a sexuality based on

(continued on page 82)

"Well, what do you say, Commander—ready for reentry?"



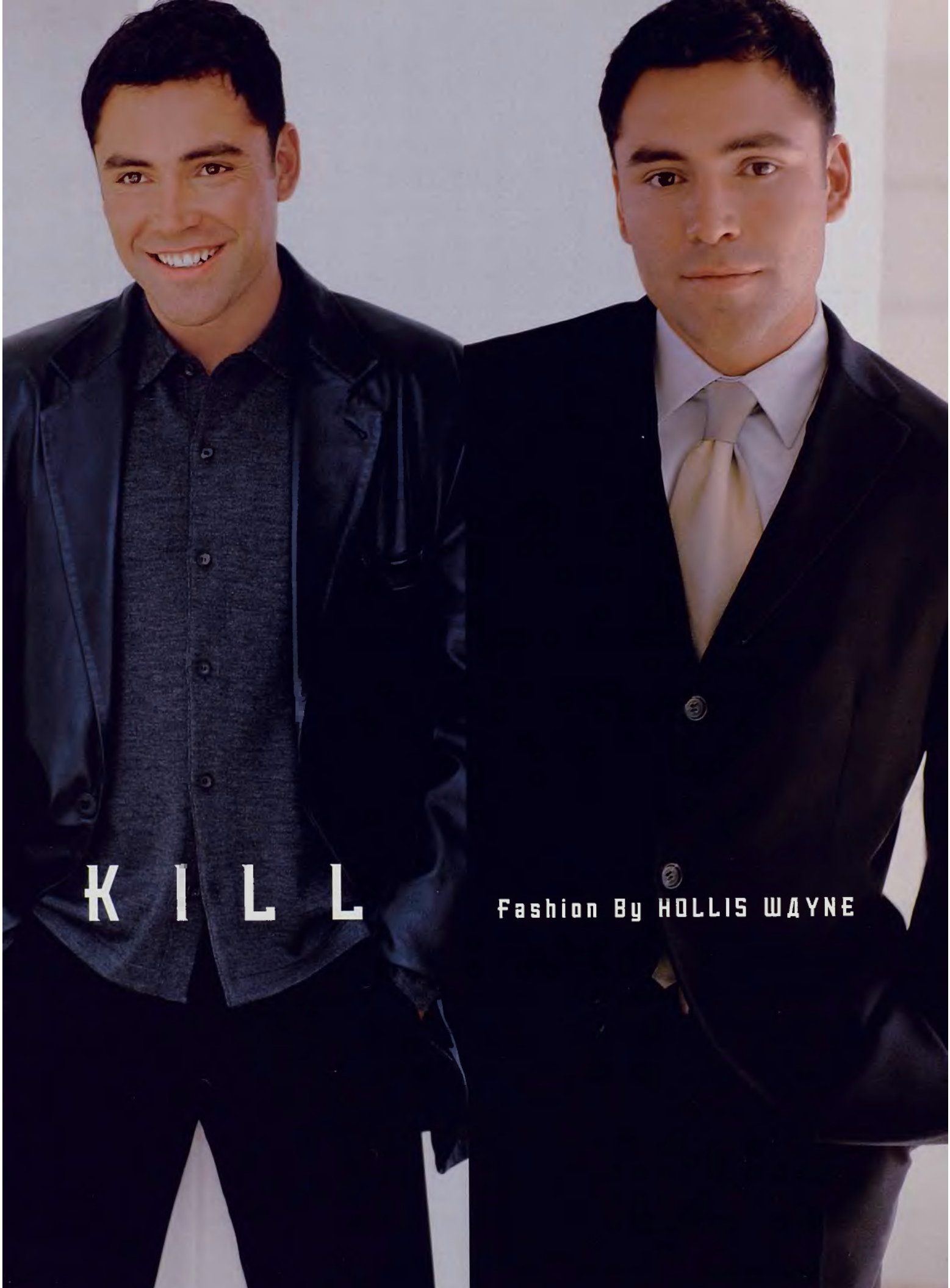
OSCAR DE LA HOYA MAKES GIRLS AND OPPONENTS SWOON. GOTTA BE THE CLOTHES

DRESSED TO

You are Oscar De La Hoya and you're unbeaten in 28 fights. Shrieking girls throw panties at you on the street. Fisticuties bring signs professing their love on fight nights—stuff like OSCAR, I WON'T ASK FOR CHILD SUPPORT. You show up in a $15,000 gold robe and by the third round you have pounded French opponent Patrick Charpentier into pâté. It is the highest-rated TV fight of the year, a figure that will be dwarfed by your September 18 grudge match with Julio Cesar Chavez. Amazingly, 30 percent of the pay-per-view audience are women under the age of 25. A few days after the bout (to allow for recovery time—as if), you walk into our studio wearing linen trousers, a D&G T-shirt and Emporio Armani suede loafers. You tell us you love to dress well. We know how you feel.

You'll never develop his hond speed, but you con work on building the some wordrobe. At left, De La Hoya puts his dukes through o Gucci tuxedo jocket. It's printed with o fine logo pattern. The tuxedo shirt is also by Gucci ond the links ore from Borneys New York. At neor right, he wears o leother blozer by Emporio Armoni, o shirt by Jil Sonder ond ponts by Helmut Long. At far right, he's decked out in o three-button suit ond shirt by Jil Sonder ond o silk tie by Donno Koron Signoture. Coll it o TKO.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY THURNHER
GROOMING BY JOHN SETARO FOR YUKI SHARONI/BIANCA BLYTH BEAUTY
STYLING BY XAVIER CABRERA FOR CLOUTIER


KILL
Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

THE JOY OF SEX (continued from page 78)

"The slippery moist feeling of oil on my genitals is very sensuous. I use one finger or my whole hand."

their own experiences of what worked. In 1971 feminist Alix Shulman told women to "think clitoris." According to *Re-Making Love*, "If the vagina was the stronghold of Freudian, male-dominated sexuality, the clitoris was the first beachhead of feminist sexuality."

The rage against doctors and psychiatrists unleashed not sexual anarchy but sexual self-reassessment. A women's collective in Boston put together *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, a sort of *Whole Earth Catalog* of female sexuality.

Betty Dodson, an artist born in the Bible Belt, had already produced exhibits of erotic art when she became an advocate for masturbation. She promoted body-sex workshops and urged women to become "cunt positive" by showing color slides of the genitals of 20 different women. Students would examine their genitals in mirrors, would learn techniques of noncoital pleasure. Dodson wrote and illustrated a booklet called *Liberating Masturbation*.

"Masturbation," she wrote, "has been a continuous part of my sex life since the age of five. It got me through childhood, puberty, romantic love and marriage and it will, happily, see me through old age."

Her instructions were lyrical: "When I masturbate, I create a space for myself in the same way I would for a special lover—soft lights, candles, incense, music, colors, textures, sexual fantasies, anything that turns me on. If I use my hand I also use oil or cream. The slippery, moist feeling of oil on my genitals is very sensuous. I use one finger or my whole hand, making circular motions above the clitoral body, below, on top or to the side. I experiment with several techniques—going slow, fast, soft, firm, observing the arousal potential of each. I'll lie on my stomach, side, back; put my legs up and stretch them out. I have also experimented with watching myself in a mirror. I saw that I didn't look awful or strange—I looked sexual and wonderfully intense."

Germaine Greer blazed into our consciousness in 1971 with the publication of *The Female Eunuch*. "The feminist who loves men," Greer was a jill-of-all-trades—a Ph.D. who lectured on Shakespeare at Warwick University, a motorcyclist, a performer on comedy shows on English TV, an editor of an underground journal called *Suck*, a model who posed nude for the same magazine. She was six feet tall, beautiful and an advocate of free love.

Journalist Claudia Dreifus tried to explain Greer's popularity in terms of other feminists: "Betty Friedan had no appeal for the literary lions—she was too old, too bourgeois, too organization-conscious. Shulamith Firestone, author of *The Dialectic of Sex* and organizer of New York Radical Feminists, was strikingly attractive; but, alas, antilove, perhaps even antimen. Ti-Grace Atkinson, an advocate of extrauterine birth, was considered too far-out for a whirl through the major networks. For a while it seemed as if the brilliant and beautiful Kate Millett, whose *Sexual Politics* was for a short time on the best-seller list, might be star material. But she made the mistake of openly asserting her bisexuality. Greer was everything those messy American feminists were not: pretty, predictable, aggressively heterosexual, media-wise, clever, foreign and exotic."

Greer attacked the ancient role of the passive female. She challenged the new tyranny of the clitoris favored by American feminists. In *The Female Eunuch* she complained: "If we localize female response in the clitoris we impose upon women the same limitation of sex which has stunted the male's response. The male sexual idea of virility without languor or amorousness is profoundly desolating: When the release is expressed in mechanical terms it is sought mechanically. Sex becomes masturbation in the vagina."

Arguing for the restoration of female sexual energy, Greer declared that personality was inseparable from sexuality. Whether you called it élan vital or libido, without it you were a female eunuch.

She opposed the institution of marriage. She thought women should have the same right to be promiscuous as men had. "The acts of sex are themselves forms of inquiry," she wrote, "as the old euphemism 'carnal knowledge' makes clear. It is exactly the element of quest in her sexuality which the female is taught to deny."

The old formula for lovemaking would not do: "The process described by the experts, in which the man dutifully does the rounds of the erogenous zones, spends an equal amount of time on each nipple, turns his attention to the clitoris (usually too directly), leads through the stages of digital or lingual stimulation and then politely lets himself into the vagina, is laborious and inhumanly computerized."

Greer wanted to reawaken the cunt. "Any woman can be a good fuck lying on her back," she wrote, "but poised over her man and his rigid penis she must proceed with sensitivity and control and with all her strength. Now she must cooperate, responding to her lover's spasms and trembling with delicate alterations in the speed and pressure of her movements. She can control the degrees of penetration, drawing herself up so that the smooth lips of her vagina nibble at the velvety head of her lover's penis, letting herself down again, slowly or swiftly, violently or softly, fluttering and squeezing him with her vaginal muscles, which are now free to respond to her desires, instead of being deadened by the impact of the heavy male body. She is at last conscious of female potency, the secret power of her lovely, complex genitals." Say amen, somebody.

In an essay on the politics of female sexuality, Greer declared, "It is time to dig cunt, to establish a woman's vocabulary of cunt—prideful, affectionate, accurate and bold."

The Female Eunuch sold more than a million copies.

Greer was fearless. She told PLAYBOY that "every man should be fucked up the arse as a prelude to fucking women, so he'll know what it's like to be the receiver. Otherwise, he'll think he's doling out joy unlimited to every woman he fucks." She debated Norman Mailer, who'd described feminists as "legions of the vaginally frigid, out there now with all the pent-up buzzing of a hive of bees, the souped-up, pent-up voltage of a clitoris ready to spring!" And spring they did. That evening climaxed when two lesbians rushed the stage to demonstrate do-it-yourself-without-men lovemaking.

Women learned the consequences of being outspoken. Nancy Friday explained what made her write about sex in *My Secret Garden*. Her lover had, midstroke, invited her to "tell me what you are thinking about."

"As I'd never stopped to think before doing anything to him in bed (we were that sure of our spontaneity and response), I didn't edit my thoughts. I told him what I'd been thinking."

She told him that while they were fucking she was imagining that she was at a Colts–Vikings game. She was wrapped in a blanket, watching Johnny Unitas race down the field. While she was screaming with excitement, a male fan standing behind her pulled his cock out and somehow put it between her legs.

"He's inside me now, shot straight up

(continued on page 104)

"We're born. We die. Enjoy the interval."

GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY

fore-and-aft play with the ex-sheriff, the bandit queen and her gang of desperadoes

fiction BY ROBERT COOVER

WHILE WAITING to waylay a train, a band of outlaws, hard men wearing black hats, sits around a campfire on top of the railway tracks they've scouted out, while the orange-haired bandit queen, perched high on the day's pile of loot, sings them sentimental old ballads about lost solitude and soiled doves and tepee burning in the untrodden vales of purple sage, and about dirty dealing and dysentery and wick dipping in the old corral with its rivers of blood flowing beneath the whispering cottonwood trees. They've been out robbing stores and banks and killing people all day and they're all a bit trail-weary, grateful for this restful interlude, and when Belle sings about the hanging judge who hanged a whole town, they all sing along (even the ex-sheriff joins in, though he can't sing a lick) as she lists the victims, each verse adding two or three more—*He hung the teacher and the preacher and the Chinese prostitute! He hung the rambler and the gambler and the peg leg in his boot!* etc.—then in unison shout out the chorus: *But he never hung me!* And they laugh and spit at the fire and pass the whiskey bottles, reckless, violent men of good spirit.

The ex-sheriff's black mare is curled up beside him by the fire, allowing herself to be used as a backrest and a shield against the elements. The place they have come to is bald and open to the four winds, which are all active on this night, blowing dust up their noses and whipping their hats off. They have to keep an eye on the campfire so that blown embers don't set the dry scrub ablaze and spoil their robbery plans, but they need the light from it so as not to lose sight of the train rails which have been eluding them all day, slippery as water snakes. It has taken hours hunting the rails down to this lonely spot, and that thanks mainly to the black mare, who led them here, following a spoor of fine cinder, after the rails they'd been tracking had seemingly dead-ended in a water hole. Even here, the rails have tried to slither away, which is why they've built the campfire on top of them: If they shift again, they'll all shift together.

Most commonly after so long in the saddle, getting his thighs buffed and his prostate spanked all day, he's pretty sore, finding sitting down and standing up equally insufferable, but the mare is an easy ride and if anything he feels better tonight than when the day began, no new torments and his old wounds and bruises mainly healed as though gently massaged and oiled away. She's fast, too, and fearless, coolly outrunning the bullets shot at them today as they galloped away from trouble, and she can fly over fences and chasms, take any incline or crisis in

COLLAGE BY JOHN CRAIG

stride, turn on a nickel and leave four cents change. They had to kill a few breachy clerks, shopkeepers and deputy sheriffs during the day's adventures, but the only serious trouble they had was when they were robbing black hats from a dry-goods emporium and ran into another gang robbing the same store. During the explosive shootout that erupted the mare slipped in and stole all the hats, rescued him from where he was pinned down behind the calico bolts and, stomping a few heads along the way, led the whole gang in a clean getaway. Almost clean. They lost a couple of men to the hail of fire, but members of the rival bunch later offered to join up with them if they could each have a hat, so they are back to a full complement again.

Now one of the new members of the gang, a rangy white-shirted and black-vested dude with a thin black mustache, sleeve garters and spectacles like two dimes on a wire, interrupts the bandit queen's legs-up number about skylarking range tramps on a bunkhouse toot to complain that his hat doesn't fit him properly. "It sets down on my ears sorta funnylike," he grumbles.

"Dodblast yer peculiar pitcher," growls a black-bearded hunchback, and he pulls out his walnut-handled pistol and shoots the man square between the dimes. "Belle wuz singin."

"Hole on thar, bible-back," says a swarthy, squint-eyed renegade with a cigarillo dangling in his scarred, puffy lips. "That feller was a pal a mine. You dint hafta kill him jest on accounta he busted in on a fuckin song."

"No?" The hunchback turns his pistol on the half-breed. "You want yer turn, buzzard bait?"

The dark fat man squints expressionlessly down the barrel of the pistol, dragging slowly on the cigarillo, his hands tensed on his knees. "You rather hold over me, podnuh. I reckon I caint call that hand." Ash blows from the reddening cigarillo in the coiling wind. "Ante 'n' pass the buck."

"The buck aint fer passin, puffguts, and the ante's yer ass," says the bearded hunchback, cocking the hammer of his pistol.

The ex-sheriff gets up from where he's been lying against the black mare, walks over there, ready to shoot them both if he has to, at the same time that the bandit queen climbs down off the pile of loot and interposes herself between them, her crimson-tassled black sombrero tipped sternly down over one brow as if to say she means business. "We aint got time fer no hoss-shit bickerin, boys," she says, cuffing their ears so sharply she knocks their hats off. He reaches down and takes the hunchback's gun away from him, uncocks it, empties the chamber, drops it back in his lap. "Now I want you two bigmouthed jackasses t' shake 'n' make up."

"Aw Belle——"

"Cmon now, aint no point argufyin the question," she says, giving them another slap. "That train's due by here any minnit. You in this gang or aint you?"

"Ow! Shore, Belle, but——"

"Then git to it."

"Well. Well awright, damnit, I'm sorry I shot yer bud. It wuz jest I wuz so wound up a-waitin fer that cussed train."

"It dont matter none. T' tell the truth I couldnt hardly suffer that dandified turkeyass anyhow."

"That's a mite better, boys," says the bandit queen, ruffling their hair, and she climbs back up on the loot and tunes up her guitar, while he rests down against the mare again, fingering the gold ring that Belle stole earlier for the bullet hole in his ear and reflecting, as he watches the stars get whipped about by the winds, on the way his own days seem to blow past him out here as though on those winds, and his memory of them, too, swept away as if they never were, leaving only a lingering constellation of habits and impressions that constitutes his dim untidy notion of himself—and constellations, as a crusty old scout once pointed out to him, do not really exist, are merely the local illusion of earthbound ramblers. That's what he said and it seems likely so. Which means he knows nothing, and sometimes less than that when confusions beset him. One impression, for example, that the day has given him is that he probably takes more favorably to breaking the law than to preserving it, but that preference is muddied by a troubling disquiet of the heart, the nature of which he suspects but cannot quite take in, for he has always known himself to be—by trade, druthers and constitution—a free man and a drifter and a loner, not susceptible to such perturbations.

"Them rails hummin yet?" Belle asks.

An eye-patched mestizo with long, black, greasy hair puts his one ear to the rail that he's been squatting on. "Nope. Nuthin."

"Mebbe these aint the right ones," says a bandy-legged old graybeard in a red undershirt and black derby. "Mebbe these're jest more false tracks that consarned train has laid down t' throw us offn its trail."

The black mare behind him lifts her head and shakes it with a dissentious snort. "Them's the tracks, ole man," he says quietly, patting the mare's shoulder. "Dont git antsy. It'll be here soon enough."

To bide the waiting time and calm this restless bunch of high-tempered road riders, Belle sings old camp-meeting favorites about destiny and fast guns, potency and freedom (*sumthin howlin, sumthin prowlin, black 'n' hairy on the prairie*, she warbles into the dark, windy night, the ruby pin in her cheek so lit up from the campfire it seems more like a window to a furnace in her mouth), and at the end (*space without end! amen! amen!*) he and the men all join in by throwing their heads back and emitting long, mournful howls which seem to enter into the winds and become part of them and spread over the dimly glowing landscape as though to blanket it with the foggy ache of their unrealized desires.

Slowly the howls fade into the distance, carried away by the departing winds, and in the dense silence that follows, the stringy-haired mestizo puts his ear to the rail and raises his hand and whispers: "It's comin!"

Hastily, they stamp out the fire and don their masks and mount their horses. They can hear it now, wailing dolefully in the distance as though returning their own howls, and heading this way. He steps the black mare into the middle of the track bed to block the train's passage and also to nail the skittery rails in place and the others gather around him, pistols and rifles out, waiting for whatever happens next. The roar augments, the steam whistle bawls, they can hear the rhythmic clatter of the steel wheels drawing ever nearer, but as yet no sign of the train itself.

"We should oughter be seein its light," someone says, and suddenly everything goes silent.

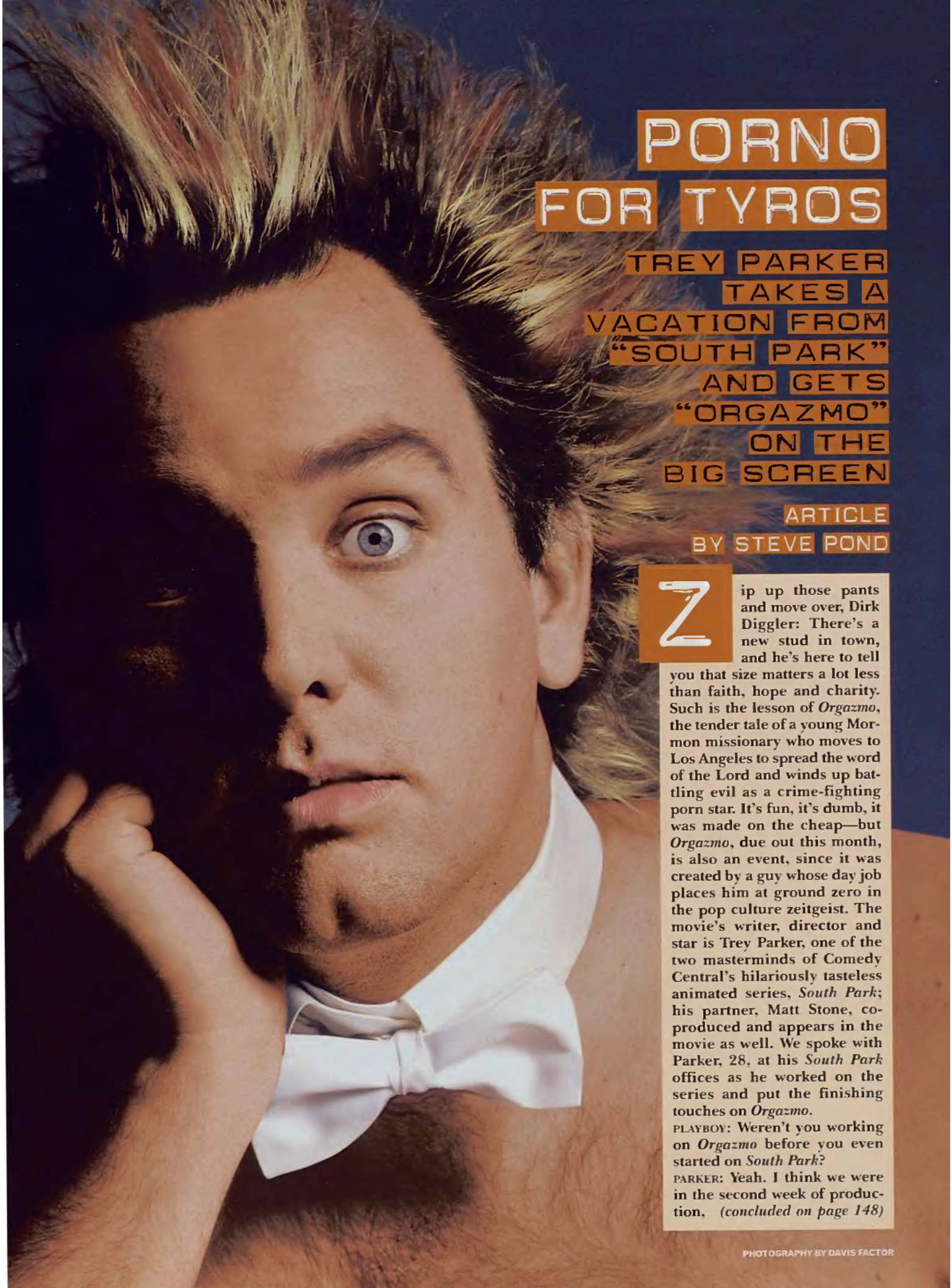
"Whut? Whar'd it go?"

"Shh!"

They stand there in the dead of night, huddled together on their horses atop the short stretch of rails they've secured, scanning the pale empty horizon, nothing to be heard but their own breathing and the occasional stamp of a hoof, someone sucking nervously on a loose tooth. And then, as suddenly as the silence fell, the train is thundering up on them, its whistle shrieking, its headlight swinging above them like a diabolical pendulum, fire belching from its stack, sparks flying from the pounding wheels. Horses rear, riders tumble, some scream and run, but he and the mare stand fast and the train vanishes again. Silence and darkness fall, even deeper than before.

While the other men, mumbling curses, brush themselves off and crawl back onto their horses, the bandit

(continued on page 88)



PORNO FOR TYROS

TREY PARKER TAKES A VACATION FROM "SOUTH PARK" AND GETS "ORGAZMO" ON THE BIG SCREEN

ARTICLE BY STEVE POND

Zip up those pants and move over, Dirk Diggler: There's a new stud in town, and he's here to tell you that size matters a lot less than faith, hope and charity. Such is the lesson of *Orgazmo*, the tender tale of a young Mormon missionary who moves to Los Angeles to spread the word of the Lord and winds up battling evil as a crime-fighting porn star. It's fun, it's dumb, it was made on the cheap—but *Orgazmo*, due out this month, is also an event, since it was created by a guy whose day job places him at ground zero in the pop culture zeitgeist. The movie's writer, director and star is Trey Parker, one of the two masterminds of Comedy Central's hilariously tasteless animated series, *South Park*; his partner, Matt Stone, coproduced and appears in the movie as well. We spoke with Parker, 28, at his *South Park* offices as he worked on the series and put the finishing touches on *Orgazmo*.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you working on *Orgazmo* before you even started on *South Park*?

PARKER: Yeah. I think we were in the second week of production, *(concluded on page 148)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR

GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY (continued from page 86)

She was a nymphe du prairie who had killed a lot of men by charming them to death.

queen sidles up to him on her pony and says: "Whuddayou reckon?"

"Dunno. Must be hidin from us. Tryin to."

"It aint got past?"

"No. It's out thar. Sumwhars." Slowly his eyes, temporarily blinded by the locomotive's headlamp, adjust to the darkness, and he searches the bleak scene for any irregularity which might conceal so great a thing. Mostly just dark clumps of sage, scrub, outcroppings of pale rocks.

"Whut about that ole abandoned silver mine?"

"Silver mine?"

"Over thar. In that little cleft this side a that far butte. See the black hole? It's deep and it's got rails down it coulda used."

He nods. "Aint nuthin else t' choose from." He turns to the old graybeard. "You stay here, ole-timer, and mind them tracks dont sneak off sumwhars. The resta you men come with me."

It's a fair gallop across the vast flat desert to the silver mine, but they cover it in due time, or rather in no time at all, for it seems he's still contemplating the distance they have to travel when they are pulling up at the mouth of the mine on sweaty frothing horses to ponder their next move.

"It's down thar awright," whispers one of the men. "I kin hear it wheezin."

"So, uh, whuddawe gonna do, kid?" It's the trigger-happy humpback, now wearing the wire-rimmed specs on his bulbous nose, the two black disks pupilled each by a reflected star.

"Pears we got no choice. The train's gone down that hole. Ifn we wanta rob it we gotta go down thar, too."

"Uh-huh. Well. Yer probly right." His gnarled hand digs deep into his beard, scratching at the roots. He looks around at the others. "*Sumbody* should likely oughter go down thar."

The men of the gang, half-circling around, stare at him sullenly in the darkness. There is a lengthy silence, broken only by the train engine letting off a bit of steam deep in the earth. "Awright," he says finally. "But shares accordin." There's some grumbling, but Belle says: "Shore. Heck. That's fair."

As he steps the mare toward the mine shaft, however, she rears and balks, forcing him to dismount (better to go in on foot anyway, he reasons, allows for a better chance of ducking out of its way, should it come cannonballing up out of there all of a sudden), then plants her body sideways in front of the black mouth of the tunnel, blocking his way down. She snorts pleadingly, rubbing her nose against his buckskin shirt, forcing him back. He steadies himself, one arm over her withers, and whispers into her lowered ear, twitching in front of his nose as if trying to flick flies off it: "It's awright. Aint nuthin down thar but an ole gully-jumper gone off its rails. And anyhow, shoot, you know I aint got no choice."

•

Once, long ago—he remembers this now as he pushes past the distressed mare and steps into the ink-black mine shaft, blindly feeling his way and as though possessed by some unspoken obligement he does not even recognize—he won a woman in a game of stud poker, one of the sort Belle was singing about earlier. She was, as they said about such women, a *nymphe du prairie* who had killed a lot of men by charming them to death, so there was a price on her head and bounty hunters were after her. In fact he was himself a bounty hunter at that time, so what in effect he had won was $100. His problem was hauling her up to the next fort and cashing her in before rival bounty hunters got to her, so instead of killing her straight off and having to drag her dead weight around, he figured that it was better to keep her on the hoof until he could safely collect. He figured wrong. Should have known better, he was not ignorant of her reputation, but he was young then, and reckless (as if he's grown any wiser: look where he is now), and untutored in the witching ways of professional *nymphes du prairie*. It was said she cast her necromantic spells through ancient metaphysical member-rubbing techniques, so as a precaution he strapped a holster betwixt his legs and pulled on an extra pair of pants, backward, then gagged her and tied her hands behind her back. Of course that meant that he had to feed and clean her, which tasks led him to the discovery that there were other sorcerous parts of her, and not least her eyes, which never ceased to fix their gaze upon him, a savage gaze, for she was of mixed breed, yet a gaze of such seeming purity and natural goodness that eventually it was all he could see and he was in her power and she was unbound and practicing her murderous skills upon him. The days that followed blurred into a ceaseless present and, as he felt his life essence draining out of him, he lost all sense of time. And place: Even the landscape seemed to change, acquiring a roseate glow which glow in the end was all he could see, the intensity of his pleasure, which was also pain, dissolving the world's salients, dips and bends into a single throbbing rubescent surface that encircled him much as does now this tunnel down which he gropes, itself now also red and pulsing, though that pounding pulse may only be his own, as it no doubt was then, and the redness an illusion cast upon his eyes by the absolute blackness of the mine. Or are now and then the true illusions and is he still in fact ensorcelled, this powerless sinking into the bowels of the earth the nymph's wry theatrical farewell? Perhaps, and yet he seems to recall a sequel, in which, somehow, through force of youthful will, he escaped her dark enchantment and, though almost too weak to stand, subdued and bound her up once more and blindfolded her as well and sought out in the town wherein he soon found himself a preacher who might break the spell. "Well," said the preacher, looking her over with his tired yellow eyes, "we could tote her down to the river 'n' try baptizin her."

"You reckon? Seems a mite tame."

"The way I baptize em, son," said the preacher with a thin black smile, "it either takes or we bury em." So he left her with him and went to the saloon across the way to recover some of his natural vitality. There some men joined him and affably offered to let him buy them a drink and asked him about the light a love he'd towed in trussed up like a mountain cat set for a skinning and he freely told them about her, as they were unarmed and lacked ambition beyond the whiskey remaining in the bottle. "So you turned her over t' that thar ranter whut runs the gospel-mill crost the street?" "I done so. He figgered he could unwitch her with a theologic river-duckin." "Well, pard, I think you jest lost yerself a hunderd bucks. That feller might be a amen-snortin pulpit banger on Sundays but rest a the time they aint a more robustious hard-shelled bounty hunter in the Territory." He sat there taking in these ungratifying tidings, feeling his juices starting to churn once more, but unable as yet to set his limbs in adequate motion. "Tell me then," he said. "Whut day's t'day?" "Dunno, but it aint Sunday lest that gospel shark says it is." So, though putting one leg in front of the other still required considerable ef-

(concluded on page 174)

"I've bagged my limit, Marlene. It's time I settled down."

Laura's Journey

our october playmate sets sail for uncharted waters

Although she's just a rookie model, Loura adapted to her PLAYBOY shoot easily. "I look at it as art," says the young community college student. "I know it takes a lot of work to get a picture to look the way it does."

BEFORE Laura Cover became our Miss October, she had never modeled or even considered it. But to everyone around her, it's apparent she has an exceptional presence. Within minutes of sitting down at a Sunset Plaza restaurant, we are interrupted by a smooth-talking Russian woman offering to connect Laura to a modeling agency. Although raised in Bucyrus, Ohio, our Playmate (who now calls Newport Beach, California home) is skeptical and doesn't give out her home number.

Q: How often does that happen?

A: In Los Angeles, it happens a lot. I think it's pretty typical for a 21-year-old blonde. I try not to be totally dismissive, but I don't trust anybody either. I don't think anyone should. That's why there are pagers.

Q: How did you come to be in PLAYBOY?

A: I just walked into the studio, which I'm told is kind of unusual. I don't have modeling experience. I didn't have any nude stuff, and I didn't want to go get some from Joe Photographer. I went to the PLAYBOY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

studio by myself one day. They have an open call and you have a Polaroid taken.

Q: How do you react when you realize people find you beautiful?

A: It's been hard for me. I was a tomboy. I did gymnastics and played soccer in high school. After graduation, I became more feminine. I think there's something neat about that. It's just a matter of how far you want to use it. If you get too caught up in it, you lose who you are. But I will always be true to myself.

Q: Are you tight with your family? What has been their reaction to your appearance in PLAYBOY?

A: I am pretty close with my family. I have a Christian background. Bucyrus is a small town. I'm really close to my mother. She's in Phoenix now, and she's cool with my being in PLAYBOY. The rest of my family doesn't know yet.

Q: We understand you're estranged from your dog.

A: Yes, Echo, a white boxer. An ex-boyfriend got me that dog—but at an inappropriate time. So here's this poor dog, who I love to death, but I'm in class most of the time, and basically it just stays at my ex' house. The dog is doing great. Unfortunately, I have to go through my ex-boyfriend to see it, which is a pain in the ass. It's sad.

Q: Tell us about your charity work.

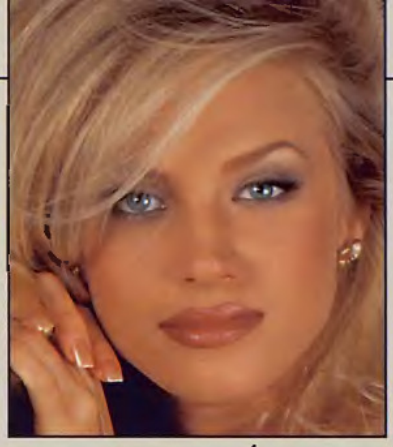
A: I'm involved in a couple of things. One is a breast cancer foundation—my mom is an RN. I've had a Christian Children's Fund child, Bernabe, for two years. He is from Guatemala. He's three, not old enough to write—sometimes I get letters that his sister writes. It's my way of making a contribution.

Q: Do you find this period of your life exciting or scary?

A: It's neat. But I do get anxious about what I am doing. But you have to let it happen and enjoy it.

"I'm a people watcher," admits our October Playmate. "People think I'm shy and reserved because I like to take in what's going on around me." First impressions aside, Laura says, "I'm pretty goofy in general."

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Laura Dover



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Laura Lee Cover

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 113 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5/6/77 BIRTHPLACE: Bucyrus, OH

AMBITIONS: To be successful at my chosen path, marry the man of my dreams, and have lots of babies.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, intelligence, a great sense of humor, and the scent of vanilla.

TURNOFFS: Dirty ears, protruding nostril hair, B.O., prejudice, and disrespect.

I'M A SUCKER FOR: Banana milk shakes, Werther's candies, and puppy dogs.

FONDEST MEMORY: 21st birthday St. Thomas vacation filled with sunny days, sandy beaches, & my man♥

A GREAT DAY ALWAYS STARTS WITH: A hearty breakfast and a kiss from someone special.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: Life is short—Work hard, always have fun, and never take love for granted!

Class of '95

14 & Crazy for Soccer

With mom— age 20"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The popular blonde cheerleader bounced into the local card shop, looked around, then approached the clerk. "Do you have any, like, real special birthday cards?" she asked.

"Yes, we do," he replied. "As a matter of fact, here's a new one inscribed, 'To the Boy Who Got My Cherry.'"

"Wow, neat!" she squealed. "I'll take the whole box."

What does Bill Clinton say to interns as they leave his office? "Don't hit your head on the desk."

Hank finally found the nerve to tell his fiancée that he had to break off their engagement so he could marry another woman. "Can she cook like I can?" the distraught woman asked between sobs.

"Not on her best day," he replied.

"Can she buy you expensive gifts like I do?"

"No, she's broke."

"Well, then, is it sex?"

"Nobody does it like you, babe."

"Then what can she do that I can't?"

"Sue me for child support."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you get when you cross Rogaine and Viagra? Don King.

For more than an hour the scrawny guy had sat at the bar staring down into his glass. Suddenly a burly truck driver loped across the room, sat down next to him and drank the guy's drink. The poor fellow burst out crying.

"Oh, come on, pal," the trucker said. "I was just joking. Here, I'll buy you another drink."

"No, that's not it," the man replied. "This has been the worst day of my life. I overslept, was late for work and got fired. When I left the office I found that my car had been stolen. I hailed a cab to go home but realized I had left my wallet at the house, so I walked the six miles home. Then I found my wife in bed with our neighbor, so I grabbed my wallet and came here. And just when I was thinking about putting an end to my life," the guy sighed, "you show up and drink my poison."

OXYMORONS OF THE MONTH:
anarchy.com
Progressive conservative
Gunboat diplomacy

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: While on vacation with their young son, a couple decided to spend a day at a nude beach. After an hour in the sun, the father went for a walk while the son played in the water. Soon the boy ran up to his mother and said, "Mommy, I saw ladies with boobies a lot bigger than yours!"

"The bigger they are, the dumber they are," she told him. So he went back to play.

Minutes later he returned. "Mommy, I saw men with dingers a lot bigger than Daddy's."

"The bigger they are," she said, "the dumber they are." So he went back to play.

Several minutes later he ran back again. "Mommy, I just saw Daddy talking to the dumbest lady I ever saw," he blurted, "and the more he talked, the dumber he got!"

Bumper sticker spotted in D.C.: STOP REPEAT OFFENDERS—DON'T REELECT THEM!

Doc, I think my son has VD," a patient told his urologist on the phone. "The only woman he's screwed is the maid."

"OK, don't be hard on him. He's just a kid," the medic soothed. "Get him here right away. I'll take care of him."

"But, Doc. I've been screwing the maid too and I've got the same symptoms he has."

"Then you come in with him," the doctor said. "I'll fix you both up in no time."

"Well," the man admitted, "I think my wife has it too."

"Son of a bitch!" the physician roared. "That means we've all got it!"

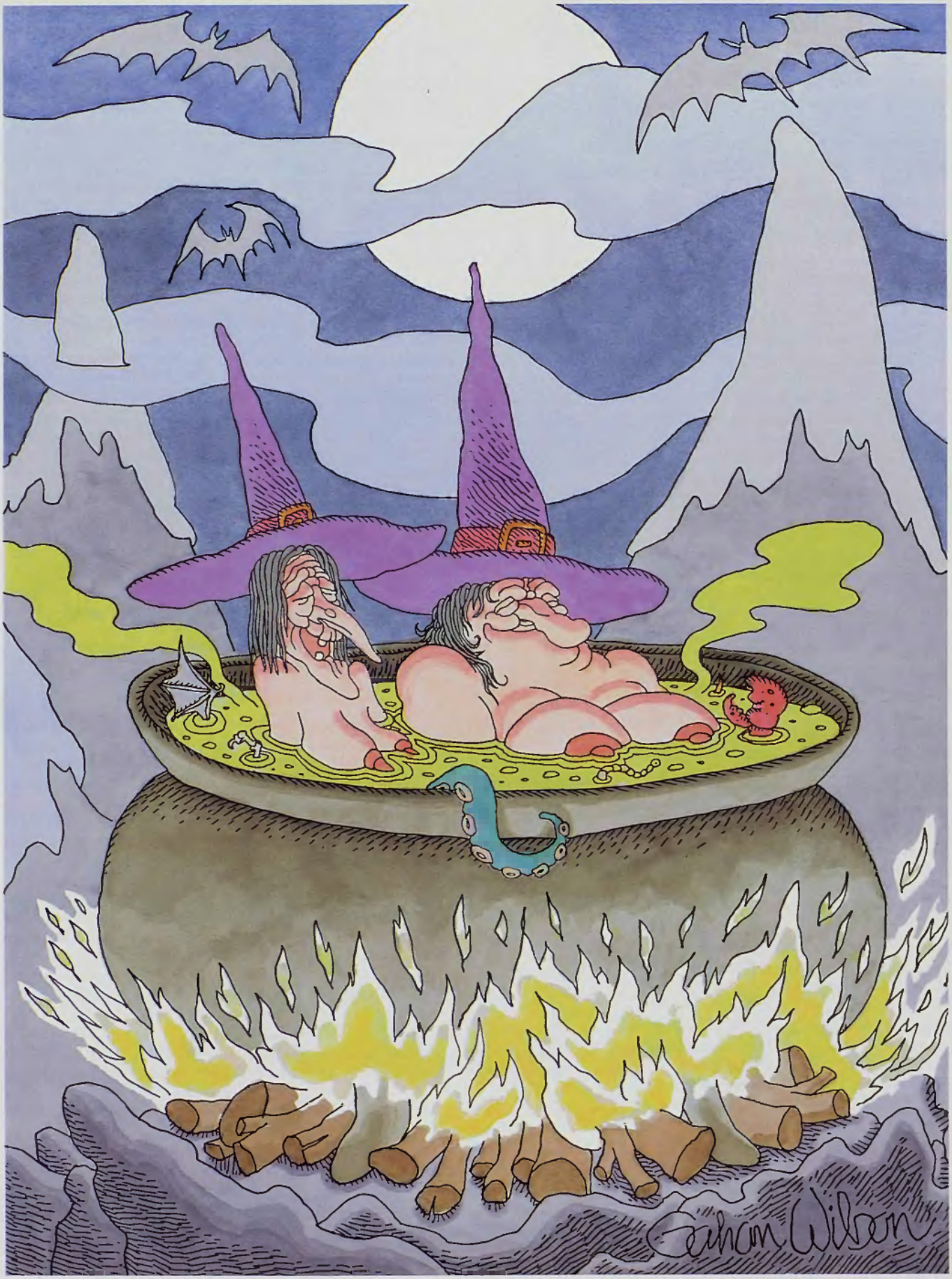
Peter was in bed with his best friend's wife. Just as things were reaching a climax, he suddenly stopped and sat on the edge of the bed, holding his head in his hands.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" his partner asked.

"I feel just like a regular son of a bitch, getting some of my best friend's pussy," the man moaned.

"Well," she soothed, patting his back, "you can stop worrying. You're not getting his pussy. *His* pussy is five inches deeper."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



"I must say, this brew really soothes away the tensions!"

THE JOY OF SEX *(continued from page 82)*

"The man opposite will take off his thick glasses, strip to his savage loincloth and make passionate love."

through me like a ramrod. My God, it's like he's in my throat. We scream together, louder than anyone, making them all cheer louder, the two of us leading the excitement like cheerleaders, while inside me I can feel whoever he is growing harder and harder, pushing deeper and higher into me with each jump until the cheering for Unitas becomes the rhythm of our fucking. My excitement gets wilder, almost out of control, as I scream for Unitas to make it as we do, so that we all go over the line together. And as the man behind me roars, clutching me in a spasm of pleasure, Unitas goes over and I . . ."

Her lover, wrote Friday, "got out of bed, put on his pants and went home."

Friday placed an ad in newspapers and magazines that read: "Female Sexual Fantasies wanted by serious female researcher. Anonymity guaranteed."

The letters began to arrive, filled with fantasies that depicted women having sex with an octopus, sex with delivery boys, sex with strangers. In their erotic daydreams women performed before audiences at Madison Square Garden and in the courts of eastern potentates. They masturbated with "the familiar finger, dildos, the increasingly popular vibrators, cucumbers, vacuum cleaner hoses, battery operated Ronson toothbrushes, silver engraved hairbrush handles, exotic phallocrypts made by native houseboys, down to simple streams of water."

Friday discovered there were many rooms in the house of fantasy, some devoted to faceless strangers, some to incest, some to pain, domination and terror. Fantasy was an exercise in sexual power, no matter what the script. Almost every scenario culminated in ecstasy. Indeed, throughout her book, orgasm becomes a form of punctuation, the perfect way to end a paragraph.

My Secret Garden appeared with an introduction by J. The original sensuous woman warned readers they might "have to fight off shock, prurient interest and distaste," but that the final message was "it isn't freaky to fantasize."

The book and its sequel, *Forbidden Flowers*, were million-sellers.

Ironically, idiotically, Gloria Steinem's *Ms.* magazine scoffed at Friday's work. "This woman is not a feminist," said a reviewer, after an editor had declared, "*Ms.* will decide what women's fantasies are."

THE ZIPLESS FUCK

The most famous fantasy of the century was yet to come. Erica Jong had published two volumes of poetry filled with quirky observations. ("Beware of the man who praises liberated women; he is planning to quit his job.") While living in Germany she had commuted by train to visit an analyst in Frankfurt. Years later she would describe the inspiration for one of the most famous novels of the Seventies. "The train became my life. I read, wrote in my notebook, scribbled poems and stories. The rocking motion soothed me and erotic fantasies came. I scrawled them down, made fables of them, explored them with Doctor M.

"*Fear of Flying* was conceived on those train rides. On trains you can dream that the man opposite you will take off his thick glasses, strip to his savage loincloth and make passionate love to you in an endless tunnel, then disappear like a vampire into the sunlight. The train rocks you back and forth on your wettest dreams; it merges the moist divide between inner and outer. I have come on trains without touching myself. It is only a matter of concentration. The impossible he (or she) comes into me. The fantasy takes over. Time stops as the train rocks. Suddenly my lap is full of stars."

Fear of Flying described a young woman who finds her identity through sex. Isadora Wing, as a child, had avoided boys: "Like all good nuns, I masturbated. I am keeping myself free of the power of men, I thought, sticking two fingers deep inside each night."

Wing married a psychoanalyst. "He was mercurial, too. Not wings on his heels but wings on his prick. He soared and glided when he screwed. He made marvelous dipping and corkscrewing motions. He stayed hard forever, and he was the only man I'd ever met who was never impotent—not even when he was depressed or angry. But why didn't he ever kiss? And why didn't he speak? I would come and come and come and each orgasm seemed to be made of ice." Not finding herself satisfied with one man, Wing moved between men, and exercised her freedom through affairs.

Jong gave us the zipless fuck. "The zipless fuck was more than a fuck. It was a platonic ideal. Zipless because when you came together zippers fell away like rose petals, underwear blew off in one breath like dandelion fluff. Tongues intertwined and turned liquid. Your whole soul flowed out through your tongue and into the mouth of your lover."

Wing describes a scene from an Italian movie, where a widow has sudden sex with a soldier.

"The incident has all the swift compression of a dream," Jong muses, "and is seemingly free of all remorse and guilt, because there is no talk of her late husband or of his fiancée, because there is no rationalizing, because there is no talk at all. The zipless fuck is absolutely pure. It is free of ulterior motives. There is no power game. The man is not taking and the woman is not giving. No one is attempting to cuckold a husband or humiliate a wife. No one is trying to prove anything or get anything out of anyone. The zipless fuck is the purest thing there is. And it is rarer than the unicorn."

Permission. *Fear of Flying* sold more than three million copies in two years. Jong was hailed as the matron saint of adulteresses. She moved from novelist to the nation's resident expert on women's sexuality. A *Playboy Interview* recorded Jong's famous response to porn films: "After the first ten minutes I want to go home and screw. After the first 20 minutes I never want to screw again as long as I live."

TOTAL WOMAN

Perhaps the oddest permission giver of the decade was Marabel Morgan, author of *The Total Woman* and founder of Total Woman, Inc. The Christian wife of an attorney and mother of two children, she created legions of apostles dedicated to putting the fun back into fundamentalism.

She found her sex advice in the Bible. "That great sourcebook, the Bible, states, 'Marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled.' In other words, sex is for the marriage relationship only, but within those bounds, anything goes. Sex is as clean and pure as eating cottage cheese."

You can't get more middle America than cottage cheese.

"Your husband wants a warm, comforting and eager partner. If you're stingy in bed, he'll be stingy with you. If you're available to him, you need not worry about him looking elsewhere. Fulfill him by giving him everything he wants, and he'll want to give back to you."

Total Women would call their husbands at work to say, "Honey, I'm eagerly waiting for you to come home. I just crave your body."

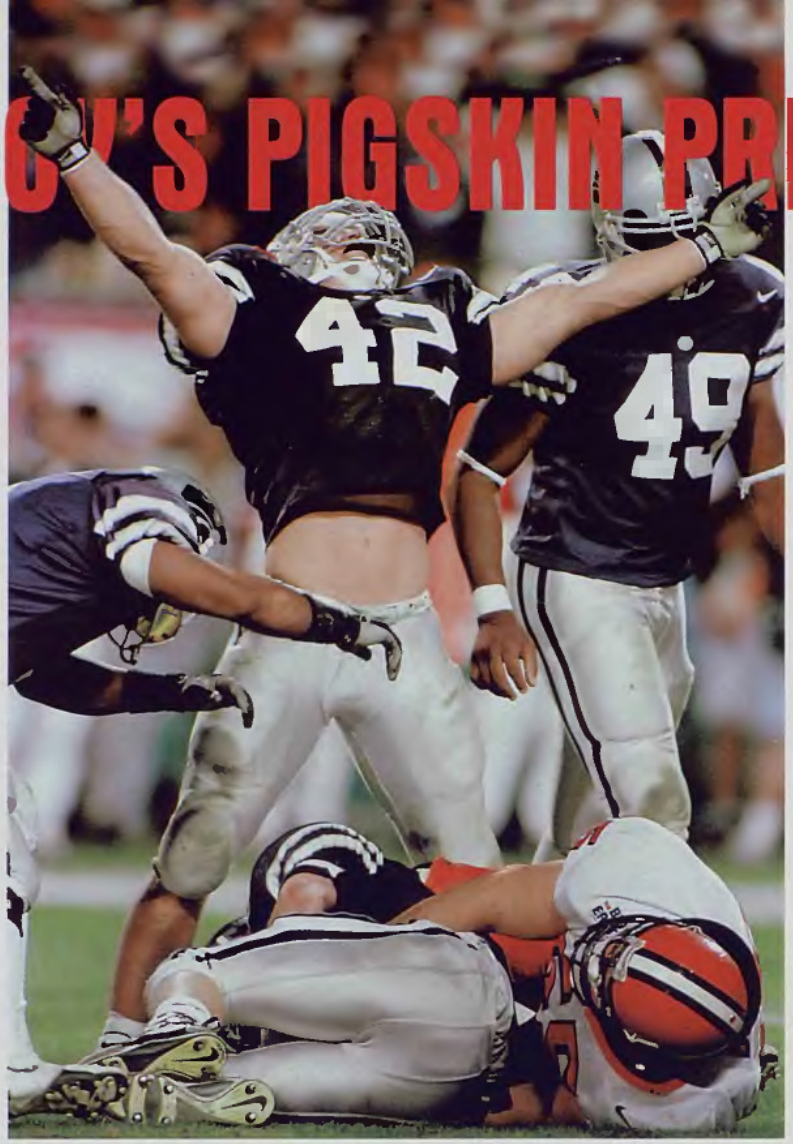
Total Women prepared for sex, every night of the week: "For a change

(continued on page 150)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

there could be a new king of the hill in college football

sports by gary cole



A cocky Kansas State defense—led by linebacker Mark Simoneau (42)—is prepared to knock off perennial powerhouse Nebraska.

Size does count. Aaron Gibson, right tackle for the University of Wisconsin, is 6'7" and weighs 372 pounds. He's also remarkably quick and flexible. Gibson is an awesome spectacle as he crosses the line of scrimmage and picks up momentum, especially with 258-pound running back Ron Dayne rumbling behind him. Prospective tacklers must weigh the relative value of stopping the play against their continued existence on this earth.

But everybody in college football is getting bigger. A 300-pound player was an anomaly ten years ago. Three out of five offensive linemen on this year's Playboy All-America team hit the 300-pound mark and another misses by only a pound.

And it's not just the linemen who are getting bigger. Daunte Culpepper, the quarterback from Central Florida who already has pro scouts drooling, is 6'4" and weighs 240 pounds. And don't forget, the two best college quarterbacks in the nation last year were Peyton Manning (6'5", 222 pounds) and Ryan Leaf (6'6", 238).

Huge offensive linemen and running backs mandate a more-bulked-up defense as well. The biggest linebacker on our 1987 Playboy All-America team was Ohio State's Chris Spielman, at 6'2", 234 pounds. The Buckeyes' premiere linebacker today is Andy Katzenmoyer at 6'4" and 260 pounds.

TOP 20 TEAMS

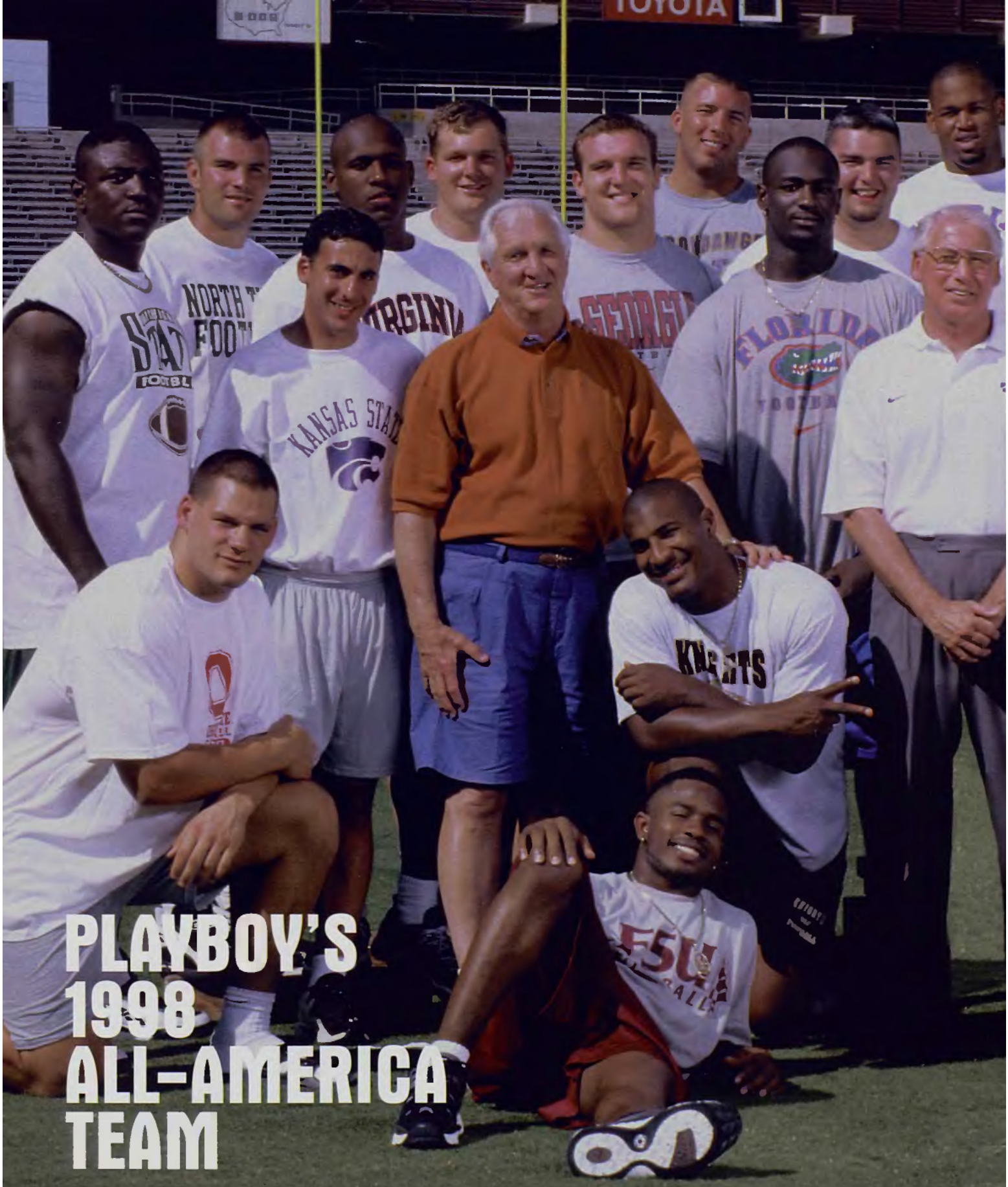
1. Kansas State	11–0
2. Ohio State	11–0
3. Florida State	11–1
4. Michigan	11–1
5. Arizona State	10–1
6. Nebraska	10–2
7. Florida	9–2
8. Louisiana State	9–2
9. Tennessee	9–2
10. West Virginia	8–3
11. North Carolina	8–3
12. Penn State	8–3
13. Colorado State	10–2
14. Southern Mississippi	8–3
15. Colorado	8–3
16. UCLA	8–3
17. Arizona	8–4
18. Syracuse	7–4
19. Georgia Tech	7–4
20. Notre Dame	7–4

Possible breakthroughs: Washington, Mississippi, Georgia, Oklahoma State, Auburn, Wisconsin, Missouri, Tulane, Purdue, Cincinnati, Michigan State, Iowa and BYU.

So it's not your 50-inch TV that's making the college game appear bigger, faster and harder hitting. Year-round conditioning regimens are turning modern players into Goliaths.

Also looming large is the annual controversy over the method of determining the college football national championship. Let's get it straight: There is no reason why we can't determine the national champion in Division IA football on the field. Every other NCAA sport, including football among the smaller-division schools, has a playoff. Too many games? Ever count how many baseball games lead up to the College World Series? Southern Cal played 66 games before winning the title this year. Conflicts with the present bowl system? Use eight major bowl games as the first round of a 16-team playoff. It would then take three weeks and a total of 14 playoff games to get to a true national championship, a game that would rival the Super Bowl for fan interest and economic clout.

The (renamed) Bowl Championship Series system is better than the previous (nonexistent) system, especially now that the Big Ten and Pac Ten have a chance to play in the championship. But chances are that sportswriters and coaches will still determine which two



PLAYBOY'S 1998 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Left to right, top row: Robaire Smith, defensive line, Michigan St.; John Baker, punter, North Texas; Anthony Poindexter, defensive back, Virginia; Jared DeVries, defensive line, Iowa; Matt Stinchcomb, offensive line, Georgia; Tony Coats, offensive line, Washington; Grey Ruegamer, offensive line, Arizona St.; Ed Chester, defensive line, Florida. Middle row: Martin Gramatica, placekicker, Kansas St.; Gil Brandt, PLAYBOY consultant; Jevon Kearse, linebacker, Florida; Bill Snyder, Coach of the Year, Kansas St. Kneeling: Andy Katzenmoyer, linebacker, Ohio St.; Daunte Culpepper, quarterback, Central Florida. On the ground: Peter Warrick, receiver, Florida St.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Left to right, top row: Jon Jansen, offensive line, Michigan; Aaron Gibson, offensive line, Wisconsin; Dovid Boston, receiver, Ohio St. Middle row: Ricky Williams, running back, Texas; Ron Dayne, running back, Wisconsin; Dat Nguyen, linebacker, Texas A&M; Arturo Freemon, defensive back, South Carolina; Al Wilson, linebacker, Tennessee; Eric de Groh, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, West Virginia; Dre' Bly, defensive back, North Carolina. Kneeling: Quinton Spotwood, kick returner, Syracuse; Antoine Winfield, defensive back, Ohio St.; Gary Cole, PLAYBOY sportswriter. On the ground: Kevin Faulk, running back, Louisiana St.

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

The Playboy All-Americas

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1998 is BILL SNYDER of Kansas State University. Taking over a moribund Wildcats program that closed out the Eighties at 1-36-1, Snyder brought Kansas State to respectability in 1991 with a 7–4 mark. In 1993 he guided the Wildcats to their first bowl win, and in 1994 the Cats cracked the top ten for the first time in the school's history. Kansas State has won at least nine games in each of its past five seasons and finished last year with an 11-win season (its first) that included a 35–18 victory over Syracuse in the Fiesta Bowl.

OFFENSE

DAUNTE CULPEPPER—Quarterback, 6'4", 240 pounds, senior, Central Florida. Passed for 3086 yards and 25 touchdowns last season with a 62.5 pass-completion percentage. Rushed for an additional 438 yards and five TDs.

RICKY WILLIAMS—Running back, 6', 220, senior, Texas. Led the nation last year in rushing (1893 yards and a 172.1 yards-per-game average) and scoring (13.8 points per game). This season, will surpass Earl Campbell as Texas' total yardage record holder.

KEVIN FAULK—Running back, 5'10", 192, senior, Louisiana State. Three-year rushing totals are 3278 yards, 34 touchdowns. Will become LSU's all-time leading rusher this season.

RON DAYNE—Running back, 5'10", 258, junior, Wisconsin. His two-year rushing total (3320) is second only to Herschel Walker's in NCAA history.

PETER WARRICK—Wide receiver, 6', 190, junior, Florida State. Totaled 53 catches for 884 yards and eight touchdowns last season. His two-year average gain per catch is 18 yards.

DAVID BOSTON—Wide receiver, 6'3", 205, junior, Ohio State. Led the Big Ten with 73 receptions for 970 yards, 14 touchdowns. Has chance to become OSU's all-time leading receiver.

GREY RUEGAMER—Lineman, 6'5", 300, senior, Arizona State. Plays either side at tackle or center. First-team All–Pac Ten last season.

TONY COATS—Lineman, 6'7", 300, senior, Washington. Part of Huskies offensive line that led the Pac Ten in fewest sacks allowed two years in a row.

MATT STINCHCOMB—Lineman, 6'7", 285, senior, Georgia. Named to Football Coaches' All-America and GTE Academic All-America first team last season. Has a 3.94 GPA in business.

JON JANSEN—Lineman, 6'7", 299, senior, Michigan. Thirty-seven consecutive starts for the Wolverines and co-captain last season of its co-national championship team.

AARON GIBSON—Lineman, 6'7", 372, senior, Wisconsin. Biggest player in college football this season. Set school weight-room records with 750-pound squat, 500-pound bench press.

QUINTON SPOTWOOD—Kick returner, 6', 190, junior, Syracuse. Totaled nearly 500 yards on punt returns last season, averaging 14.9 yards per return and scoring four TDs.

MARTIN GRAMATICA—Placekicker, 5'9", 170, senior, Kansas State. Won the Lou Groza Award as best placekicker in college football last season after sitting out 1996 with a knee injury.

DEFENSE

JARED DEVRIES—Lineman, 6'4", 275, senior, Iowa. Holds school career records for tackles for losses (60) and quarterback sack yardage (254). Named Big Ten Defensive Lineman of the Year last season.

ED CHESTER—Lineman, 6'4", 283, senior, Florida. First-team All-SEC as sophomore, third-team All-America last season. Led in quarterback hurries in a season shortened by injuries.

ROBAIRE SMITH—Lineman, 6'5", 264, junior, Michigan State. Led Spartans in tackles for losses (16 for 66 yards) and quarterback sacks (12 for 58 yards) last season.

JEVON KEARSE—Linebacker, 6'5", 254, junior, Florida. First-team All-SEC last season as a sophomore. Had 6½ quarterback sacks and 12½ tackles for losses.

AL WILSON—Linebacker, 6', 226, senior, Tennessee. Volunteers' top returning tackler (83). Second-team All-SEC last season.

DAT NGUYEN—Linebacker, 5'11", 221, senior, Texas A&M. Has led his team in tackles for three consecutive years and is on track to become A&M's all-time leading tackler. Defensive MVP in last season's Cotton Bowl.

ANDY KATZENMOYER—Linebacker, 6'4", 260, junior, Ohio State. Won Butkus Award last year as nation's top linebacker. Had 97 tackles last season, including 13 tackles for losses.

DRE' BLY—Back, 5'10", 190, junior, North Carolina. First Tar Heel to be named consensus first-team All-America two years in a row. Sixteen career interceptions returned for a combined 196 yards and two touchdowns.

ANTHONY POINDEXTER—Back, 6'1", 220, senior, Virginia. Led Cavaliers in interceptions two years in a row and finished second in tackles (78) among ACC defensive backs. Also credited for 18 career turnovers, including four blocked punts.

ARTURO FREEMAN—Back, 6'1", 187, senior, South Carolina. Led his team with six interceptions last season and tied for lead in tackles with 92.

ANTOINE WINFIELD—Back, 5'9", 180, senior, Ohio State. Had a team-high 100 tackles last season, including 82 solo tackles and eight tackles for losses.

JOHN BAKER—Punter, 6'3", 207, junior, North Texas. Nation's top returning punter with 47.2 yards-per-kick average. Punts included seven that measured 60 yards or better and 15 downed inside the 20-yard line.

teams play in that game unless the unlikely occurs—two, and only two, unbeaten teams remain at the end of the regular season. Three unbeatens screws things up, as does the more likely scenario of one unbeaten team and two or three with one loss each.

Now it's time to take a look at who will be the top teams in the nation this season.

1. KANSAS STATE

This is the year Kansas State finally gets recognized as a legitimate national power. While the Wildcats have won at least nine games in each of the past five seasons, they still haven't erased the memories of football futility that were K State's legacy in the Seventies and Eighties. Even a school-record 11 wins last year, topped by a convincing Fiesta Bowl victory over Syracuse, was tarnished by the annual loss to Big 12 archenemy Nebraska. But that's about to change, and you read it here first: Kansas State will beat Nebraska this year. In fact, the Wildcats may very well beat everybody they play. The reasons offensively include quarterback Michael Bishop, who led his junior college team to a national championship two years running and has enough cockiness and competitiveness to look Big Red in the eye without blinking. Then there's Ryan Young (6'6", 330) at tackle, running back Frank Murphy, a bevy of talented receivers and Playboy All-America placekicker Martin Gramatica. The defense, with nine starters back from last year, is imposing. Linebackers Jeff Kelly and Mark Simoneau are outstanding. And finally there's Playboy Coach of the Year Bill Snyder, who has found a way to make the Wildcats stronger, faster and more competitive each of the nine years he's been in Manhattan. 11–0

2. OHIO STATE

Deep, powerful, experienced, talented. John Cooper may have recruited as many blue-chip players in his ten years at Columbus as any coach in the nation. And he may have lost more players prematurely to the NFL. But OSU is loaded again and ready to take on all comers, including Michigan, the team Coop and the Buckeyes seldom beat. With Stanley Jackson graduated, the quarterback platoon system is gone. Senior Joe Germaine is the man, and how well he plays will determine how far Ohio State goes in pursuit of its first undisputed national championship since 1968. Germaine has a pair of talented wide receivers in Playboy All-America David Boston and speedy Dee Miller. Nine starters return on a defense anchored by two more Playboy

(continued on page 138)

"I married a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad.
Now I'm running off with a bimbo!"

GYM BABES

THEY'RE A TOUGH TRIBE, THESE SIRENS IN SPANDEX. APPROACH WITH CAUTION

IT'S PARADISE. Lots of attractive women in various stages of undress glisten with sweat. Ah, but there's a catch. The gym babes—tight abs, taut thighs—are focused on one thing: working out without interruptions. Catch a woman's eye while she's getting busy with a piece of Cybex, fine. But come at her with a line such as "Need a hand with that dumbbell?" and she will either be insulted or kick your ass with the moves she perfected in boxing class. Your libido notwithstanding, health clubs are not singles bars.

But don't despair. Scoring at a gym is a skill. It merely takes practice, and we've already done the tough part for you, polling a group of hard-bodied Playmates and fitness experts. Here are ten hard-and-fast rules. **(1)** It's all about timing. "I hate when guys come up to me when I'm panting on the Stair Master," says Julia Schultz, Miss February 1998. "It's better to say something when I take a break." **(2)** "No one-liners," says Alesha Oreskovich, Miss June 1993. "Instead of 'Hey baby, what's your name?'" adds Schultz, "say something about the exercise she's doing." **(3)** Work in. If she's doing multiple sets on a machine, ask if you can switch off. (Don't forget to put the settings back to the ones she used and be sure to wipe up any sweat you've left behind.) Or better yet, ask her to spot you. **(4)** Don't go overboard. Women aren't impressed with Arnold wannabes. "If I thought a guy like that was attractive, I'd suggest he lay off the macho flair," says Oreskovich. **(5)** Don't flaunt your package. "Those Gold's Gym poseur outfits with the suspenders are awful," says Angela Little, Miss August 1998. "A man's appendage doesn't look good in itty-bitty shorts. I think of the bulge like a Jeep—it's functional, not meant to be admired." **(6)** Don't mention her buns of steel. "If a guy compliments me on my body, I know he means well, but I get self-conscious," says Little. **(7)** Don't stare. But that doesn't mean you can't use mirrors to your advantage. When you're checking out your own form, sneak a peek at hers. **(8)** Take a class. Women flock to such workouts as firefighter training (taught at New York's Crunch Fitness Gym by a firefighter) and boot camp, a one-hour sweatfest that takes you through army drills. "These new macho workouts appeal to guys who have an aversion to anything choreographed," says Leeann Tweeden, co-host of ESPN's *Fitness Beach*. **(9)** Become a regular. You'll get a chilly reception if you start chatting up the women immediately upon joining a new club, says Tweeden. But once your mug is familiar, "other regulars—females included—will begin to notice you with a nod or a 'Hi, how's it goin'?' At that point it's natural to introduce yourself." **(10)** Belly up to the juice bar. "Some gyms are clearly more social than others," says Tweeden. "If your goal is to meet women, look for places with cafés for hanging out postworkout."

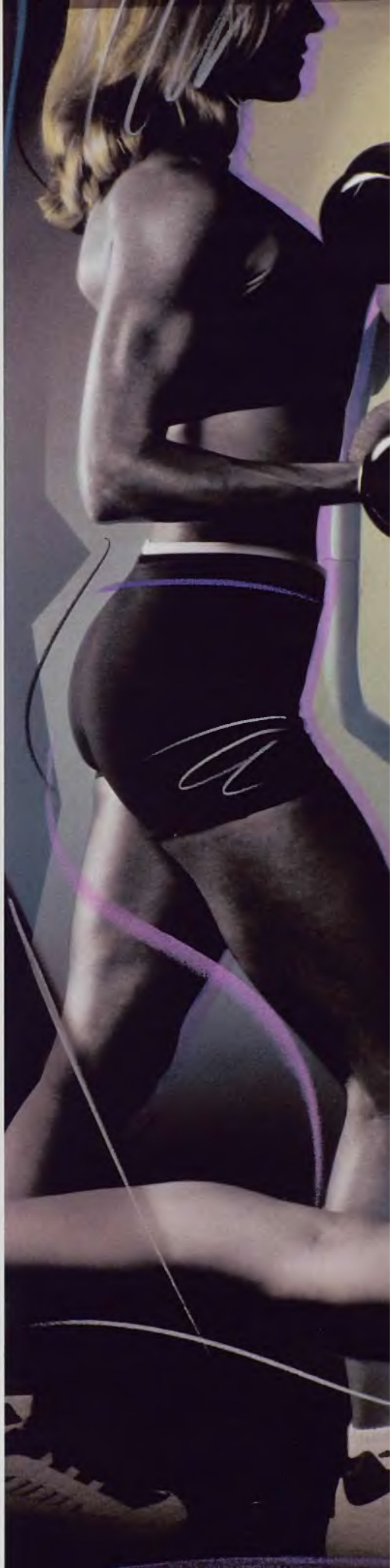


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY OENNIS MUKAI

a bucketload of tips and trivia for children of the corn

POPulture

Short of hot dogs and apple pie, there's nothing more American than popcorn. It's native American—the Indians brought it to the first Thanksgiving (an ironic dish, considering they believed a demon lived inside each kernel and became angry when his home became heated). We string popcorn on our Christmas trees and it's a staple of the moviegoing experience. It's explosive, light as air and warm to the touch. You can eat it pure, doused with salt and butter or coated with caramel and formed into balls. Americans gorge on it—averaging more than a quart per week per person—and we all have our ways of eating it, whether kernel by kernel, tossed in the air and into the mouth or stuffed by the handful into the cheeks. You can even fling it at the back of some loudmouth moviegoer's head without his knowing it.

article By John Mariani

Great Moments in Popcorn History

3600 B.C.: Popcorn is made in New Mexico's Bat Cave, where two-inch ears of the snack were later found.
1621: Quadequina, brother of Chief Massasoit, brings popcorn to the first Thanksgiving feast.
1870: The debut of caramel popcorn balls.
1885: The first steam-driven popcorn machine is invented by C.C. Cretors, who mounts the poppers on horse-drawn wagons to follow demand.
1896: Cracker Jack—that tasty combo of caramel popcorn and nuts—is introduced by F.W. Rueckheim and Brother of Chicago. In 1912 the company starts putting little prizes in each box.
1918: The Butter-Kist popcorn machine, which coats popcorn with butter, becomes popular.
1920s: Popcorn hybridization is pursued at Purdue University. In the Forties, Purdue graduate Orville Redenbacher decides to devote his life to making better popcorn, eventually creating 30,000 hybrids.
1945: The first use of microwave heating to prepare popcorn.
1950s: Popcorn sales slump as people turn on their TVs rather than go to the movies.
1967: C. Cretors & Co. introduces the Flo-Thru hot-air process that eliminates the need for oil and prevents burned corn.
1989: Orville Redenbacher debuts his Light Microwave Popping Corn.
1990s: Annual microwave popcorn sales hit $240 million.

Popcorn at the Movies

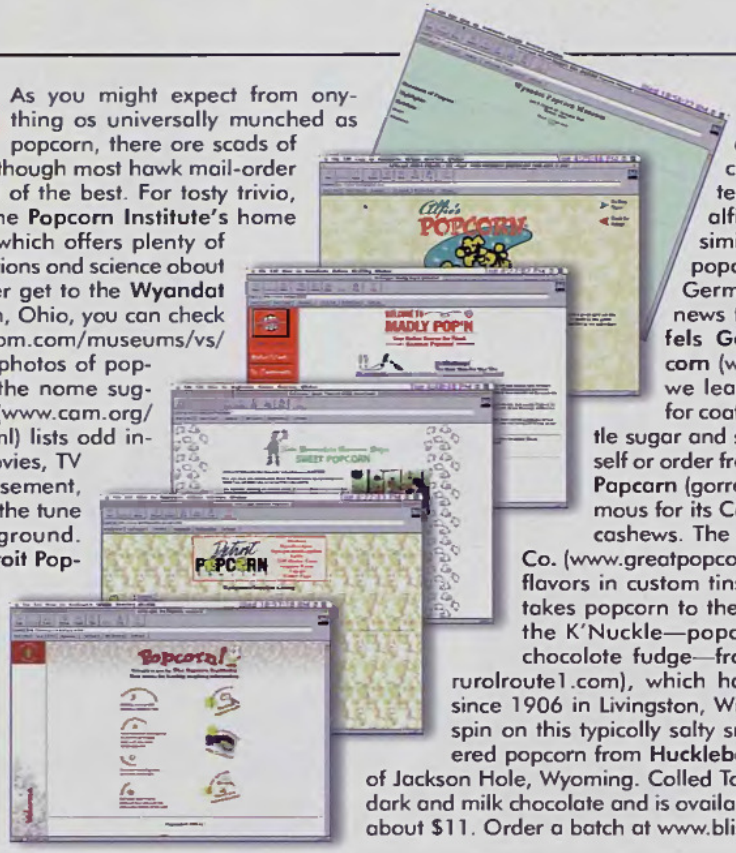
We can't imagine spending two hours in a dark movie theater without sharing a huge batch of buttery popcorn with a date. But we'd never be so bold as to spice it up with our own personal prize, as Mickey Rourke does in *Diner*. ("It was an accident," he tells his date when she comes in contact with the fleshy surprise. "It just pushed through the bottom of the box.") In fact, we consider ourselves popcorn purists. While there are plenty of delicious ways to dress the treat—we even share a few on the opposite page—we prefer it straight up, fresh from the popper with a smidgen of salt and a drizzle of butter. In other words, movie-theater style. Hugh Hefner is so partial to the unique flavor of movie popcorn that he sent a butler to a UCLA multiplex to pick up several tubs of the stuff for his movie screenings at the Playboy Mansion. What do those high schoolers behind the concession counters know that we don't about the fine art of popping corn? The secret, of course, is ingredients. Most movie theaters use a commercial brand of popcorn called Vogel Raw Corn, which has larger-than-average kernels, and they pop it in coconut oil. Coconut oil got a bad rap several years ago (see "Spare Us the Hot Air, Please," below), so some theaters have switched to canola oil. Bill Bloxsom-Carter, head chef at the Playboy Mansion, has come up with his own variation. "We pop the corn on the stove the old-fashioned way," he says. Here's how it's done: Dump two cups of Wesson Oil into a 60-quart stockpot, turn the flame on high and drop in a dozen kernels of the Vogel corn, then cover. When the corn starts popping, adjust the flame to medium heat, then add six cups of corn kernels. Shake the pot frequently until the popping stops. Simultaneously, melt several sticks of salted butter over a low flame. As the butter melts, it begins to separate. Skim off the foam (you're clarifying the butter), remove the clarified butter from the heat, pour it over the popped corn (while still in the stockpot), mix gently with a large spoon and serve. "It's even better than at the movies," Bloxsom-Carter says.

Spare Us the Hot Air, Please

Nobody likes a killjoy—especially when he's a rubber-gloved nutritionist killjoy named Michael Jacobson of the Center for Science in the Public Interest. After lambasting fettuccine Alfredo as "heart attack on a plate," Jacobson's organization lashed out at movie popcorn as one of the fattiest foods you can buy. CSPI claimed a large order of the stuff contains "two days' worth of fat" (80 grams)—the equivalent of six McDonald's Quarter Pounders—and chided moviegoers to "save a seat for your cardiologist." And that's without butter! The group further advised bringing your own air-popped popcorn to the theaters or demanding that the manager offer it. Yeah, right. And maybe he'll cut a few bucks off the ticket prices while he's at it.

Web Corn

As you might expect from anything as universally munched as popcorn, there are scads of Web sites on the subject. Although most hawk mail-order popcorn, we found several of the best. For tasty trivia, your first stop should be the **Popcorn Institute's** home page (www.popcorn.org), which offers plenty of lore, history, cooking instructions and science about the snack food. If you never get to the **Wyandat Popcorn Museum** in Marion, Ohio, you can check out its Web site (www.artcom.com/museums/vs/sz/43302-38.htm) for fun photos of popcorn-related antiques. As the name suggests, **Popcorn Sightings** (www.cam.org/~lafranc/popcorn/sight.html) lists odd inclusions of the snack in movies, TV and radio. For added amusement, surf and techno versions of the tune Popcorn play in the background. Shopping for popcorn? **Detroit Popcorn Co.** (www.detroitpopcorn.com) offers history, tips and recipes, along with a good selection of equipment and supplies. To really drench yourself in popcorn's diversity, bring up **Madly Pop'n** (www.madlypopn.com), which mails a variety of flavored corn, from Mucho Nacho and Chicago Style Pizza popcorn to Florida Orange and Bubble Gum popcorn, in decorated canisters. **Alfie's Popcorn** (www.alfies-popcorn.com) offers a similar range, as well as fun popcorn T-shirts. Ever hear of German-style popcorn? It was news to us. But at **New Braunfels German-Style Sweet Popcorn** (www.gvtc.com/~sweetpop/) we learned that the recipe calls for coating popped corn with a little sugar and salt. You can make it yourself or order from New Braunfels. **Garrett Popcorn** (gorrettpopcorn.com) is long famous for its Caramel Crisp popcorn with cashews. The **Great American Popcorn Co.** (www.greatpopcorn.com) sells more than 80 flavors in custom tins. And for something that takes popcorn to the gustatory sublime, order the K'Nuckle—popcorn, almonds and white chocolate fudge—from **Rural Route 1** (www.ruralroute1.com), which has been making popcorn since 1906 in Livingston, Wisconsin. An equally sweet spin on this typically salty snack is the chocolate-covered popcorn from **Huckleberry Mountain Candy Co.** of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Called Top Corn, it comes in white, dark and milk chocolate and is available in eight-ounce bags for about $11. Order a batch at www.blissnet.com/~huckleberry/.



A Matter of Taste

Want to add kick to your corn? The key to flavoring the snack is to mix the seasonings into melted butter. Start with the melted butter and add your spices to taste, then pour on just enough and toss the popcorn lightly. Try grated lemon rind, ground cinnamon, cayenne pepper or curry powder. Paul Prudhomme's Poultry Magic, a heady mix of herbs and spices—granulated onion, white and red pepper, salt and sweet basil—is fabulous on popcorn. You can also do a turn on the English mania for French fries drizzled with vinegar by mixing equal measures of vinegar and olive oil or butter and sprinkling it onto the popcorn to taste. And if you're really ambitious, check out the Popcorn Institute's home page for some tempting recipes like Disco Doodle, Apple Popcorn Brittle and Chili Corn.

High-End Popper

You can pop corn perfectly using a flat-bottomed pot and a few drops of oil, but for those who want the Rolls-Royce of poppers, consider Cretors' Nite Club model. This $725 machine combines a nickel-plated steel kettle, tempered safety glass, Plexiglas doors, a hot-air popping system, a lamp to keep the popcorn warm and enough power to pop about eight pounds per hour. Call 773-588-1690.

We Nuked. We Ate. We Rate

Popcorn:	Taste:	Texture:	Pop Wisdom:
Pop Secret Homestyle	●●●●	●●●●	Crunchy, salty, with just a hint of butter. Perfect!
Orville Redenbacher's Double Feature Jumbo Popcorn	●●●	●●●●	Extra-butter fans will dig this brand's double dose.
Healthy Choice Butter Microwave Popcorn	●●●	●●	The tastiest "lite," which doesn't say much.
Orville Redenbacher's Natural Flavor	●●	●●	Sans butter and salt, this is the best of the blands.
Newman's Own Old-Style Picture Show Butter Flavor	●	●	Yo, Paul: Stick to the salad dressings.
Act II Microwave Popcorn	●	●	Can you say cardboard?

We've given you the scoop on how Hef prefers his popcorn, but sometimes, particularly on those impromptu nights, you want to pop a batch quickly, with zero cleanup. That's why we love microwave popcorn. To help get your mitts on the tastiest varieties, we conducted a test, rating all the top microwave popcorns on a scale of one to four kernels (with four being the best). Judging by standards of taste (with good corn flavor as the ultimate criterion) and texture (not too soft, not too hard), we consumed enough popcorn to get us through the entire *Star Wars* trilogy—and the prequel to come. Feast your eyes on these results.

We'll make note of your vote

Old Blue Eyes is gone, but his melodies linger on. Frank Sinatra was voted into PLAYBOY'S Hall of Fame in 1966. Since then, 46 men and women have been chosen by our readers for this accolade. It's your turn again to pick the year's honorees in jazz, rock, country and R&B. Celine wowed the *Titanic* crowd; Sarah, Fiona, Erykah and Paula dazzled at the Lilith Fair. Dave Matthews, Tori Amos, Shania Twain and Pearl Jam had strong new CDs. Swing came back, and so did Aretha. Garth Brooks proved he was cool enough for Central Park, and Bob Dylan, Mick and Keith proved that talent is the ultimate turn-on. So sharpen your pencils or click on the Playboy Web site (www.playboy.com) and tell us what's up in music.

The Ballot

Here's your 1998 Jazz & Rock Poll Ballot. Please check the box next to your pick in each category or write in the one we missed. Stamp the envelope and mail it to us no later than October 15, 1998. We'll publish the winners, including the 47th Hall of Fame inductee, next spring.

rock

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Jimmy Buffett
- ☐ Eric Clapton
- ☐ Bob Dylan
- ☐ Mick Jagger
- ☐ Elton John
- ☐ Dave Matthews
- ☐ Paul McCartney
- ☐ Dave Pirner
- ☐ Eddie Vedder
- ☐ Scott Weiland
- ☐ Other_____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Tori Amos
- ☐ Fiona Apple
- ☐ Björk
- ☐ Paula Cole
- ☐ Celine Dion
- ☐ Madonna
- ☐ Sarah McLachlan
- ☐ Natalie Merchant
- ☐ Stevie Nicks
- ☐ Gwen Stefani
- ☐ Other_____

Group

- ☐ Garbage
- ☐ Green Day
- ☐ Matchbox 20
- ☐ Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Morcheeba
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Radiohead
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ The Verve
- ☐ Other_____

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Ben Folds
- ☐ Dr. John
- ☐ Jonny Lang
- ☐ Jimmy Page
- ☐ Bonnie Raitt
- ☐ Keith Richards
- ☐ Eddie Van Halen
- ☐ Mike Watt
- ☐ Charlie Watts
- ☐ Chris Whitley
- ☐ Other_____

Album

- ☐ Adore— Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ Before These Crowded Streets— Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Bridges to Babylon—Rolling Stones
- ☐ The Jimi Hendrix Experience—BBC Sessions
- ☐ Left of the Middle—Natalie Imbruglia
- ☐ Ray of Light— Madonna
- ☐ Songs From the Capeman—Paul Simon
- ☐ Tubthumper— Chumbawamba
- ☐ Urban Hymns—The Verve
- ☐ Yield—Pearl Jam
- ☐ Other_____

R&B-rap

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Babyface
- ☐ Wyclef Jean
- ☐ Montell Jordan
- ☐ LL Cool J
- ☐ Master P
- ☐ Brian McKnight
- ☐ Puff Daddy
- ☐ Will Smith
- ☐ Usher
- ☐ Luther Vandross
- ☐ Other_____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Erykah Badu
- ☐ Mary J. Blige
- ☐ Mariah Carey
- ☐ Missy Elliott
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Janet Jackson
- ☐ Patti LaBelle
- ☐ Queen Latifah
- ☐ Jody Watley
- ☐ CeCe Winans
- ☐ Other_____

Group

- ☐ Boyz II Men
- ☐ Destiny's Child
- ☐ Gooodie Mob
- ☐ K-Ci and JoJo
- ☐ Lox
- ☐ LSG
- ☐ Public Enemy
- ☐ Salt-N-Pepa
- ☐ SWV
- ☐ Timbaland and Magoo
- ☐ Other_____

Album

- ☐ Anytime—Brian McKnight
- ☐ Destiny's Child— Destiny's Child
- ☐ Harlem World— Mase
- ☐ Long Time No See—Chico DeBarge
- ☐ Love Always—K-Ci and JoJo
- ☐ Money, Power & Respect—Lox
- ☐ My Way—Usher
- ☐ Release Some Tension—SWV
- ☐ A Rose Is Still a Rose—Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Welcome to Our World—Timbaland and Magoo
- ☐ Other_____

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Soundtrack

- ☐ Boogie Nights
- ☐ Bulworth
- ☐ City of Angels
- ☐ Godzilla
- ☐ He Got Game
- ☐ Hope Floats
- ☐ Horse Whisperer
- ☐ Titanic
- ☐ Wedding Singer
- ☐ X-Files
- ☐ Other_____

Concert

- ☐ Björk
- ☐ Fleadh
- ☐ Goodie Mob
- ☐ Lilith Fair
- ☐ Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Jimmy Page and Robert Plant
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ George Strait
- ☐ Other_____

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P.O. BOX 11236
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

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CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

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RETURN ENVELOPE

HALL of FAME

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ James Brown
- ☐ Sam Cooke
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Marvin Gaye
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Al Green
- ☐ Merle Haggard
- ☐ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ☐ Joni Mitchell
- ☐ Van Morrison
- ☐ Charlie Parker
- ☐ Prince
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Tina Turner
- ☐ Muddy Waters
- ☐ Jackie Wilson
- ☐ Other _____

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☐ Single

_____

_____

☐ Video

_____

_____

JAZZ

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Dee Dee Bridgewater
- ☐ Betty Carter
- ☐ Rosemary Clooney
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ Diana Krall
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Dianne Reeves
- ☐ Diane Schuur
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson
- ☐ Nancy Wilson
- ☐ Other_____

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Andy Bey
- ☐ Harry Connick Jr.
- ☐ Kurt Elling
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Jarreau
- ☐ Kevin Mahogany
- ☐ Jimmy Scott
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ Other_____

Group

- ☐ Gato Barbieri
- ☐ Ornette Coleman and Prime Time
- ☐ Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
- ☐ Charlie Haden Quartet West
- ☐ Roy Hargrove's Big Band
- ☐ Charlie Hunter and Pound for Pound
- ☐ Steve Lacey Quartet
- ☐ Mingus Big Band
- ☐ Sonny Rollins Quintet
- ☐ Henry Threadgill Society Situation Dance Band
- ☐ Other

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Ray Anderson
- ☐ James Carter
- ☐ Cyrus Chesnutt
- ☐ Olu Dara
- ☐ Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Joe Lovano
- ☐ Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Leon Parker
- ☐ Nicholas Payton
- ☐ Joshua Redman
- ☐ Other_____

Album

- ☐ The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings 1965-1968—The Miles Davis Quintet
- ☐ Giant Steps—John Coltrane
- ☐ In the World: From Natchez to New York—Olu Dara
- ☐ The Jazz Singers—Various Artists
- ☐ Love Scenes—Diana Krall
- ☐ The Midnight Blues—Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Night in the City—Kenny Barron and Charlie Haden
- ☐ Ring-a-Ding-Ding!—Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Trio Fascination, Edition One—Joe Lovano
- ☐ Zoot Suit Riot—Cherry Poppin' Daddies
- ☐ Other_____

Country

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Clint Black
- ☐ Garth Brooks
- ☐ Steve Earle
- ☐ Joe Ely
- ☐ George Jones
- ☐ Michael Peterson
- ☐ George Strait
- ☐ Randy Travis
- ☐ Don Walser
- ☐ Steve Wariner
- ☐ Other_____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Deana Carter
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Martina McBride
- ☐ Lila McCann
- ☐ LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ Pam Tillis
- ☐ Shania Twain
- ☐ Gillian Welch
- ☐ Lee Ann Womack
- ☐ Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ Other_____

Group

- ☐ Big House
- ☐ BR5-49
- ☐ Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Diamond Rio
- ☐ Dixie Chicks
- ☐ Lonestar
- ☐ Mavericks
- ☐ Restless Heart
- ☐ Sawyer Brown
- ☐ Whiskeytown
- ☐ Other_____

Album

- ☐ Burnin' the Roadhouse Down—Steve Wariner
- ☐ Come on Over—Shania Twain
- ☐ Evolution—Martina McBride
- ☐ Nothin' but the Taillights—Clint Black
- ☐ One Step at a Time—George Strait
- ☐ Sevens—Garth Brooks
- ☐ Sittin' on Top of the World—LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ (Songbook) A Collection of Hits—Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ Trampoline—Mavericks
- ☐ Twistin' in the Wind—Joe Ely
- ☐ Other_____

"Looks like I'll be getting a microsoft again."

Tori Spelling

hollywood's princess talks about threesomes, strippers and what it would be like to have a dick

Tori Spelling has never downplayed the correlation between having a successful career as an actor and having a successful television producer for a father.

Prime-time sex-and-schmaltz pioneer Aaron Spelling first cast his then-six-year-old daughter, Victoria Davey Spelling, in an episode of "Vegas." At 16, Tori easily segued from her real-life upbringing in Beverly Hills (she grew up in a 56,000-square-foot mansion) to the role of good girl Donna Martin on Fox' "Beverly Hills 90210." Spelling has parlayed the exposure from a hit series and her standing as a member of television aristocracy into an ever-expanding body of work. In addition to her nine seasons on "90210," she has appeared in such television movies as "Alibi," "Deadly Pursuits," "Awake to Danger," "A Friend to Die For" and "Coed Call Girl." Pursuing a big-screen career, she made a tongue-in-cheek appearance in "Scream 2" as Neve Campbell's alter ego, and her work in the independent film "The House of Yes," in which she played opposite Parker Posey, was critically acclaimed.

Robert Crane caught up with Spelling at Château Marmont in Hollywood. He reports: "Tori is taller, prettier and sexier in person than on film. For a TV star and a Beverly Hills showbiz rich girl, she is unpretentious and down-to-earth. She's not entirely comfortable when people stare at her as she enters a room. I'm still trying to reconcile that fact with her fantasy of being a stripper."

1

PLAYBOY: You're the queen of the TV movie. Which physical or mental traumas have not yet been properly explored by the networks?
SPELLING: I think they've all been covered. I, alone, have done every single tragedy out there. I've been stalked, raped, murdered, everything. Part of the reason I stopped doing TV movies is that we were looking for something new to do and there wasn't anything. And, unfortunately, the networks do the same things over because that's what draws in viewers.

2

PLAYBOY: While you were growing up, which Aaron Spelling show did you think life actually resembled?
SPELLING: You're looking for me to say *Dynasty*, aren't you? But probably it's *Family*. I know it's a reserved, boring answer, but we are a close family. We have a huge house, a really close family, and my dad is always there.

3

PLAYBOY: What would we be surprised to find in your purse, in your refrigerator and on your night table?
SPELLING: In my purse—I have so much crap in here. My thumbees for massaging, so you can get in really good to massage the shoulders. I'm a really good masseuse and I always massage my male co-stars. So I keep them on hand. Refrigerator—probably this stuff called Fluff. It's marshmallow spread. You can only get it back East. So I bought a case when I went to New York with a bunch of friends. You can put it on ice cream. It's really yummy.

Night table—that's a rough one. It's so cluttered—I'm not the neatest person. This is really weird, but I have a bad habit. I get millions of catalogs and I love to go through them and order stuff because it's so fascinating that you can order things by mail and they arrive at your doorstep. I fill out ten order forms a night and then forget to send them in, which is good because it saves my bank account. I find them later all filled out. By that time, the styles are already out.

4

PLAYBOY: If it were OK with all parties concerned, whose boyfriend or husband would you borrow for a day? What would you do, where would you go, how would you get away with it?
SPELLING: Let's go with the obvious. I've always loved Tom Cruise, but Nicole could join in. Any way you want it to mean. As long as we're not talking about reality here, let's go for it. I'd take a big yacht out in the ocean and sail to a small island where we could walk on the beach wearing little coconuts and Tom could recite lines from *Top Gun* to me. I love *Top Gun*. That would really get me in the mood.

5

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Golden Globes, name the best cleavage in Hollywood.
SPELLING: I think it would be Madonna. She is kind of running over. Pamela Anderson's is pretty nice. There's a lot. Did you see Julianne Moore's when she was pregnant? Her husband is lucky. She looks good. She was huge. My mom has really good cleavage. My mom has these great breasts. She hates them, but I think they're great. She's like, "Do you know what it's like walking around with double Ds?" I'm like, "Oh, please. Lucky you."

6

PLAYBOY: Who's dumber—women who name their boyfriend's or husband's dick or guys who name theirs?
SPELLING: Guys by far. That's so cocky, excuse the expression, to do. That's such an ego. If I were with a man who did that, it would be such a turnoff. But I think it's kind of cute if it's your boyfriend's. It's yours to share.

7

PLAYBOY: Do you have any nicknames?
SPELLING: Gentle Ben. I'm just kidding. That just came to mind.

8

PLAYBOY: Why does being a stripper rank at the top or near the top of some

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

women's fantasies?

SPELLING: There are two reasons I find it appealing. In today's society, women who have large breasts dress seductively and we've been conditioned to feel that we have to look like that to be accepted by men and feel sexy. That's my one show for feminism. On the other hand, I think being a stripper is being free with your sexuality. I'm a really good dancer and my favorite dance moves are what women do in strip clubs. I'm good at it and I think I would be a great stripper. It's always been a fantasy to get up and do a strip dance. If I weren't so recognized I would totally do it. If I could hide my face and sneak into a strip club and do it, I definitely would. I just love how they dress and present themselves. It's very appealing. Of course, it's not appealing in certain strip clubs where it's all about sex and grinding and stuff, but I like the clubs where there are great dancers and they have great bodies. Yeah, they're taking it off, but they're doing great moves, spinning around, doing splits. They're really sexy. I love their high-heeled shoes. I have them. They're like six or seven inches. Sometimes when I'm alone in my apartment I put them on and wear nothing else and dance around in front of the mirror and do my little stripper dance.

9

PLAYBOY: Tell us something about yourself that would shock your parents.

SPELLING: My parents know everything—most of it through reading interviews. But I joined the mile high club—had sex in an airplane. They might not know, but there you go.

I was going to Europe with a guy I was dating. It was a big plane so nobody really noticed. Everybody on those European trips—I had never been on a flight to Europe—they just get hammered. They don't notice what you're doing. You could do it in the middle of the aisle. It's something I had always wanted to do, but I'm scared of flying. So I wondered if I was too scared to do it because I usually can't get up from my seat because I'm petrified. But we did it.

It was in the middle of the night. Everyone was either drinking in the bar or passed out in their seats. We just booked right into the bathroom. The stewardess saw us go in together. We figured that people must do it all the time. It was a small stall, though, so it was hard to move around. It's not like it's very sexy or romantic, but it gets the job done. I had planned to do it all along, so I was prepared and wore a long skirt.

10

PLAYBOY: Parents have a view of their children that may not change much—even when the kids become adults. Is there something you would like your parents to understand?

SPELLING: They don't understand how responsible I am. We have dinner together every Sunday night. If I'm sick or something and I can't go, my dad will say, "Do you want us to send food over? There's probably nothing in your refrigerator." I'm like, "Dad, I'm 25, I go to the market." "You do? You can do that?" Yeah, I can go to the market. My dad came over and looked in my refrigerator and he was shocked. He said, "You have food." They don't understand that I can do things for myself and I'm responsible. I've been living on my own for four years, but they still don't get that I'm an adult and can handle myself. And they worry a lot more than they should. I still get "It's cold outside, put on your jacket."

11

PLAYBOY: You're not comfortable flying. Give us the Tori Spelling flight-comfort regimen.

SPELLING: I always call my parents to say goodbye, which freaks them out. I have a little guardian angel pin that I always wear, and I have to take my teddy bears with me. I have a teddy bear family. There are four [*sic*] of them—grandma, grandpa, momma, daddy and baby, and they all have to go with me. Then I always have to put my right foot into the plane first. I always have to sit by the window. I always have to have a glass of wine. That's very necessary—more than one glass actually. I am constantly asking the flight attendants when there's a noise, "Is this normal?" I cry once or twice during the flight. Whoever is with me usually has a bruise on his arm because I'm grabbing him. That's why I can never fly alone, because some stranger would be like, "Get off of me." I'd be on his lap. It would be bad.

12

PLAYBOY: We've read that you're interested in threesomes. How would you recruit the guys? Would you have to know them?

SPELLING: This is something you read? I have fantasies about having a threesome with two guys? I've never had a one-night stand. So it would have to be with guys I know. I wouldn't want them to be good friends either, so maybe two guys I was casually dating or something. Maybe I'll just go out on a limb and say two guys I don't know.

I use to have the fantasy of me and two guys, but as I get older I've started to think it would be good with a guy and a girl. It's something I've never experienced, but, like I said, it's a fantasy. The only way I would be with another woman is if it were to please a boyfriend. I'd be more willing to try it out. I would never do it on my own. But then I think, Well, what if he likes her better than me and they start dating and I'm left out? But if it were a guy I was just dating and I didn't really mind if he was with another girl, that would be an ideal situation. I wouldn't want it to be a girl I know. And she'd have to be a stripper.

13

PLAYBOY: *Coed Call Girl*. We didn't think it was so bad. How could you have made it better?

SPELLING: Well, I couldn't have done it. There was no way on that piece. I'm sorry. My friends and I will go home late at night after having a couple of drinks, and we'll watch it just so we can laugh at it. It gets really good laughs.

14

PLAYBOY: We understand that not being near a washroom doesn't deter you from whizzing. Are you forgetful when you pass a ladies' room or do you admire spontaneity?

SPELLING: Men can do it anywhere and they don't get jived. But when a woman does it, it's like, "Why did she do that? Was she drunk or something?" No, I just had to go. My friends and I have always been like that—you have to go and can't find a bathroom, you pull off the road and go in the bushes or on someone's lawn. Why not? But I never peed by a restaurant. That is totally false. I don't know where that came from. We don't just pull over in front of Sky Bar. We'll go down an alley or something. Of course you make sure no one's there. And a rat biting your ass would suck.

15

PLAYBOY: Do your dates find this behavior charming or appalling?

SPELLING: Thanks to PLAYBOY I probably won't get any more dates. Thank you very much.

16

PLAYBOY: You're a member of Hollywood royalty. How do you know when suitors are sincere?

SPELLING: If they mention my father within the first ten minutes, they're out of there. It's so funny. You would think they would know that's not what I want to hear—but they don't. They say,

(concluded on page 149)

EAT MY SHORTS

MONEY MATTERS BY CHRISTOPHER BYRON

It's only my opinion, mind you, but I think some fabulous money will be made when the current bull market comes unglued. I'm speaking of the opportunities awaiting practitioners of the much-maligned art of short-selling.

Things haven't been great for short-sellers in the current market. But with one good, sustained upward push to interest rates by Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan, that will change.

Short-selling involves selling a stock before you own it, in the belief it will fall a lot in price by the time you actually have to buy it. The concept behind it is simple: You short a stock when you think it is overpriced and bound to fall in value—just as you go long on a stock when you think it is undervalued and will rise.

It all comes down to the concept of leverage—borrowing money to maximize an investment's return. To illustrate, consider the shorting of Boston Chicken. In late 1996 this fast-food retailer's stock was selling for about $40 per share, and the company was the darling of Wall Street. But short-sellers thought there were serious flaws in the company's business plan and financials and they began shorting it aggressively, driving down the price to a recent low of less than $2. In the process the shorts made more money than you could possibly imagine. Here's how:

When you short a stock, your broker has to borrow the shares from someone else so that you actually have something to sell. For a $40 short on Boston Chicken, your broker would have borrowed the shares from an investor who already owned them, then sold them on the open market and credited your account with the proceeds.

Because federal margin rules require that you put up only 50 percent of the price of any purchase or short sale, in the Boston Chicken case you would have had to deposit only $20 per share of your own money to get the transaction going. In other words you would have made 100 percent on your money coming out of the gate. Through the skillful use of more leverage, you could have made much more. Reason: As Boston Chicken's price declined, the value of your account would have risen, allowing you to use the increase as margin to leverage further short sales against the stock.

Indeed, by the time the market price of Boston Chicken had fallen to, say, $20 per share, any account shorted at $40 would have shown a balance of $40 as well, allowing you to short three additional shares. But Boston Chicken didn't stop falling at $20—it kept right on tumbling. By the time it hit $10 per share, your account would have shown an $80 balance per share, allowing you to short 12 more shares.

Finally, when the stock hit $5 and (savvy dog that you are) you closed out your position by buying a single share at $5 and delivering it to your broker, your account would have shown a net balance of $140—a 600 percent return.

But short-selling has its risks. If Boston Chicken had gone up from $40 instead of down, you could have been wiped out. When the price rises by more than the amount of money you have put up as margin collateral, you must pony up more dough or your broker will close out your position and you'll have to eat the loss. Thus, had Boston Chicken risen to $60 instead of fallen to $20, you'd have been facing a margin call of $20 from your broker—and if you couldn't come up with the money he would close out your position at $60 and come after you for $40.

To reduce your risk of getting into such trouble, follow these rules.

Rule one: So you don't get caught in what is known as a short squeeze, never short a stock that doesn't have a large volume of publicly traded shares—held by lots of investors.

A squeeze occurs when a number of shorts gang up on a thinly traded stock and the longs fight back by buying up every share in the open market. If there aren't a lot of shares available, the longs can create a so-called corner in the stock, making it impossible for the shorts to deliver the stock that they didn't actually own in the first place.

The resulting losses for short-sellers can be astronomical. When a long buys a stock at $20 and it falls to zero, he has lost 100 percent of his money. But a short-seller who gets caught in a squeeze faces infinite losses, for the longs control the float and can dictate the price at which they'll sell to the shorts so they can cover their positions. Something like that happened last fall when Internet retailer Shopping.com went public at $9 per share, attracting short-sellers. But the float in Shopping.com's shares was small, and held largely by investment clients of the underwriter, who naturally wanted the price to stay high. As a result, short-sellers who were scrambling to meet margin calls sent the price skyward—and that, coupled with the scarcity value caused by the corner in the shares, caused Shopping.com's price to reach almost $40 per share when short-sellers had been betting it would fall to zero.

Rule two: Don't fight overwhelming market sentiment. At this writing, in the summer of 1998, Wall Street is drowning in overpriced Internet stocks, many of which are selling at unbelievable prices for companies that are losing money and may not be turning profitable for years, if ever. In theory at least, all have been attractive shorts for well over a year. But anyone trying to short them has had his head handed to him.

One day this will all end. Money will grow tighter as interest rates rise, and investment firms will refrain from raising money for companies that show nothing in return. When that happens, shorting stocks such as Amazon.com and Infoseek will seem to be a turkey shoot.

For more on short-selling, contact Christopher Byron at cbscoop@aol.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA DUFFY

CINDY

AMERICA'S PREMIERE SUPERMODEL SETS A NEW STANDARD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB RITTS

IT WAS CALLED *Skinsuits*, the pictorial that ran in PLAYBOY in July 1988. If you were a reader back then, you remember Herb Ritts' photographs of the 22-year-old, Illinois-born supermodel who went on to become a television host, an actress and a savvy businesswoman. Cindy Crawford herself encounters the shots regularly: When she makes personal appearances for Revlon or another client, fans often pull a treasured copy of that issue out of a protective slipcase and ask her to sign it. "Most of the magazine covers I do are out for a month and then they get recycled," she says with a laugh. "But every time I do an autograph signing, those old PLAYBOYs show up. That one seems to be a collector's item."

Attention, collectors: Here we go again. Cindy Crawford is back—ten years older, wiser (not that she wasn't plenty sharp the first time around) and just as breathtaking. With Herb Ritts once more behind the camera and the sun-dappled stone walls of Costa Careyes, Mexico providing a new location (sorry, no sand this time), these pictures showcase not a young woman taking the fashion world by storm but an established star at home with herself. "Herb and I both loved the first PLAYBOY shoot, and we had such a great experience that there was no reason not to do it again," she says. "We wanted to say, 'Here's me ten years later.' Physically, things change in ten years. But in some ways I'm in better shape now, and I felt more comfortable doing it this time, maybe because I'm more comfortable in my own skin. Also, I don't often get to do editorial layouts in which we're trying solely to make beautiful pictures. I'm usually selling something."

Some of her advisors, she admits, were taken aback when she announced that she was going to pose for these photos. "That provoked me," she says, "and made me want to push their buttons a little. People have to compartmentalize me. They can't deal with a woman who has a serious career taking off her clothes and being sexy."

Cindy breaks into a dazzling smile, then shrugs. "And to be honest, I don't want to turn into the *Redbook* girl too young. I still want to do different things, to take chances in my career."

She's taken plenty of chances over the past decade, forging a

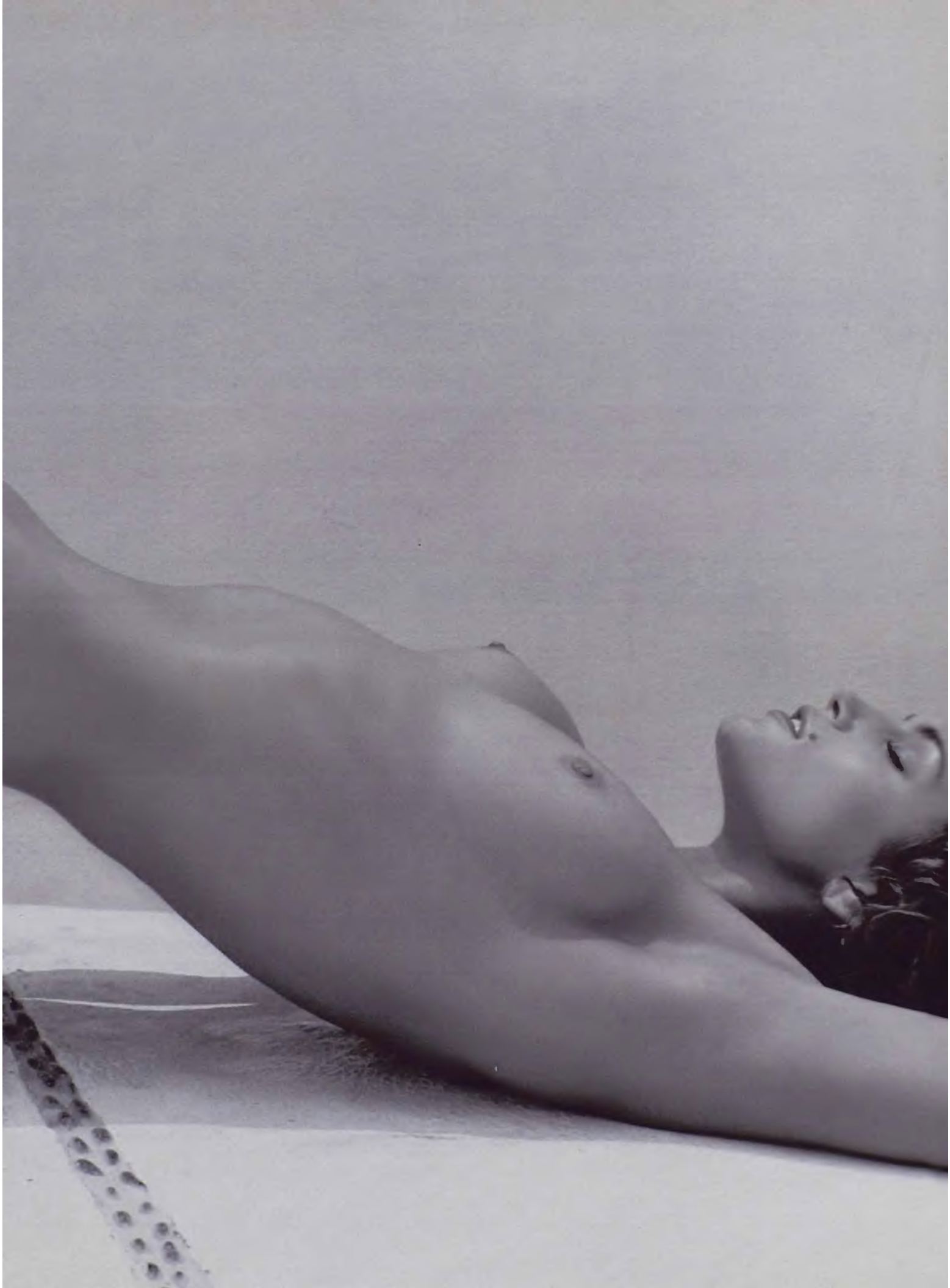
STYLING BY L'WREN SCOTT FOR VERNON JOLLY INC.
HAIR BY PETER SAVIC FOR PAUL MITCHELL
MAKEUP BY JOANNE GAIR FOR CLOUTIER USING DINAIR

distinct path ever since she parlayed her clout as a model into a job hosting the fashion show *House of Style* on MTV. She did that until, she says, "I felt as though I couldn't go any further in that venue." She left MTV for the kind of mainstream TV gig that has humbled many others: She took a turn hosting the late-night talk show *Later* on NBC, garnering good ratings and attracting offers from other networks. Now she has signed a three-year deal with ABC to host several specials a year. The first, which airs September 22, examines the sexual state of the union. "It's 50 years after the Kinsey Report, but have things changed that much?" she asks. "We think we're so hip and so open about sex, but are we really?"

In one tiny neighborhood in Madison, Wisconsin the answer was a resounding yes. There Cindy talked with a lesbian couple, an older couple grappling with the husband's affairs with women he'd met on the Internet, two interracial couples, a young gay man and an older bisexual man who had lost his lover to AIDS. "It was just amazing how open they were," she says. "The whole idea was to break down walls and get people to talk openly about sex. I'd go home from work and tell my husband, 'You won't believe what someone said today.'"

Her husband, to whom she has been married since May, is Rande Gerber, owner of two of the country's hottest clubs—Los Angeles' Sky Bar and New York City's Whiskey. (Her marriage to Richard Gere, and its ensuing tabloid frenzy, ended amicably after three years.) The marriage may also signal a shift in her priorities. "I'm trying to find more balance," she says, "so I'll have more time for life." She's taking piano lessons and vows to stick with them this time. She stays home in Los Angeles often enough that friends and family can actually come to visit. "And in my work, I'm just trying to keep myself interested," she adds. "I get all these opportunities to do new things, and usually I feel I should try them. If I don't like them, I won't do them again."

But if Cindy likes those experiences, will she keep repeating them—say, every ten years or so? "Who knows where I'll be ten years from now, and what I'll look like. But if Herb will still shoot me, I would love to do this again."



PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 108)

Nebraska's system is still in place—big, tough linemen who've been through the Husker weight regimen.

All-Americas—Andy Katzenmoyer at linebacker and Antoine Winfield at corner. An advantage for the Buckeyes: Michigan and Penn State play in Columbus. 11–0

3. FLORIDA STATE

While Michigan and Nebraska battled on separate fields at the end of last season for the mythical national championship, what may have been the best team in the nation was whipping a very good Ohio State team in the Sugar Bowl (31–14). Being the best, or one of the best, is nothing new for Bobby Bowden and his Seminoles, who haven't failed to finish in the top four in the past 11 years. Bowden has another powerful team this season and a chance to make a run for number one, despite the loss of projected starting quarterback Dan Kendra to a severe knee injury. With Kendra gone for the season, 26-year-old Chris Weinke (who opted to play minor league baseball for six years before giving college and football a chance) is the man who will run the Seminoles' offense. Weinke has the arm and supporting cast to do the job. Playboy All-America Peter Warrick is a superior receiver, and running back Travis Minor should improve on an outstanding freshman season. Bowden's defense is inexperienced but highly talented and loaded with speed. 11–1

4. MICHIGAN

A split national championship isn't a popular subject in Ann Arbor these days. "We're the defending national champion," says coach Lloyd Carr. Michigan fans didn't accept being dropped from number one to number two in the *USA Today*/ESPN coaches' poll after the Wolverines beat Washington State in the Rose Bowl. "Why?" ask the Michigan fans. "Just because Nebraska beat an inferior Tennessee team?" The only sign that Michigan's players even acknowledge what happened appeared on the back of a T-shirt worn by Playboy All-America lineman Jon Jansen: HEY, NEBRASKA. ANY TIME. ANYWHERE. So the Wolverines enter the 1998 season with a chip on their shoulder and a ton of talent on their team. The first order of business for Carr is to determine who will play quarterback now that Brian Griese is a John Elway understudy in the NFL. Tom Brady seems to have the edge over the more experienced Scott Dreisbach. Highly touted freshman Drew Henson, who broke the national record for home runs in high school, could get in the mix. Clarence Williams and Anthony Thomas are a formidable running-back tandem, and Michigan has wide receiver Tai Streets and tight end Jerame Tuman. Of course the defense will miss Heisman trophy winner Charles Woodson. But Marcus Ray could be an All-America at safety, and opposing running backs should fear high-impact linebackers Sam Sword and Dhani Jones. The early schedule is tough—road games at Notre Dame and Iowa, home games against Syracuse and Michigan State. If Michigan wins early, they have a shot at the national title—solo. 11–1

5. ARIZONA STATE

Most experts predicted a rebuilding year for Bruce Snyder and the Arizona State Sun Devils after they came so close to grabbing the national championship two years ago. But Snyder, who has won everywhere he's coached, proved the Sun Devils were no one-season wonder as ASU battled back to win nine games, beating Iowa 17–7 in the Sun Bowl. Despite some unanswered questions on the defensive line, where several transfer players may see action, this year's team may be better. With the all-purpose capabilities of tailback J.R. Redmond, solid blocking from flyback Jeff Paulk, a healthy Ryan Kealy at quarterback and speed at the receiver spot in Lenzie Jackson, the Sun Devils will pile up points on all but the most stubborn defenses. Arizona State's toughest opponents come to Tempe, and UCLA isn't on the schedule this year. 10–1

6. NEBRASKA

After 25 years as head coach, 255 wins, appearances in 25 consecutive bowl games and national championships in three of the past four years, Tom Osborne handed the coaching reins to 19-year assistant Frank Solich, much the way that Bob Devaney handed them to Osborne in 1973. Living up to the legend won't be easy, particularly since Nebraska might finally show a slight falloff in talent this season. Scott Frost, Ahman Green, Grant Wistrom, Aaron Taylor and Jason Peter are all Sunday players now. But the Nebraska system is still in place. That means lots of big, tough linemen who have been through the Husker weight regimen, plus classic I-backs such as DeAngelo Evans in the backfield. Bobby Newcombe is set to replace Frost at QB. The defense will be weaker up front than last season but should be stronger at defensive-back positions. Expect the Huskers to win nine games this season and finish in the top ten. Don't expect them to win another national championship. 10–2

7. FLORIDA

While coach Steve Spurrier is often described as an offensive genius, his defense has been the real strength of Gator teams the past couple of seasons. This year will be more of the same. Defensive coordinator Bob Stoops has put together another talented and tenacious group that could be better than the formidable 1997 unit. The front seven will be especially talented, with Playboy All-Americas Ed Chester and Jevon Kearse plus Reggie McGrew and Butkus semifinalist linebacker Johnny Rutledge. Quarterback Doug Johnson may not return after suffering a spring football injury. But Spurrier always finds a way to get adequate if not exceptional performance out of the QB spot, regardless of who is playing there. 9–2

8. LOUISIANA STATE

Three winning seasons, three bowl wins, more talent on the roster than at any time since Huey Long was governor—you'd have to say that Gerry DiNardo's three-year tenure at LSU has been nothing short of spectacular. DiNardo thinks this team has a legitimate shot at an SEC championship, an idea reinforced by the fact that two-time Playboy All-America running back Kevin Faulk has decided to stick around for his senior season instead of heading to the pros. Quarterback Herb Tyler, never great but usually good enough to win (23–5 as a starter), is a senior as well. Running back Rondell Mealey is nearly as good as Faulk, and the Tigers remain strong up front offensively despite the loss of first-round NFL draft pick Alan Faneca. Former Illinois head coach Lou Tepper has been brought in as defensive coach. He will switch the Tigers into a 3–4 alignment to get the linebackers more involved in the pass rush, which LSU needs to improve in order to defeat its strongest foes in the conference. 9–2

9. TENNESSEE

Coach Phillip Fulmer and the Vols now have the chance to find out what life and football are like in Knoxville without Peyton Manning. Manning never led Tennessee to the promised

"I'm sorry, lady, this isn't the psychic hotline . . . this is the sidekick hotline. . . ."

land of a national championship, but he broke every SEC passing record and set a high standard of leadership. Still, Tennessee is well equipped to face the post-Manning era. Junior Tee Martin, Manning's successor, is not a classic dropback passer but a strong and fast athlete as prone to run as he is to pass. Jamal Lewis returns at tailback after a sensational freshman season. Jeremaine Copeland and Peerless Price are quality receivers, and an experienced line should give the Vols a potent offensive attack. Dominating defense usually wins championships, and that's been Tennessee's recent weakness. Playboy All-America Al Wilson is a ferociously aggressive linebacker, but the loss of Leonard Little and Terry Fair to graduation and the NFL may hurt the Vols more than Manning's departure. 9–2

10. WEST VIRGINIA

Every few years Don Nehlen puts together a team powerful enough to make noise on the national championship scene. Last year's team looked like a winner until injuries devastated both linebacking and receiving corps. The good news is that the best of those players have recovered. Linebacker Gary Stills is good enough to play on Sunday, while noseguard John Thornton is a four-year starter with strength and quickness. As strong as the Mountaineers defense could be, the offense will be better. Junior Amos Zereoue is one of the best running backs in the nation, especially behind an offensive line that boasts three all-conference behemoths. Quarterback duties are in the steady hands of junior Marc Bulger, whose 2415-yard passing total last season was the second best in UWV history. The receiving corps will be bolstered by the return of David Saunders and Khori Ivy, both sidelined with injuries for parts of last season. It could be a big year for the Mountaineers if they can get by Ohio State in their September 5 season opener. 8–3

11. NORTH CAROLINA

Regardless of how successful Mack Brown was as a football coach at North Carolina, basketball is king at Chapel Hill. With Bill Guthridge on his way to getting more money after his first season as head hoops coach than Brown was making after ten years as football coach, Brown decided it was time to move on, taking over the Texas Longhorns' program in December. Carl Torbush, Brown's outstanding defensive coach, took over and won his first game at the end of the season when North Carolina whipped Virginia Tech 42–3 in the Gator Bowl. Oscar Davenport has recovered from a broken ankle and is ready to resume the quarterback job he held for the first nine weeks of last season. There is talent but little experience in the offensive line and at running back. The offense suffered a blow when tight end Alge Crumpler blew out his knee in spring practice. He is lost for the year. Some defensive blue-chippers have left for the NFL, but Playboy All-America Dre' Bly, the best college corner since Deion Sanders, is back for his junior season. 8–3

12. PENN STATE

Joe Paterno isn't just a living legend, he's a still-coaching legend. With 48 years at Penn State, 32 as head coach, Paterno (298-77-3) can reach 300 career victories before the Nittany Lions get to the regular Big Ten schedule. But doing something well for a long time doesn't necessarily make it easier. Last year, after being touted as a potential number one in the nation by at least one leading sports publication, the Lions were a little slower, and less talented, than hyped and wound up dropping three of their last five games, including a 21–6 loss to Florida in the Citrus Bowl. Running back Curtis Enis left with a year of eligibility remaining; quarterback Mike McQueary and receiver Joe Jurevicius are gone as well. Paterno expects Kevin Thompson, a traditional drop-back passer, or Rashard Casey, a more athletic, mobile type, to replace McQueary. Cordell Mitchell and Aaron Harris appear solid in the backfield, and Paterno has more 300-pound types than usual to put on the front line. Linebacking will be a PSU strength, with Brandon Short being the best of the group. Courtney Brown will get lots of sacks and hurries from his defensive-end spot. This team doesn't deserve the preseason hype of last year's team but may be more competitive. 8–3

13. COLORADO STATE

Sonny Lubick's Colorado State team is an emerging program that fans east of the Rockies know little about. The Rams are coming off an 11–2 season (topped with a 35–24 Holiday Bowl win over an improving Missouri team) and a national ranking at 17. Lubick has 17 starters back from that team plus a recruiting class he describes as his best ever. He was especially pleased when quarterback prospect Steve Cutlip turned down Notre Dame to play for CSU. However, with the graduation of Moses Moreno, the quarterbacking duties this season will fall to senior Ryan Eslinger. Lubick's offensive line is a good one, particularly at the guard spot held by Anthony Cesario. The Rams return two 1000-yard rushers at fullback with Damon Washington and Kevin McDougal. Lubick describes his defense, led by linebacker Nate Kvamme, as having the best size and speed combination in school history. If Eslinger can fill Moreno's shoes, the Rams have an outside chance at something better than another invitation to the Holiday Bowl. 10–2

14. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI

The Golden Eagles have dominated Conference USA since it added football

"It was 'damn the torpedoes,' Vincent—not 'fuck the torpedoes.'"

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Rest of the Best

QUARTERBACKS: Cade McNown (UCLA), Tim Couch (Kentucky), Donovan McNabb (Syracuse), Corby Jones (Missouri), Tim Rattay (Louisiana Tech), Shaun King (Tulane), Chad Pennington (Marshall), Michael Bishop (Kansas State), Chris Redman (Louisville)

RUNNING BACKS: Amos Zereoue (West Virginia), Jamal Lewis (Tennessee), Sedrick Irvin (Michigan State), De'Mond Parker (Oklahoma), Travis Prentice (Miami of Ohio), Autry Denson (Notre Dame), J.R. Redmond (Arizona State), Rob Konrad (Syracuse), Travis Minor (Florida State)

RECEIVERS: D'Wayne Bates (Northwestern), Torry Holt (North Carolina State), Troy Edwards (Louisiana Tech), Jeremaine Copeland (Tennessee), Tai Streets, Jerome Tuman (Michigan), Eugene Baker (Kent State), Sherrod Gideon (Southern Mississippi), Rufus French (Mississippi), Brandon Stokley (Southwestern Louisiana)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Josh Heskew (Nebraska), Derek Rose (Iowa), Eric Allen (Mississippi State), Rob Riti (Missouri), Ryan Young (Kansas State), Todd Frohbieter (Arkansas State), Anthony Cesario (Colorado State), Frank Mindrup (Air Force), Rob Murphy (Ohio State), Kris Farris (UCLA), Scott Oster (Temple), Derek Smith (Virginia Tech), Mike Rosenthal (Notre Dame), Todd McClure (Louisiana State), John Tait (BYU)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Jimmy Brumbaugh (Auburn), Rosevelt Colvin (Purdue), Luke Johnson (SMU), Inoke Breckterfield (Oregon State), Tom Burke (Wisconsin), Montae Reagor (Texas Tech), Antonio Dingle (Virginia), Chris Hood (Alabama), John Thornton (West Virginia), Gary Holmes (Washington State), Adewale Ogunleye (Indiana), Kabeer Gbaja-Biamila (San Diego State), Chris Hovan (Boston College), Courtney Brown (Penn State)

LINEBACKERS: Chris Claiborne (USC), Jeff Kelly (Kansas State), Johnny Rutledge (Florida), Lamont Green (Florida State), Sam Sword (Michigan), Kory Minor (Notre Dame), Nate Kvamme (Colorado State), Barry Gardner (Northwestern), Wali Rainer (Virginia), Gary Stills (West Virginia), Roderick Coleman (East Carolina), Phil Glover (Utah), Brandon Short (Penn State)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Chris McAlister (Arizona), Roland "Champ" Bailey (Georgia), Ralph Brown (Nebraska), Mitchell Freedman (Arizona State), Larry Atkins (UCLA), Lamont Thompson (Washington State), Dexter Jackson (Florida State), Marcus Ray (Michigan)

KICK RETURNERS: Tinker Keck (Cincinnati), R. Jay Soward (USC), Deon Mitchell (Northern Illinois), Troy Walters (Stanford)

PLACEKICKERS: Shayne Graham (Virginia Tech), Jeff Hall (Tennessee), Brad Palazzo (Tulane), Sims Lenhardt (Duke), Chris Sailer (UCLA), Kris Brown (Nebraska), Brian Gowins (Northwestern), Matt Davenport (Wisconsin)

PUNTERS: Rodney Williams (Georgia Tech), Shane Lechler (Texas A&M), Jimmy Kibble (Virginia Tech), Aron Langley (Wyoming), Jeff Walker (Mississippi State)

two years ago, and will continue to do so this season. Finishing last year with a number 19 national ranking, USM needs a couple of nonconference wins to be recognized for more than being Brett Favre's alma mater. If two-year starting quarterback Lee Roberts duplicates last year's numbers this season, he will approach many of Favre's school passing marks. Wide receiver Sherrod Gideon is Roberts' premiere go-to man. Adalius Thomas plays coach Jeff Bower's roving "bandit" position on the defensive line so well that he has caught the eye of several NFL scouts. If the Eagles get their wings clipped, it will be in the defensive backfield, where they lack experience and depth. 8–3

15. COLORADO

High expectations gave way to shock and then panic as Colorado stumbled to its first losing season (5–6) since 1984. Third-year wunderkind coach Rick Neuheisel was left with the impression that perhaps he'd been too lenient on a team that "didn't have the best senior leadership." Neuheisel declared every starting position open for competition this spring, including the quarterback spot. Sophomore Adam Bledsoe (brother of the Patriots' Drew) and junior Jeremy Weisinger are the leading contenders. The Buffs have lots of running backs, the best of whom is Marlon Barnes. There are solid receivers in Darrin Chiaverini and Marcus Stiggers, and cornerback Ben Kelly is a threat as kick returner. Defensively, Colorado should be better than last year, especially at the corners and at wide side linebacker, where Hannibal Navies can be dominating. An easy early schedule promises to get the Buffs off to a better start, though Kansas State and Nebraska will be waiting for them down the line. 8–3

16. UCLA

Last year's season for the Bruins began with a whimper (0–2) and ended with a bang as Bob Toledo's squad ran the table for ten straight wins, including a 29–23 victory over Texas A&M in the Cotton Bowl. Quarterback Cade McNown, who threw for 3116 yards and 24 touchdowns against only six interceptions, was a huge factor in UCLA's resurgent success. McNown is back and, with a couple of topflight receivers, he has to be considered one of the favorites to win the Heisman Trophy. Running back Skip Hicks has graduated to the pros, and the success of replacements Jermaine Lewis and Keith Brown will determine whether opposing defenses will have to respect the Bruins' ground game. The offensive line is led by one of the big guys, 6'9", 310-pound Kris Farris. The defense is talented but its inexperience may well prove to be UCLA's Achilles' heel. Toledo landed what many think is the nation's number one recruiting class, which augurs well for the future. 8–3

17. ARIZONA

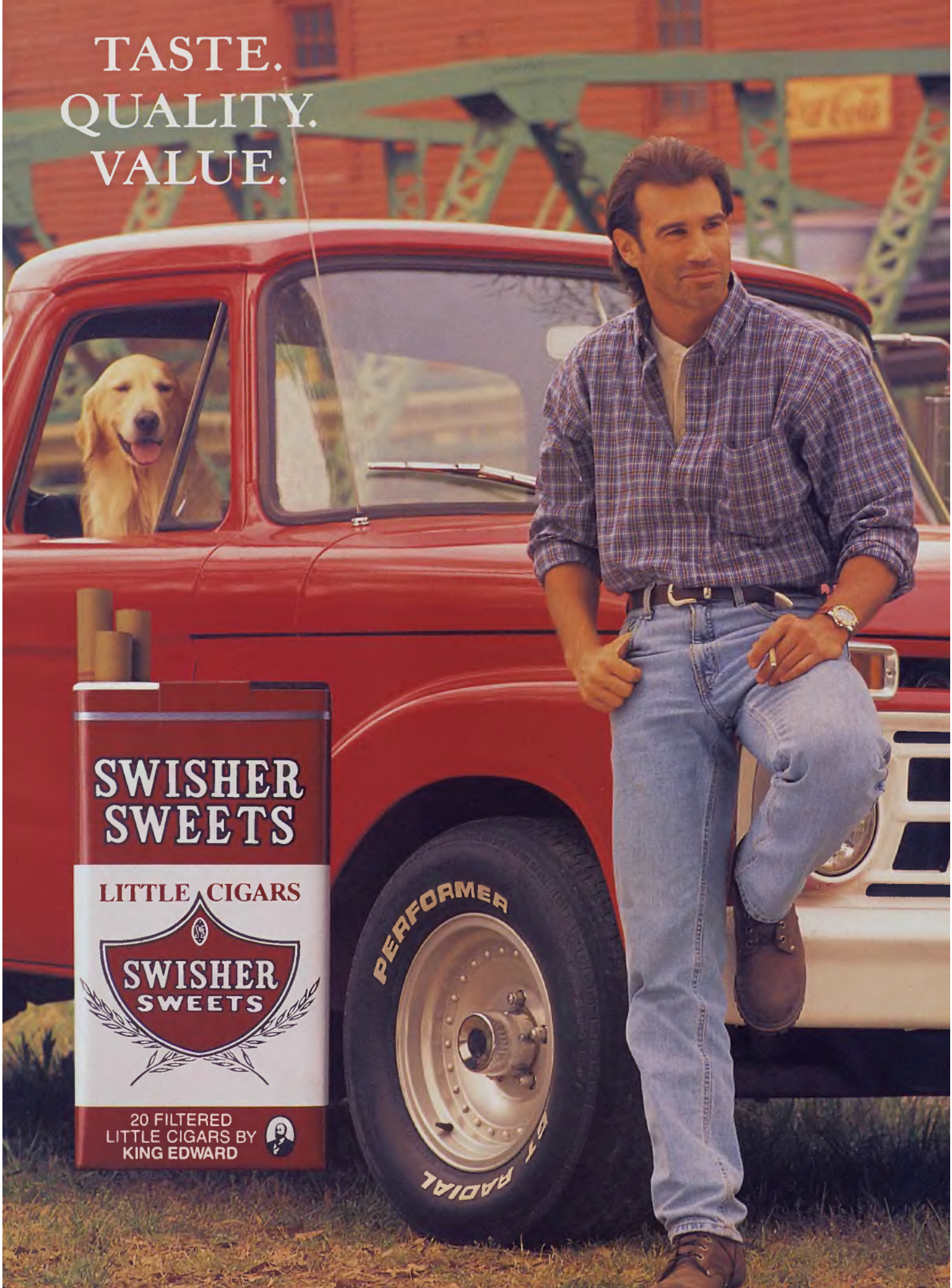
The Wildcats may be the dark horse team in the Pac Ten this year. Arizona has a loaded offense that includes two talented quarterbacks with experience (junior Keith Smith and sophomore Ortege Jenkins), a solid running game and lots of speed at wide receiver. And underrated coach Dick Tomey has reshuffled his staff, promoting Dino Babers to offensive coordinator and bringing in former Hawaii head coach Bob Wagner to help with the defense. Wagner will use a shifty up-front defense backed up by man-to-man coverage in the secondary. Senior cornerback Chris McAlister is surefire NFL material. The Wildcats may not be able to win the Pac Ten title this year, but they could knock a favorite or two out of the race. 8–4

18. SYRACUSE

Notoriously slow out of the gate the past couple of years under coach Paul Pasqualoni, Syracuse walloped Wisconsin 34–0 in last season's opener, only to surrender 30-plus points to each of its next three opponents and fall to 1–3. The defense, led by Donovin Darius, Tebucky Jones and Antwaune Ponds, finally responded, and Syracuse won its next eight before losing to Kansas State in the Fiesta Bowl. Problem for Pasqualoni is that his three defensive stalwarts are now in the NFL and it's not clear who will replace them. In the meantime the offense is loaded. Quarterback Donovan McNabb, two-time Big East Offensive Player of the Year, returns for his senior season. Rob Konrad, whose injury-plagued career has so far stopped him from cashing in on his enormous potential, will run out of the fullback spot. Playboy All-America Quinton Spotwood, conference Special Teams Player of the Year last season, has all the moves to be a great receiver. With their first two games against Tennessee and defending national champ Michigan, Pasqualoni and crew could once again find the early going tough. 7–4

19. GEORGIA TECH

The Yellow Jackets dropped games to Notre Dame, Virginia and Georgia by a total of 11 points and still came away with seven wins last season. With most of the team returning and a solid recruiting class brought in by coach George O'Leary, Tech should field its best team since its 1990 national championship squad. Junior quarterback Joe Hamilton, who set school records for pass completion percentage and total offense, is a potent weapon and Tech's best offensive threat. He's fronted by an experienced line and backed by a deep group of running backs, including versatile Charles Wiley and speedy scatback Charlie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Playboy's Conference Predictions

ATLANTIC COAST

FLORIDA STATE	11–1
NORTH CAROLINA	8–3
GEORGIA TECH	7–4
VIRGINIA	7–4
WAKE FOREST	6–5
CLEMSON	6–5
NORTH CAROLINA STATE	5–6
MARYLAND	3–8
DUKE	2–9

BIG EAST

WEST VIRGINIA	8–3
SYRACUSE	7–4
VIRGINIA TECH	7–4
MIAMI	6–5
PITTSBURGH	5–6
BOSTON COLLEGE	5–6
TEMPLE	3–8
RUTGERS	2–9

BIG TEN

OHIO STATE	11–0
MICHIGAN	11–1
PENN STATE	8–3
WISCONSIN	8–3
MICHIGAN STATE	8–4
IOWA	7–4
PURDUE	7–5
NORTHWESTERN	6–6
MINNESOTA	4–7
INDIANA	3–8
ILLINOIS	2–9

BIG TWELVE

NORTH DIVISION

KANSAS STATE	11–0
NEBRASKA	10–2
COLORADO	8–3
MISSOURI	7–4
KANSAS	5–6
IOWA STATE	3–8

SOUTH DIVISION

OKLAHOMA STATE	7–4
OKLAHOMA	6–5
TEXAS	6–5
TEXAS A&M	6–6
TEXAS TECH	4–7
BAYLOR	2–9

BIG WEST

UTAH STATE	6–5
IDAHO	6–5
NEVADA	5–6
BOISE STATE	5–6
NORTH TEXAS	3–8
NEW MEXICO STATE	2–9

CONFERENCE USA

SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI	8–3
CINCINNATI	8–3
TULANE	8–3
EAST CAROLINA	5–6
LOUISVILLE	4–7
ARMY	4–7
MEMPHIS	3–8
HOUSTON	3–8

INDEPENDENTS

NOTRE DAME	7–4
CENTRAL FLORIDA	7–4
LOUISIANA TECH	7–5
ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM	5–6
NAVY	4–7
NORTHEAST LOUISIANA	4–7
ARKANSAS STATE	3–9
SW LOUISIANA	2–9

MID-AMERICAN

EAST DIVISION

MARSHALL	9–2
MIAMI	7–4
OHIO	6–5
KENT STATE	5–6
BOWLING GREEN STATE	4–7
AKRON	3–8

WEST DIVISION

TOLEDO	9–2
EASTERN MICHIGAN	6–5
WESTERN MICHIGAN	5–6
BALL STATE	5–6
CENTRAL MICHIGAN	4–7
NORTHERN ILLINOIS	2–9

PACIFIC TEN

ARIZONA STATE	10–1
UCLA	8–3
ARIZONA	8–4
WASHINGTON	7–4
USC	7–5
STANFORD	5–6
OREGON	5–6
WASHINGTON STATE	5–6
OREGON STATE	3–8
CALIFORNIA	3–8

SOUTHEASTERN

EAST DIVISION

FLORIDA	9–2
TENNESSEE	9–2
GEORGIA	7–4
SOUTH CAROLINA	6–5
KENTUCKY	6–5
VANDERBILT	3–8

WEST DIVISION

LOUISIANA STATE	9–2
MISSISSIPPI	7–4
AUBURN	7–4
MISSISSIPPI STATE	6–5
ARKANSAS	5–6
ALABAMA	4–7

WESTERN ATHLETIC

MOUNTAIN DIVISION

COLORADO STATE	10–2
AIR FORCE	7–4
WYOMING	7–4
RICE	6–5
SMU	6–6
TULSA	4–7
TCU	3–8
UNLV	2–9

PACIFIC DIVISION

BYU	8–4
UTAH	7–4
NEW MEXICO	7–5
UTEP	6–5
FRESNO STATE	5–6
SAN JOSE STATE	5–7
SAN DIEGO STATE	4–7
HAWAII	3–9

Rogers. Linebackers Keith Brooking and Ron Rogers graduated, but all-conference candidates Delaunta Cameron and Justin Robertson will fill their shoes. New defensive coordinator Randy Edsall is expecting 300-pound sophomore Tony Robinson to solidify Tech's interior line. The schedule is a shade easier than last year's, giving the Jackets a good shot at another bowl. 7–4

20. NOTRE DAME

It's been a truly ugly year for the Irish. Notre Dame lost five of its first seven games last season. Irish fans booed senior quarterback Ron Powlus. Coach Bob Davie managed to rally his troops to five straight wins and Irish pride was restored, but only momentarily. An age-discrimination suit filed by former Davie assistant Joe Moore was decided against the university. Testimony at the trial included accounts of Davie questioning the mental stability of a former head coach and football players viewing cheerleaders having sex. Notre Dame athletic director Mike Wadsworth said of the trial, "It's not one of our proudest moments." But football will prevail again this fall at South Bend. Davie is still coach and he has a fine option quarterback in Jarious Jackson. Back Autry Denson should tally his third 1000-yard rushing season. Notre Dame does not have a dominating player on defense, though the linebacking corps, particularly Kory Minor, shows promise. 7–4

Here are a few more teams that could crack the Top 20.

WASHINGTON

Coach Jim Lambright, who has done a solid job since taking over the UW program five years ago (38-19-1), has major rebuilding to do this season. The Huskies lost 11 starters from last year's 8–4 team, seven of whom were first-team all-conference players. Offensive linemen Benji Olson and Olin Kreutz departed a year early for the NFL. Playboy All-America guard Tony Coats will be the mainstay up front, while talented quarterback Brock Huard breaks in some untested receivers. Washington's defense has talent, but experience and depth are in short supply. A brutal early schedule includes Arizona State, BYU and Nebraska. 7–4

MISSISSIPPI

The effects of NCAA sanctions, which limited the number of scholarship players, finally faded in Oxford last season as third-year coach Tommy Tuberville led the Rebs to an 8–4 season capped by a 34–31 victory over Marshall in the first-ever Ford Motor City Bowl. Things may get dicey this season until sophomore quarterback Romaro Miller gets some game experience. Miller backed up now-graduated Stewart Patridge last year but

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The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as excellence on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner gets to attend PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, is given a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY contributes $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Eric de Groh from the University of West Virginia. An offensive center for the Mountaineers, Eric was second-team All–Big East last season and an NSCA strength All-America. Academically, he's won numerous awards including being named a three-year Big East Scholar/Athlete, a GTE/CoSida All-America, a member of the Gator Bowl Scholar/Athlete. He was one of 11 players nationwide named to the CFA Good Works for exemplary volunteer work at WVU Children's Hospital. For the past two summers, Eric has done research at the Randolph Cancer Center as a Joe Marconi Fellow. His major is biology and his overall GPA is 3.86.

Honorable mention: Matt Stinchcomb (Georgia), Matt Reischl (Iowa), Brian Shaw (Nebraska), Patrick Stephen (Northern Illinois), Jake Stueve (Missouri), Keith Cockrum (Texas Tech), Jason deGroot (Houston), Chad Smith (New Mexico), Nate Kvamme (Colorado State), Patrick Kneib (Boston College), Dusty Renfro (Texas), Brian Brown (Wyoming), Rob Renes (Michigan), Parc Williams (Minnesota), Chad Pennington (Marshall), John Baker (North Texas), Larry Ramirez (Oregon State), Josh Tucker (Tennessee), Jeff Popovich (Miami), Mark Baniewicz (Syracuse), Shawn Stuart (UCLA), Jerry Rudzinski (Ohio State), Jeremy Morgan (SMU), Barry Gardner (Northwestern).

took few snaps. Tuberville's offensive line is solid, and running back Deuce McAllister will reliably replace departed John Avery. The best offensive player for Ole Miss is tight end Rufus French, whose 43 receptions last season ranked first among tight ends in the SEC. Defensively, the Rebs have to replace their entire linebacking corps, but end Derrick Burgess is a star in the making. 7–4

GEORGIA

The Bulldogs recorded their first ten-win season since 1992 last year, a performance that put two-year coach Jim Donnan at the top of wish lists at several major schools with head coaching vacancies. Donnan decided to stay put and landed a Top Five recruiting class heavy on brothers: Jon Stinchcomb is the brother of Playboy All-America offensive lineman Matt; Boss Bailey's brother is do-everything cornerback and wide receiver Champ; and Terrence Edwards is brother of running back Robert, now playing in the NFL. While there is lots of talent on this team, the Dogs may step back from last year's success because of the loss of players such as Robert Edwards, quarterback Mike Bobo and wide receiver Hines Ward. Finding an adequate replacement for Bobo will be Donnan's biggest challenge. 7–4

OKLAHOMA STATE

Bob Simmons, voted Big 12 Coach of the Year last season, has done a remarkable three-year job of turning around a mediocre Cowboy football program. OSU finished last season with an 8–4 record (which included two losses in OT) and a number 24 ranking in the national polls. Sixteen starters return from that squad, including sophomore quarterback Tony Lindsay and running backs Jamaal Fobbs and Nathan Simmons, who combined for more than 1500 rushing yards last year. The Cowboy offense, which last season averaged more than 29 points per game, should continue to roll. Linebacker Kenyatta Wright returns, as do seven other defensive starters. There have been significant losses in the secondary, and all-conference punter Jason Davis has to be replaced. However, a spot in the top 20 and another bowl are within reach. 7–4

AUBURN

It didn't feel as though the Auburn Tigers and coach Terry Bowden got much in the way of attention or respect last season, considering their ten wins included a 21–17 Peach Bowl victory over Clemson. But expectations are high at Auburn, and if a run at the national title (or at least an SEC championship) isn't in the cards, ten wins won't get much more than a yawn from the faithful. The bad news is that this year ten wins may be tough for the Tigers to come by. A looming question is whether Ben Leard can successfully replace quarterback Dameyune Craig, who at times over the past two seasons seemed to be Auburn's offense. Bowden would like to get back to a run-first offense, but he's still waiting for one of the Tigers' several tailbacks to step up. And, according to Bowden, "If you have more than one tailback, you don't have a tailback." The defense will miss linebackers Takeo Spikes and Ricky Neal, but there's lots of talent left, including all-SEC defensive end Jimmy Brumbaugh. 7–4

WISCONSIN

Coach Barry Alvarez is a devotee of the rushing game. "Historically, successful teams in the Big Ten have run the ball," says the Badgers' third winningest coach. With Playboy All-America running back Ron Dayne in the backfield and massive tackles Aaron Gibson (another Playboy All-America) and Chris McIntosh leading the way up front, Alvarez certainly has the beef to back up his claim. Wisconsin has an experienced two-year starter at quarterback in Mike Samuel, and Matt Davenport's field goals twice beat opponents in the final seconds last season. Alvarez needs some quality receivers and the semblance of a passing attack to keep defenses from playing all 11 near the line. The Badgers' defense returns eight starters from last year, including end Tom Burke, who had 19 tackles for losses. Wisconsin's cornerbacks are young and untested, a potential weakness that opponents will attempt to exploit. 8–3

MISSOURI

It was one of those games that players and coaches will talk about the rest of their lives, a game that fans never forget. After 59 minutes and 59 seconds, the Tigers had taken everything the Cornhuskers could muster and were in the lead. And even though the impossible happened and Missouri lost to Nebraska for the 19th straight time, the game served notice that coach Larry Smith's rebuilding process is working and that the Tigers have returned to the world of competitive college football. With quarterback Corby Jones returning behind an experienced offensive line, Smith's team should again be in contention for a bowl bid. 7–4

TULANE

Evidently, if your name is Bowden, you know how to coach football. Father Bobby has been a success at Florida State so long that no one can remember when the Seminoles weren't good. Brother Terry was an immediate success at Auburn, but, then, the Tigers had a winning tradition in football. In accepting the head coaching job at Tulane last year, Tommy took on a program that hadn't won seven games in a season since 1980. So the Green Wave promptly won seven,

and with quarterback Shaun King returning along with everyone from a defensive secondary that led the nation in interceptions, Bowden sees no reason the Wave shouldn't go bowling in 1998. Tulane's kick-and-punt tandem of Brad Palazzo and Brad Hill is one of the best in the nation. 8–3

PURDUE

What a difference the right coach makes. Newcomer Joe Tiller engineered an amazing turnaround at Purdue as the Boilermakers finished 9–3, their first winning season since 1984. How did he do it? He made the best possible use of the limited talent available and convinced his players they could win. Now Tiller, formerly head coach at Wyoming, has landed a strong recruiting class that includes seven junior college players who should help immediately. There's significant talent returning on the defensive side, especially at end, where Rosevelt Colvin had 12.5 sacks last year. Sophomore Drew Brees, who was the Texas high school offensive MVP two years ago, will replace Billy Dicken at quarterback. 7–5

CINCINNATI

Coach Rick Minter has been steadily rebuilding Cincinnati's football program since he took over four years ago. Last season his efforts started to show results as the Bearcats finished a strong 8–4 (including a 35–19 win over Utah State in the Humanitarian Bowl). Minter will rotate quarterbacks this season, alternating Chad Plummer, who runs the option well, with Deontey Kenner, a better natural passer. One of the Bearcats' primary weapons on offense and defense is senior Tinker Keck, who returned four punts for touchdowns in 1997 and made four interceptions at free safety. 8–3

MICHIGAN STATE

The Spartans have one of the top running backs in the nation in junior Sedrick Irvin. But with the graduation of two-year starting quarterback Todd Schultz, coach Nick Saban will have to find someone else to hand Irvin the ball. Junior Bill Burke is Schultz' heir apparent, if he can recover from a back injury that plagued him last season. Playboy All-America Robaire Smith and Dimitrius Underwood may be the best pair of defensive ends in the Big Ten. 8–4

IOWA

Hayden Fry's tall order at Iowa is to find replacements for quarterback Matt Sherman, running back Tavian Banks and receiver–kick returner Tim Dwight. Rob Thein appears to have won the running back spot, but will be pushed by freshman Ladell Betts. Randy Reiners and Scott Mullen are still battling for the quarterback position. With Playboy All-America defensive tackle Jared DeVries backed up by linebacker Matt Hughes, the Hawkeyes should be tough against the run. 7–4

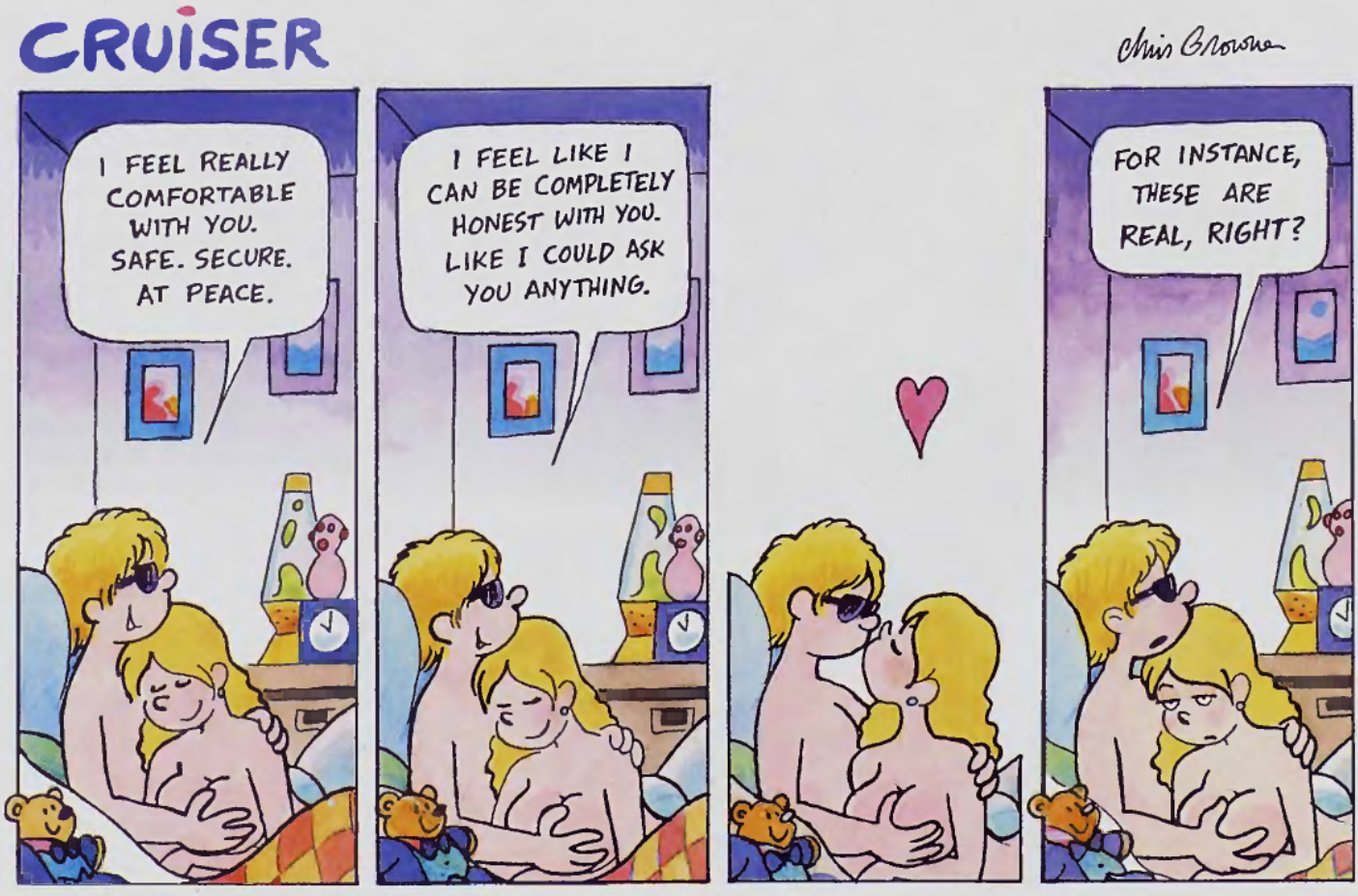
BRIGHAM YOUNG

Veteran coach LaVell Edwards, who has groomed so many quarterbacks for the NFL, has an abundance of promising QB prospects this season. Junior lefty Kevin Feterik has the most experience, but sophomore Drew Miller may have more talent. Mike Phelps and Brandon Doman, both returning from church missions, could also figure in the mix. Tackle John Tait is a potential All-America, but the rest of BYU's offensive line is green. 8–4

TOLEDO AND MARSHALL

Two talented teams in the Mid-American conference should be strong again this season. Toledo, which got off to an amazing 8–0 start last season (including a victory over Purdue) returns quarterback Chris Wallace and All-MAC running back Dwayne Harris. Wasean Tait, who was the second leading rusher in the nation in 1995, also returns after missing most of two seasons with injuries. Defending MAC champion Marshall will be tough again this season even though wide-receiver phenomenon Randy Moss has moved his act to the pros. Quarterback Chad Pennington is one of the most underrated quarterbacks in the nation. 9–2 and 9–2

For our look at all 112 Division IA teams, check out www.playboy.com/collegefootball.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PORNO FOR TYROS

(continued from page 87)

On almost every porn set, if a woman says, "Fuck it, I'm not doing this," then it's over.

shooting a scene in a club, when Matt walked up to me and said, "Dude, *South Park* got picked up as a series." And we went, "Whoa, OK." We had done this other movie, *Cannibal: The Musical*, and *Orgazmo* was going to be another one of those. It would be this thing for our friends, and a few people would see it, and people would hate it, and then there would be a core group of people that would love it, and that would be that. And now, all of a sudden, it's "from the creators of *South Park*." I love *Orgazmo*; it's just that it was meant to be this under-the-radar sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Sorry, Trey. You can't do anything under the radar anymore. Haven't you heard?

PARKER: Right. Ironically, the MPAA is sort of helping me with that. It gave the movie an NC-17 rating, so there's only so many ways it can be advertised.

PLAYBOY: NC-17? For a movie about porn, *Orgazmo* is tame.

PARKER: Yeah, it's a joke. There's no nudity in it, there's no sex, really, there's no real violence. It's ridiculous. That's supposed to be part of the irony, that it's a movie about porn but it's a totally wholesome story. It's really about a good person who remains a good person, who wins, who conquers evil and that's that. What's unfortunate is that the NC-17 rating tells people to see the movie because there's raw sex and nudity, and now people will go and be disappointed. I had it in mind all the time as being a PG-13 movie.

PLAYBOY: So what if Orgazmo's sidekick, Choda-Boy, has rockets and stuff shooting out of his dick.

PARKER: Exactly! Compare it with something like *Seven*, in which there's a woman lying on a bed who's been raped with a razor dildo. That's OK. But don't say DVDA.

PLAYBOY: Which stands for double vaginal, double anal, a sex act the movie tells us is worth a lot of money to the woman who will perform it.

PARKER: That whole DVDA thing was almost word for word a conversation I had with a woman on a porn set. Matt and I hung out at two or three porn shoots in Los Angeles, and something funny would always come out of them that would end up in *Orgazmo*. We were always hanging around doing stupid shit. One time the director wanted a bunch of bubbles blowing while a scene was going on, so we sat there blowing bubbles.

PLAYBOY: You didn't just watch, you were participants.

PARKER: Yeah, we blew bubbles. Our lawyer kept telling us, "Hey, guys, you sit in the barber's chair long enough, you're going to get your hair cut."

PLAYBOY: What were your misconceptions about porn going into this?

PARKER: Guys in the business were telling me that it's the one business where the roles are reversed and the women have all the power, and I was like, "What are you talking about?" But then you see the women making $800 a scene, while the guys make $50. And on almost every set, if a woman says, "Fuck it, I'm not doing this," then it's over. For the most part, they're very powerful, very strong women. And what shocked me was that the majority of them are doing it because they're just nymphos. They're like, "I have to fuck all the time, so I might as well get paid for it." It's all professional and businesslike, and definitely not any more scummy than usual Hollywood business is.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the idea of putting a Mormon missionary in porn movies?

PARKER: You know, the norm in comedy has been to take a regular situation and put zany characters in it. Our style is to take a normal character and put him in a fucked-up situation. That's what *South Park* is all about: You take average eight-year-olds and you drop them in with Mecha-Streisand and Death and all that shit. And that's what *Orgazmo* is: You take the all-American boy, this nice Mormon with a nice haircut, and drop him into the world of porn.

PLAYBOY: You grew up around Mormons, right?

PARKER: Oh yeah. Utah's right next door, and there was a lot of overflow. My first girlfriend was Mormon.

PLAYBOY: What is the funniest thing about Mormons?

PARKER: Well, to me, the funniest thing is that I've never met a Mormon I didn't like. They're good people. You could say the movie is a shot at Mormons, but on the other hand, the guy who is a Mormon is the guy who wins and the guy you like. He doesn't change faiths or anything like that. It's not so much that Mormons amuse me, it's that they represent an end-all wholesomeness.

PLAYBOY: A million-dollar budget and a five-week shooting schedule don't sound like much, but they're a lot more than you'd ever had. Were you nervous?

PARKER: It was totally scary. *Orgazmo* was my first experience with a shooting schedule, a prop department. I was like, "What the fuck?" A million dollars is a lot of fucking money, and there was a crew of 28 people. I remember the first day I walked onto the set and saw trailers and stuff. I just went, "Holy shit." I was freaked out.

PLAYBOY: And now, a year and a half later, this little movie is coming out, and you and Matt have become big stars.

PARKER: Yeah, it's hysterical. In *Orgazmo* we look like we're about 12. It's like watching Clinton before he was president. You can see how much this shit aged us in a year and a half.

"Oh, sure, you remember him. He's our congressman. . . . You voted for him twice."

Tori Spelling

(continued from page 122)

"How's it going?" I'm thinking, Wow, he's cute, he likes me, he's into me. And then, "How's the show this season?" It happens all the time. It happens not just with boyfriends but also with friends. You know, I've had friends—I thought they were friends—and we'll all hang out and a month later it'll be like, "So, I'm auditioning for the show and just wanted to let you know." It's rough.

17

PLAYBOY: If someone were to steal a videotape from your private collection, what would he see on it?

SPELLING: This is kind of embarrassing: probably soap operas. I have a million tapes of *Santa Barbara*.

One time a boyfriend and I videotaped ourselves having sex while on vacation. We shot it, but erased it afterward. We were ahead of the times.

18

PLAYBOY: You've said that if you were a man for a day, one of the things you would do is masturbate. What makes you think you'd be good at it?

SPELLING: Is there a wrong way to masturbate? You do whatever feels good, right? I'm sure I'd be able to figure out which stroke satisfies my needs. And I'd definitely have sex with a woman to see what being on the other side is like.

19

PLAYBOY: What's the most appealing or bewildering part of male plumbing?

SPELLING: I don't think I'd want something swinging between my legs, knocking me in the legs. Damn, that's annoying. And there are two other things behind it. I wouldn't be into that. It's appealing because it's right there. It's out there. It would turn me into Al Bundy, with my hand down my pants. It would be like, Yes, my piece. I'd be just holding it. Actually, I don't know if I'd want to share it with anybody. I probably wouldn't leave my house. Big bottle of Lubriderm and I would stay home.

20

PLAYBOY: Is oral sex adultery?

SPELLING: Any dealings below the belt with another person are adultery. Besides, I think oral sex is more intimate than intercourse. This sounds bad, but you can almost disconnect when you're having regular sex, because it's not like you're touching it. But when it's in your mouth, that's very private. I would have to know a man really, really well before I'd do that. I think it's great, but. . . .

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Nick (VA) ***"I attracted women like flies."***

Rowan (MN) *"This is my 2nd order. I want to get another 10X because my school reunion is coming up at the end of the month. I'll tell you, IT WORKS!...* ***I always make sure to put it on when I am going to be with my girlfriend. She gets more excited,*** *you know? She says, 'I don't know what it is but you do something to me.' I am not going to say anything to her."*

Jim, (CT) ***"Women are crowding around me in social situations.*** *10X really works! Other men are trying to figure out what I have that they don't. Women say to me, 'There's something about you that attracts me.'"*

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THE JOY OF SEX (continued from page 104)

They admitted they had "a whole drawerful" of vibrators, which were also "inspired" by God.

tonight, after the children are in bed, place a lighted candle on the floor and seduce him under the dining room table. Or lead him to the sofa. How about in the hammock? Or the garden? Even if you can't actually follow through, at least the suggestion is exciting. He may say, 'We don't have a hammock.' You can reply, 'Oh darling, I forgot!'"

Morgan encouraged women to dress like pixies, pirates, cowgirls and showgirls, to risk even the "no-bra look." One Total Woman greeted her husband at the door in black mesh stockings, high heels, an apron and nothing else. The husband "took one look and shouted, 'Praise the Lord!'"

The Total Woman sold more than two million copies, many through Christian bookstores. Of course, Morgan offended feminists. Joyce Maynard looked at Total Women and mused, "It is quite a different kind of liberation these women long for. How distant Gloria Steinem in her aviator glasses must seem; how unreal this talk of open marriage and bisexuality and vibrators that free women from male tyranny. Faced with a choice between certain safety and a decidedly uncertain chance for ecstasy, they will choose safety. If it is the aim of Steinem and Greer and Abzug and Millett to wage a war, it is the heartfelt aim of this other kind of woman to keep the peace."

But Morgan was part of a wave of sexual permission within the church. As the authors of *Re-Making Love* discovered, there was no shortage of sex advice in the Bible. The Reverend Tim LaHaye and his wife, Beverly, found that the Song of Solomon seemed to approve clitoral manipulation: "Let his left hand be under my head and his right hand embrace me" described the best position for fondling.

The Reverend Charles and Martha Shedd, authors of *Celebration in the Bedroom*, admitted on *The Phil Donahue Show* that they had "a whole drawerful" of vibrators, which were also "inspired" by God.

Helen Andelin, a competitor of Marabel Morgan, headed her own movement, called Fascinating Womanhood. Andelin encouraged her followers to pretend they were little girls, even to the point of buying mary janes, anklets and ruffled gingham dresses inspired by the children's department.

All the permission givers had one goal: greater pleasure.

RX FOR SEX

Thea Lowry, a sex therapist in San Francisco, summed up the lesson of the sexual revolution in one sentence: "Although sex is perfectly natural, it is not always naturally perfect."

What JFK had once said about the economy, that a rising tide floats all boats, both large and small, simply was not true for sex. The people drowning in the sea of provocation were legion.

In 1970 Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson released *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, the second volume based on their landmark research. Volume one, *Human Sexual Response*, had described the physiology of healthy sex. The second volume focused on dysfunctional sex. The St. Louis–based research team estimated that half of all marriages in the U.S. were crippled by one type of sexual inadequacy or another. But most problems could by cured by education or through two-week interventions. Masters and Johnson developed techniques for treating impotence, frigidity and premature ejaculation.

Masters and Johnson insisted on treating couples as units: A sexual problem did not involve just the individual. Take premature ejaculation, or coming too quickly. This had not been exactly a household affliction or a topic of discussion at the bridge club. Masters and Johnson defined the term not with a stopwatch, but in its effect on the female partner. A man was premature if, during intercourse, he reached orgasm before his partner at least half the time. Her satisfaction was as important as his. Conversely, a woman wasn't simply frigid—she may have felt too guilty to give herself permission to enjoy sex, or her partner may have been ignorant of sexual anatomy. There was no one way to reach orgasm, no right way. Finding something that worked for the couple was the goal of therapy.

Masters and Johnson claimed their therapy had an 80 percent cure rate after just two weeks. Critics such as psychiatrist Natalie Shainess complained that "teaching 'push here' and 'rub there' is not going to change people."

But apparently it could. The squeeze technique could stop in his tracks a man about to ejaculate. Something called sensate focus—a kind of total body massage—could relieve the performance demand on impotent men and restore erections. An awareness of the clitoris could make the earth move for formerly nonorgasmic women.

The Playboy Foundation gave a grant to the Masters and Johnson Institute to train therapists, and within a few years there were 30 certified Masters and Johnson sex therapists in practice across the country.

The pair penned articles exploding sex myths, such as the notions that masturbation causes physical or mental harm, that penis size really matters, that the missionary position is the most satisfying, that anal intercourse is perverted or dangerous and that there is any kind of meaningful difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasms.

Sex clinics spread like mushrooms: Some 5000 opened within the decade.

"I wanted to be Hugh Hefner when I grew up. He wants to be president."

Linda Wolfe, writing for PLAYBOY in June 1974, gave a glimpse of the new Yellow Pages. Have a problem? Dial up the Center for Intimacy and Sexuality. The Institute for Sensory Awareness. The Institute for the Advancement of Sensuality. Discovery Institute. Human Sexuality Foundation. The Center for Sex Therapy and Education. Wrote Wolfe: "Often a California sex-therapy institute is nothing more than a male or female therapist with towels, a jar of coconut oil or petroleum jelly and a telephone answering machine."

At the National Sex Forum in San Francisco, Ted McIlvenna grossed $40,000 a month providing something called Sexual Attitude Restructuring. The forum staged a fuckarama and desensitized clients by projecting old stag films, then showing the same behavior performed by loving couples. Some clinics offered group massage, some found the meaning of life in eroticized foot massage, some introduced couples to the power of the vibrator. A few used surrogates—letting a sexually experienced woman or man show an anxious client how to experience arousal and release. Masters and Johnson had used this Arthur Murray approach to sex, until the husband of one of the women used as a surrogate sued for $2.5 million.

THE EQUAL ORGASM AMENDMENT

In 1972 Shere Hite, a former model, sent out questionnaires on National Organization for Women stationery. "Do you have orgasms?" she asked. "When do you usually have them? During masturbation? Intercourse? Clitoral stimulation? Other sexual activity? How often? Is having orgasms important to you? Do you like them?"

She published the responses from more than 3000 women in *The Hite Report on Female Sexuality*. She declared that "the purpose of this project is to let women define their own sexuality—instead of doctors or other (usually male) authorities. Women are the real experts on their sexuality; they know how they feel and what they experience."

Hite announced that 70 percent of the women who responded to her questionnaire did not regularly reach orgasm as the result of intercourse only. They did not reach orgasm without clitoral stimulation. Hite declared that men had constructed sexuality to benefit themselves: The penis-in-vagina formula was cultural, not biological. If sex was for pleasure, rather than just for procreation, men must worship at the altar of the clitoris.

One wondered if Hite's astonishing statistic (one that contradicted every study from Dr. Alfred Kinsey to Morton Hunt's *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies* to *Redbook* magazine) was biased by the sample. Were women who were dissatisfied in bed turning to feminism, or were feminists, through frustration with men, unable to participate fully in the heterosexual sex act? *The Hite Report* was as much kvetch as kaffeeklatsch consciousness-raising. Still, the premise was intriguing. Intercourse resembles male masturbation. Hite declared that men and women must find acts that resemble female stimulation.

She wanted to redefine sex, and she started with the basic terminology: "Why orgasm should be a verb" was the heading of one section: "What is the difference between 'to orgasm' and 'to have an orgasm'? This idea that we really make our own orgasm, even during intercourse, is in direct contradiction to what we have been taught. Most of us were taught that you should relax and enjoy it—or at most help him out with the thrusting—because he would give you the orgasm."

She noted that the 30 percent of the women who reached orgasm did so because each took "responsibility for and control of her own stimulation."

Such women made the best of a less than adequate situation: "We do give ourselves orgasm, even in a sense when someone else is providing us with stimulation, since we must make sure it is on target, by moving or offering suggestions and by tensing our bodies and getting into whatever positions we need—and then there is a final step necessary in most cases: We need to focus on the sensations and concentrate, actively desire and work toward the orgasm.

"The ability to orgasm when we want, to be in charge of our stimulation, represents owning our own bodies, being strong, free and autonomous beings."

Lonnie Barbach, a San Francisco–based therapist, saw a flaw in Masters and Johnson's therapy. The St. Louis model treated couples. She thought therapy should begin at home, with individual women. She was optimistic, calling the women who came to her groups "preorgasmic" rather than nonorgasmic. Barbach would give women daily homework exercises, asking them to spend at least an hour each day getting to know their genitals, stimulating themselves, then going for the orgasm. Barbach's insights were reflected by the titles of her two landmark books: *For Yourself* (learn the basics through masturbation) and *For Each Other* (take what you've learned on the road).

SEX TOYS

If you encourage do-it-yourself sex, it is only a matter of time before you ask for better tools.

What began as a cottage industry making prostheses for surgical companies progressed to selling novelty items for adult book and porn stores, and then turned into a national phenomenon. Ventriloquist Ted Marché had taken to carving dildos at the dining room table in the middle Sixties. Setting up a small factory in North Hollywood, he was soon turning out dildos by the truckload. In March 1978 D. Keith Mano sat down with the first family of fun for a PLAYBOY article, *Tom Swift Is Alive and Well and Making Dildos*. Steve Marché told this story: "Basically we had three sizes: small, medium and large—five, six and seven and a half inches in length. They were prosthetic; they strapped on. Then people requested larger. So we went from five by one and a half inches to nine by two."

The Marchés moved on to other novelty items: a penis pacifier ("for women who talk too much"), blow-up Judy dolls, penis-shaped walkie talkies, penis-shaped erasers, breast-shaped doorbells, a combination dildo and harmonica (called a Mouth Organ) and the ever-popular Peter Heaters ("hand-knitted in Pasadena by a little old lady from memory"). On the occasion of the nation's bicentennial they produced a red, white

and blue dildo. Then there were the versions of French ticklers (rubber-spiked devices that fit around the shaft of the penis) that the Marchés simply fashioned out of doormats. By the mid-Seventies Marché Manufacturing was selling almost five million units a year.

These were not the items that would take sex toys to the mainstream. The Seventies spun on Good Vibes—the little bullet-shaped personal vibrators that the magazine ads said were excellent for relieving neckache (of which there seemed to be an epidemic). Sex shops introduced a line of Doc Johnson's Happy Helpers—ben-wa dancing eggs, French ticklers and vibrators.

In 1971 Duane Colglazier and Bill Rifkin opened the first Pleasure Chest, an erotic boutique, in New York City. They sold water beds and erotic toys—including a dildo that was 30 inches long and three and a half inches in diameter. There were Emotion Lotions, flavored body lotions and salves that grew heated when breathed upon. For more serious explorers, the store offered a complete line of head harnesses, labia spreaders, handcuff belts, blindfolds, ball gags, cock rings, harnesses and shackles. Before the end of the decade the Pleasure Chest was a national phenomenon, with many variations on the theme. Thirty percent of the customers were women.

That statistic, more than any other, reflects the spirit of the Seventies. Women in hot pursuit of pleasure had become a major force in the marketplace. In 1974 Dell Williams opened Eve's Garden, a sex boutique and mail-order business. Joani Blank followed with Good Vibrations, a store, catalog and vibrator museum in San Francisco. Vibrators came in all shapes and sizes—from cute imported snake charmers with hooded-cobra clit stimulators to baseball bat–sized Hitachis (called, appropriately, Magic Wands).

There was some reticence. A March 1976 *Redbook* article, "Plain Talk About the New Approach to Sexual Pleasure," apologized to readers: "The following article may make a number of readers uncomfortable. Their feelings of discomfort or embarrassment are completely understandable and virtually inevitable. Until very recently the subject—the use of vibrators for self-stimulation—has been considered unworthy of serious consideration. But in the past few years, on the basis of knowledge gained from studies of human sexual response, some of the country's most reputable sex therapists have reconsidered the matter and have come to new conclusions." Vibrators were "the only significant advance in sexual technique since the days of Pompeii." The same magazine found in a 1976 survey that one in five women had "used some device during their lovemaking"—and half of those devices were vibrators.

Autoeroticism was in, and what's more, it had horsepower. Not many people forked over $299 for the Accu-Jac, a toolbox-sized device that probed women or sucked off men. The original was powered by a washing-machine motor that could be heard halfway down the block.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF X

Stanley Kauffmann, a literary critic, was one of the first writers to pick up on the revelation that sex had gone public. And it had moved from fantasy—the fevered imagination of writers and artists—into the actual, the world of "performed pornography." Fanny Hill could romp in print, but now one could watch other people have sex—the flood of Danish imports had given way to homegrown X-rated features in the space of a few months. And, reported Kauffmann in *The New Republic*, for $5 you could watch a live sex act: "Porno (performed) tells the truth about sex: that it is impersonal, that the complete identification of love with sex is a romantic fabrication. Porno is ruthless. It proves that love or anything remotely like it is not essential to sex; that love is an invention and has a limited congruence with sex."

In 1970 San Francisco hosted the first International Erotic Film Festival. Some saw new possibilities. Instead of a single two-minute glimpse of silent anonymous sex, entrepreneurs tried to weave sex throughout a feature-length film. In 1968 Alex de Renzy spent $15,000 on a documentary called *Pornography in Denmark*. The film grossed $2 million. Sensing the profit potential, he put together a collection of vintage stag films, *The History of the Blue Movie*, with Bill Osco. (Osco is credited with making the first hard-core feature film, *Mona: The Virgin Nymph*—about a young girl addicted to oral sex.) De Renzy opened the Screening Room and began producing more extravagant features. Across town, the Mitchell brothers opened the O'Farrell Theater. America would soon get used to the sight of 40-foot penises probing wide-screen vaginas.

In New York City, Gerard Damiano was filming hard-core loops for the Times Square bookstore circuit. One day he interviewed a couple named Chuck

"Frankly, I didn't know Nike made condoms."

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

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Dear Friend,

I made $8,000 in 2 days. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you double your money back. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I give you a double your money back guarantee, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'
"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.
A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'
"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"
J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'
"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."
Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'
"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."
S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'
"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!"*
C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'
"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."
R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get double your money back...**GUARANTEED!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$29.95 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional double your money back guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

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SWORN STATEMENT:
"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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TIME CAPSULE

RAW DATA FROM THE SEVENTIES

FIRST APPEARANCES

No-fault divorce. Legal abortion. *Doonesbury*. Prime-time football. Polaroid SX-70. Pong. *Hustler*. The zipless fuck. *Ms*. Legalized gambling in Atlantic City. The *Big Bunny* jet. Playboy Mansion West. Streaking. Home computers. Earth Day. Light beer. Disposable razors. *Saturday Night Live*. Betamax. VHS. Jogging. Nike shoes. Sony Walkman. Moral Majority. Palimony. Disco. *Deep Throat*. Studio 54. Plato's Retreat. Satellite TV. Cable. Susan B. Anthony dollar. Test-tube babies. Trivial Pursuit. *Roots*. Mood rings. Pet rocks.

FIRST FEMALE

Jockey. TV anchor. Cadet at military academy. Little Leaguer. Indy race car driver. Rhodes scholar. Mayor of a major city. Recipient of a college athletics scholarship. Episcopal priest. Aerobic dance class instructor.

WHO'S HOT

Warren Beatty. Jack Nicholson. Woody Allen. Diane Keaton. Paul Newman. Robert Redford. Clint Eastwood. Steve McQueen. Bruce Lee. Muhammad Ali. Sylvester Stallone. George Lucas. Steven Spielberg. Francis Coppola. Martin Scorsese. Robert DeNiro. Al Pacino. Harrison Ford. John Travolta. Farrah Fawcett. Suzanne Somers. Cher. Steve Martin. John Belushi. Chevy Chase. Cheryl Tiegs. Woodward and Bernstein. Henry Kissinger. Linda Lovelace. Marilyn Chambers. John Holmes. Stevie Wonder. Bruce Springsteen. The Rolling Stones. David Bowie. Donna Summer. Diana Ross. Elton John. The Bee Gees. The Eagles. Led Zeppelin. Stephen King. Billie Jean King. Velvet Underground. Patty Hearst. Gloria Steinem. Germaine Greer.

WE THE PEOPLE

U.S. population in 1970: 204 million. Population of the U.S. in 1980: 226 million. Marriages per 1000 people in 1970: 10.6. In 1980: 10.6. Number of unmarried couples living together in 1970: 143,000. In 1978: 1.1 million. Percentage of people in 1969 Yankelovich poll who say marriage is obsolete: 24. In 1971: 34. Percentage of people in a 1969 *New York Times* poll who say premarital sex is OK: less than 27. In 1979: 55. Estimated number of communes in 1970: 2000. Percentage of driver's licenses held by women in 1940: 24.3. In 1970: 43.2.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1970: $1 trillion. In 1980: $2.7 trillion. Number of men earning more than $25,000 per year in 1978: 4.2 million. Number of women earning more than $25,000: 140,000. Out of

600 men surveyed in 1974, number who expect a woman to pay her share of a date: 25.

SEX ED

Percentage of the nation's 111 medical schools that offer courses in sex: 33. What some medical texts still recommend to curb male desire: hobbies and cold showers. Number of sex therapy clinics in 1970: 1. In 1977: 6000.

DISCO MADNESS

Number of orgasms reported in Donna Summer's *Love to Love You Baby*: 22. Number of discos in 1960: 0. In 1978: 10,000. Number of people who admitted visiting a disco at least once in 1977: 37 million. Number of copies sold in America of the Bee Gees' *Saturday Night Fever* by 1978: 12 million. Worldwide: 30 million. In a survey of 1000 unwed teenage mothers in Florida, number who say they conceived while listening to pop music: 984.

THE WASTELAND

What we watched on TV when we weren't watching the Watergate hearings: *All in the Family, The Odd Couple, The Waltons, Kung Fu, The Mary Tyler Moore Show, Happy Days, Monty Python's Flying Circus, The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour, Maude, The Six Million Dollar Man, The Bionic Woman, Laverne and Shirley, Saturday Night Live, Charlie's Angels, Wonder Woman, Police Woman, Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, Three's Company, Soap, The Love Boat, MASH, 60 Minutes, Upstairs, Downstairs, The Tonight Show.*

PORNO CHIC

Year Sony introduced Betamax: 1975. Year JVC introduced VHS: 1976. Cost of a VCR: $1100. Average price of early porn tapes: $300. Price by end of decade: $99. Percentage of prerecorded tapes sold in America that were "adult": more than 50. Cost of filming *Deep Throat*: about $25,000. Number of showings per day at the Pussycat Theater in Los Angeles: 13. Number of years the movie ran at Pussycat: 10. Estimated gross at that location: $6.4 million. Nationally: $100 million.

SLANG ME

New words and phrases: hype, dingbat, AC/DC, up front, recycling, encounter group, hassle, put-down, body language, sexism, sexual harassment, gross out, let it all hang out, biofeedback, interface, may the force be with you, chairperson, fireperson, craftsperson, waitperson, midshipperson, elder statesperson, access hole cover (for manhole cover), fornicator (for mistress).

FINAL APPEARANCES

1970: Jimi Hendrix
1970: Janis Joplin
1970: Gypsy Rose Lee
1970: Bertrand Russell
1971: Jim Morrison
1972: J. Edgar Hoover
1973: Betty Grable
1973: Bruce Lee
1976: Busby Berkeley
1976: Howard Hughes
1977: Elvis Presley
1977: Bing Crosby
1978: Margaret Mead
1978: Harvey Milk
1979: John Wayne

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and Linda Traynor. "Linda had on this old Army jacket," he recounted, "Army boots, dungarees and a wool hat pulled down over her face. She looked like a mess, but when she lifted the wool hat, she had these bright, innocent eyes. I liked her. She was nervous, but so was I. They were nervous about coming up to audition for a fuck film. I was nervous because I was making the fuck film and trying to be very open and free and matter-of-fact about the whole thing."

The following day, Damiano filmed the two with another couple. "I made them switch partners, Rob with Linda and Chuck with Rob's old lady. Rob was really hung, and he had no trouble getting it right up to 11 inches when Linda started sucking him. In two seconds, she had swallowed the whole thing.

"I dropped my script, my cameraman's eyes bugged and we stared at each other. 'What was that?' I asked. It was the most fantastic thing I'd ever seen. Right down her throat."

Damiano worked all weekend on a script about a girl whose clitoris is located deep within her throat.

Unable to reach orgasm from intercourse, the heroine would tell her friend that she wanted to hear rockets, bombs, dams bursting.

"Do you want to get off or do you want to destroy a city?" the friend asked.

The film would destroy more than a city. It would make porn chic.

Filmed in Florida for about $25,000, *Deep Throat* would make more than $100 million. It would also make a legend of the star.

Consider this fevered review: "Faster than Raquel Welch, more powerful than Gloria Steinem, able to swallow tall men in a single gulp. Look! Up on the screen! It's a sword swallower! It's a vacuum cleaner! It's Linda Lovelace. Yes, Linda Lovelace, strange visitor from Bryan, Texas, who came to the World Theater with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal women. Linda Lovelace, who can change the course of film history, bend flesh in her bare throat, and who, disguised as a mild-mannered nymphomaniac for a small metropolitan film company, fights a never ending battle for free speech, free love and the French way!"

Linda radiated innocence, even as a roomful of men tried to bring her to orgasm. The camera kept cutting from shots of anal sex, oral sex and intercourse to a dreamy smile on her face. The title act, when Linda first swallows the entire shaft of Harry Reems' cock, seemed almost Wagnerian. But equally memorable was the calm, nonchalant way she shaved her pubic hair, an image that touched millions.

Nora Ephron interviewed Linda for *Esquire*, creating this memorable exchange: "'Why do you shave off your pubic hair in the film?'

"'I always do,' Linda Lovelace replies. 'I like it.'

"'But why do you do it?'

"'Well,' she says, 'it's kind of hot in Texas.'

"That stops me for a second. 'Well,' I say, 'I think it's weird.'

"'Weird? Why?'

"'Well, I don't know anyone who does that.'

"'Now you do,' says Linda Lovelace."

Ephron hung up the phone feeling like a "hung-up, uptight, middle-class, inhibited, possibly puritanical feminist."

Looking back at the film years later, reviewer Bruce Handy spoke of "the lingering hippie notions of free love and liberating sensuality that inform the film, the idea that indiscriminately getting it on served some kind of social good."

The film was "pruriently playful."

Staid critics such as *The New York Times*' Vincent Canby faced the difficult question "What are we to think of *Deep Throat*?" What made this film chic? Canby saw it as "at best only a souvenir of a time and place." The name of the theater where it played seemed to offer the best answer. It was called the New Mature World Theater.

Busloads of middle-class tourists were pouring into Manhattan to see the nude

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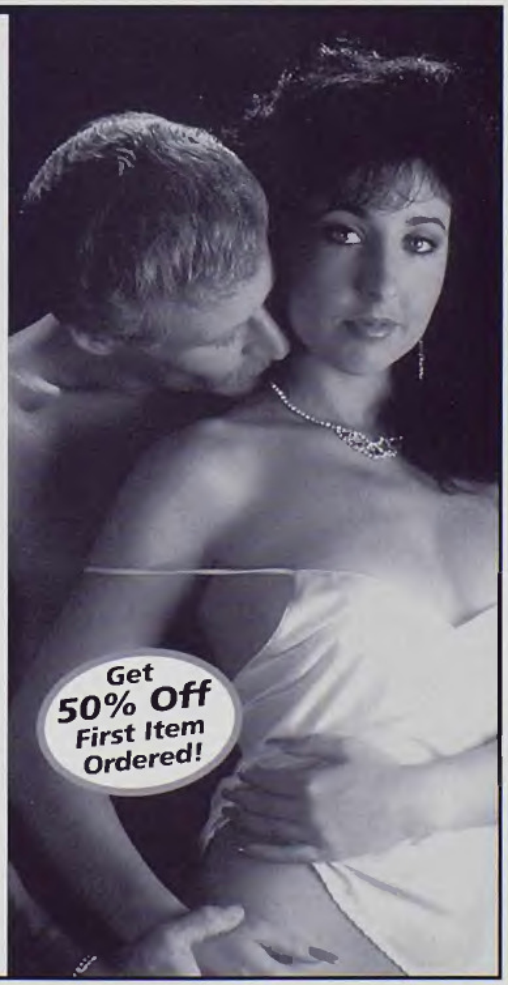

revue *Oh! Calcutta!* Now mainstream America made its way to see *Throat*. It became a source of humor on Johnny Carson's show; sidekick Ed McMahon had been seen holding court outside a screening of *Deep Throat*. Two Washington reporters used the movie title as the code name for a source in a series of articles they wrote on the Watergate break-in. *The New York Times* announced the era of Porno Chic and reported that Mike Nichols, Sandy Dennis, Ben Gazzara, Jack Nicholson and Truman Capote had been seen in the audience of *Throat*. Linda posed for PLAYBOY, hung out at the Mansion with Hefner, appeared at the premiere of *Last Tango in Paris* and socialized with Sammy Davis Jr. in Las Vegas.

In August 1972 police arrested the owner and a cashier at the New Mature World Theater. Judge Joel Tyler listened to film critic Arthur Knight defend the movie as the "first film of this genre to acknowledge the importance of female sexual gratification."

Other experts debated the difference between prurient and normal eroticism. Dr. Edward Hornick, a New York psychiatrist, said simply, "An erection in the male or the female is a sign of sexual arousal. Such arousal may take place on the basis of normal, natural appeal or prurient appeal. The same erection is going to be there." A woody is a woody. A stiff dick does not make moral distinctions. A wonderful argument.

When Tyler ruled against the film, the theater marquee read: JUDGE CUTS THROAT—WORLD MOURNS.

Gene Shalit said Judge Tyler took "another step toward making *Deep Throat* the best-known movie in America."

On the West Coast, the Mitchell brothers interviewed Marilyn Briggs, a model and actress. The two brothers had shot more than 330 loops for the growing crowds at the O'Farrell Theater. Now they wanted to film a full-length feature based on a porn classic called *Behind the Green Door*. Taking the name Marilyn Chambers, the young actress joined the project.

The story line was simple: A young girl is kidnapped and taken to a private club. A coven of female attendants in black robes prepares her body in a cross between an Esalen massage session and a lesbian feeding frenzy. Johnny Keyes, a black actor wearing a bone necklace, war paint and white tights, ravages her onstage. A set of trapeze swings descends from the ceiling, and Chambers has sex with four guys at once—one in each hand, one in her mouth, one in her cunt. The on-screen audience—a weird collection of dwarfs, fat women, transvestites, masked men in tuxedos, stewardess types and street people—breaks into an orgy. Hands reach for genitals and nipples as casually as they would for popcorn. A truck driver in the audience rescues the girl and the movie ends with an almost tender act of one-on-one intercourse.

The film premiered at the Cannes Film Festival to a standing ovation. Then, in one of those moments that show the marketing gods move in mysterious ways, Procter & Gamble unknowingly shipped a couple million boxes of Ivory Snow soap adorned by the smiling face of Marilyn Chambers. The Mitchells sent out a PR release that touted the star as "99 and 44/100ths percent pure."

Porn had arrived. It was no longer part of the underground, no longer wrapped in shame or anonymity. Performers became stars. Directors put their names (or pseudonyms) on films and developed cult followings. Alex de Renzy produced *Baby Face* and *Pretty Peaches*. Damiano turned out *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *The Story of Joanna*, an early S&M classic. Bill Osco filmed a ribald version of *Alice in Wonderland* and the camp classic *Flesh Gordon*. Radley Metzger contributed *Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann* and *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*.

In 1976 Sony introduced the first home video recorder. Not surprisingly, porn drove the conversion to the new technology. Fans paid up to $300 for a private copy of *Deep Throat*.

Porn's argument was subtle and seductive. Who could say the girl next door would never do this or that, when the girl next door was obviously doing just that on a giant screen? Couples would see a movie and bring the images home, and join that audience of dwarfs and clowns at an orgy.

COMMERCIAL SEX

In New York, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley's fledgling newspaper was developing a following. Founded at the end of the previous decade, *Screw* was a guide to the changing sex scene. Goldstein provided a consumer's report on porn movies, scoring films on the Peter Meter. He gave three-penis and four-penis ratings to massage parlors, peep shows and bookstores. America, it seemed, had rediscovered commercial sex. It was Storyville with Emotion Lotion and Kama Sutra massage oil

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Stuck in the Middle With You • I'm Gonna Love You Just a Little More Baby • Tell Me Something Good • The Cover of "Rolling Stone" • Behind Closed Doors

♪

I Will Always Love You • (You're) Having My Baby • Feel Like Makin' Love • Whatever Gets You Through the Night • I Honestly Love You • Bennie and the Jets • The Bitch Is Back • Rock and Roll Heaven • You're 16 • You're the First, the Last, My Everything • Then Came You • The Way We Were • Help Me • Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe • Never, Never Gonna Give Ya Up

♪

Love Will Keep Us Together • He Don't Love You (Like I Love You) • Jive Talkin' • One of These Nights • Lady Marmalade (Voulez-Vous Coucher Avec Moi) • Rhinestone Cowboy • Feelings • Please Mr. Please • I Don't Like to Sleep Alone • Get Down, Get Down (Get on the Floor) • It Only Takes a Minute • Bad Blood • Lonely People • You're No Good • Send in the Clowns • Have You Never Been Mellow • Best of My Love • When Will I Be Loved • Nights on Broadway • I Write the Songs

Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover • Disco Lady • Love Hangover • (Shake, Shake, Shake) Shake Your Booty • Breaking Up Is Hard to Do • Play That Funky Music • Love Machine • You Sexy Thing • More, More, More • Lowdown • Tonight's the Night • You Make Me Feel Like Dancing • Don't Go Breaking My Heart • Dream Weaver • Take It to the Limit • Afternoon Delight

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Stayin' Alive • Night Fever • You're the One That I Want • Baker Street • I Go Crazy • Shadow Dancing • How Deep Is Your Love • If I Can't Have You • Last Dance • I Love the Night Life • Three Times a Lady • Grease • Feels So Good • Hopelessly Devoted to You • You Belong to Me • Copacabana (At the Copa) • Summer Nights • Ain't Love a Bitch • Sometimes When We Touch • Just the Way You Are • Don't Look Back • Our Love • Kiss You All Over • Baby Come Back • Because the Night • Lay Down Sally

♪

Le Freak • Hot Stuff • Sad Eyes • Too Much Heaven • Mama Can't Buy You Love • Bad Girls • Do Ya Think I'm Sexy • YMCA • What a Fool Believes • We Are Family • Ring My Bell • Makin' It • Shake Your Body (Down to the Ground) • Sultans of Swing • Do That to Me One More Time • I'll Never Love This Way Again • Sharing the Night Together • Don't Cry Out Loud • Love Is the Answer • Good Girls Don't • We've Got Tonight • Don't Stop Till You Get Enough • I Will Survive

replacing the gin and jazz of turn-of-the-century brothels. Entrepreneurs turned studios into sexual spas that had theme rooms featuring hippie fantasies with beads and pillows or the toga-clad attendants of a Roman orgy. The Pink Orchid, the Perfumed Garden and Caesar's Retreat suggested ancient erotic sites. The massage parlor in the Biltmore Hotel had a mirrored Infinity Room, complete with Jacuzzi, champagne and up to three attendants.

Gay Talese, who spent most of the Seventies researching a book on the Sexual Revolution, briefly managed two parlors. In *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, he wrote that the masseuses were college students, aspiring actors and dancers, "the adventurous young divorcées, the drifting dropouts, the grisettes with an aversion to straight office work, the *Belle du Jour* wives, the girlfriends of the owners, the pretty lesbians and bisexuals." Although the majority of customers were old enough to be the masseuses' fathers, Talese wrote, "there was a curious reversal of roles after the sexual massage had begun. It was the young women who held the authority, who had the power to give or deny pleasure, while the men lay dependently on their backs, moaning softly with their eyes closed, as their bodies were being rubbed with baby oil or talc. For these men it was possibly their first intimate contact with the sexually emancipated youth movement they had read and heard so much about, the world of Woodstock and the Pill."

There were thousands of Green Doors across America: No longer was the bedroom door the only gate to heaven.

PUBLIC SEX

Porn offered one form of public sex. Couples learned that sexual energy was a movable feast, that watching sex was a turn-on. For some, the cinematic version wasn't enough. They wanted to break the fourth wall, to participate. The Seventies unleashed an unprecedented wave of exhibitionism, of public sex, of shared sex.

In 1971 Gilbert Bartell wrote *Group Sex: A Scientist's Eyewitness Report on the American Way of Swinging*. He had spent three years in the pools and rec rooms of wife-swapping middle-class adventurers.

Bartell estimated there were up to one million people involved in organized swinging. (A less authoritative book on wife-swapping clubs that appeared in the mid-Sixties had put the figure as high as eight million.) Some couples belonged to organized clubs such as the Wide World of Contemporary People and met swingers at annual Lifestyles Conventions, or on cruises sponsored by Lifestyles Tours and Travel. Others placed ads in magazines such as *Select* and *Kindred Spirits*:

- "Seek girls or young couples who like French culture and all things exotic. AC/DC girls welcome."
- "Discreet couple, late 40s, desires to meet discreet, kind, broad-minded couples of any age for fun and pleasure. Discretion an absolute must."
- "Couple, early 30s, interested in threesomes, foursomes, parties and photography. She's versatile, loves all but B&D. Send photo, phone number and address."

Bartell described a ritualized subculture: "Every swinging host has a radio, phonograph or hi-fi set with a selection of mood music that is preferred as background. We never heard rock or other modern styles—just melodious tunes, mostly from the Forties or Fifties. Mantovani and Mancini are popular."

There was closed swinging, with couples switching and moving off to private bedrooms; and open swinging, where everyone shared the same bed or rec room. Almost two thirds of the women admitted to having sex with other women, and Bartell claimed that 92 percent of the women he saw interacted while their husbands watched. Another favorite activity, known as more-on-one, would make one person the center of attention, pouring the energy of three or more lovers into one.

The invention of the Polaroid SX-70 underscored the trophy nature of swing clubs. Couples would take pictures and divide the shots at the end of the evening. Bartell claimed 99 percent of the males involved in swinging were PLAYBOY readers. Many had taken the magazine's philosophy to heart: They would not allow marriage to end sexual exploration. George O'Neill called the concept "open marriage," and, according to one study, some 15 percent of husbands and wives practiced it. Among unmarried couples living together (another lifestyle choice) the figure rose to 30 percent.

Americans clearly had developed a taste for sexual adventure. At Sandstone, the erotic retreat outside of Los Angeles, up to 275 couples gathered in a kind of sexual commune. In California, one couldn't breathe without developing an accompanying philosophy, and Sandstone was no different. The brochure for potential members gave this message: "The concepts underlying Sandstone include the idea that the human body is good, that open expressions of affection and sexuality are good. The strength and lasting significance of the Sandstone experience lies in human contact divorced from the cocktail party context, with all its games and dodges and places to hide. Contact at Sandstone includes the basic level of literal, physical nakedness and open sexuality."

Alex Comfort was a regular visitor and described Sandstone in *More Joy*. Gay Talese spent time there as well, offering this description of the typical orgy: "After descending the red-carpeted staircase, the visitors entered the semidarkness of a large room, where, reclining on the cushioned floor, bathed in the orange glow from the fireplace, they saw shadowed faces and interlocking limbs, rounded breasts and reaching fingers, moving buttocks, glistening backs, shoulders, nipples, navels, long blonde hair spread across pillows, thick dark arms holding soft white hips, a woman's head hovering over an erect penis. Sighs, cries of ecstasy could be heard, the slap and suction of copulating flesh, laughter, murmuring music from the stereo, crackling black burning wood."

Talese continues in this vein for

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several more paragraphs, trying to capture the Hieronymus Bosch vision: "It was a room with a view like none other in America, an audiovisual aphrodisiac, everything that Puritan America had ever tried to outlaw, to censor, to conceal behind locked bedroom doors, was on display in this adult playroom, where men often saw for the first time another man's erection and where many couples became alternately stimulated, shocked, gladdened and saddened by the sight of their spouses interlocked with new lovers."

Sandstone was not the only place in America with a view. There were party homes scattered across the country. Blake Edwards' hilarious movie *10* had a subplot wherein Dudley Moore spies on a house of orgiasts. When they meet, the host, who has his own telescope trained on Moore's house, complains, "I've been providing X-rated entertainment and you reciprocate with PG." And a far more physically attractive guest list graced the weekend orgies at Hefner's Mansion West.

In New York, gays had turned bars and bathhouses into underground sexual arenas. At the Continental Baths in the Ansonia Hotel, Bette Midler performed while towel-clad males jousted about in the pool and on the dance floor. At Hudson River haunts such as the Anvil, the Sewer and the Cock Ring, the sex was of a no-holds-barred variety. The clientele found off-label uses for Crisco and axle grease. The fist became a sexual organ. Some say gays were leading the way, that lines between straight and gay were blurred. Pop culture flirted with androgyny.

•

The club phenomenon crossed over in the mid-Seventies. In 1976, on the nation's bicentennial, Larry Levenson opened Plato's Retreat in Manhattan. Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager opened Studio 54 in 1977, cashing in on the disco craze. The two clubs reflected different approaches to permission. Rubell cordoned off the entrance to his club with a velvet rope, and the politics of the door were something to behold. He said he was casting a play. Celebrities such as Mick and Bianca Jagger were admitted; celebrity was almost as liberating as anonymity.

A gossip column was more discreet than a police blotter. Many reporters were so blinded by big names that they didn't notice the favors at the door—pockets filled with quaaludes, packets of cocaine.

Jim Fouratt told Anthony Haden-Guest that "Studio 54 gave license. That was what the door policy was about more than anything else. It was to make you feel that if you got in, you were in a world that was completely safe for you to do whatever you wanted."

So women danced in sleek outfits, perky little nipples popping like flashbulbs. (When PLAYBOY ran a photo of an unidentified woman dancing at Studio 54 without panties, she filed a suit claiming invasion of privacy. She insisted we had airbrushed out her underwear and added the pubic hair.)

And there was on-premises sex. Photographer David Hamilton told Haden-Guest: "You would look around and you'd see somebody's back. And then you'd see little toes twinkling behind their ears." The celebrity set played at adventure, flirting with the darker side of sex. Rubell had to rescue one socialite from the basement of the club, where she had allowed herself to be handcuffed to the pipes. Her sex object, a boy who tended bar, had rushed back to work without unlocking the cuffs.

At Plato's, fitness counted more than fashion. You earned celebrity through what you did on the mats, in the pool, on the dance floor, in the shower rooms and in private cubicles. You put on an attitude when you walked through the door with a partner, paid $30 for a one-night admission and a six-week membership.

Screenwriter Buck Henry recalls that when he and a companion signed in, they used the names Scott and Zelda. The maitresse d'hôtel looked at the names and said, "Oh, yeah—Scott and Zelda. You've been here before."

Plato's took the outside world, the bold experiments in promiscuity and license that filled the singles bars, and condensed them into a single night. A filmmaker recounted his first impressions of the club to a PLAYBOY writer, how you walked through the door to be overwhelmed by the almost psychedelic aroma of orgy. You focused on what you were seeing and became a connoisseur of techniques. Then you'd study personalities: "You single out a beautiful girl and watch her for the whole evening, trying to figure out from her behavior why she's there. Last week I watched a woman in the pool go through 21 guys. She was into underwater oral sex. Maybe she was training to be a pearl diver. Maybe she had always had the fantasy of giving head to a crowd."

Near the end of the decade Tara Alexander set a goal—to get into *The Guinness Book of World Records* for the highest number of partners in an evening. The event, dubbed the Spermathon, was filmed for cable television. Alexander brought 83 men to orgasm and tallied 24 orgasms herself. Larry Levenson made a bet with Al Goldstein that he could come 15 times in one day. Spouting his 15th orgasm, he staggered across the finish line with ten hours to spare.

Depersonalized? You bet. Demonic? Dionysian? Here's one veteran on the role of quaaludes, or disco biscuits, in creating sexual oblivion: "I was in the mattress room, wailing away, really in sync with the music, when I noticed that

there were a lot of people standing in a circle around me, watching. Strange. I looked down at the girl I was with. She was waving her legs in the air, screaming, scratching my back. I still got the scars. She was totally out of her mind. I guess she was enjoying herself. I went back to what I was doing, and when I finished everyone applauded."

Plato's drew some 6500 amateurs a month. It was like open-mike night at a folk club. But the club died from overexposure. A PLAYBOY article suggested that there were so many reporters present it looked like a branch of the Columbia School of Journalism. Forgive us our press passes.

Instead of a place where strangers came to share sexual energy, it became a tourist haunt where middle-class couples came for voyeuristic thrills. When the club moved to a site near the Port Authority bus terminal, the staff had to show porn movies to get something started. In the bathrooms, gallon jugs of Mountains of Mouthwash graced the counters. The more adventurous moved on to other scenes. As one of the founders of on-premises swinging had dictated, Swans fly with swans, and ducks fly with ducks.

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODFILM

To compete with these new explicit forms of entertainment, Hollywood became increasingly permissive. Many films of the Seventies were fueled by a fascination with the kinkier aspects of sex. *Myra Breckinridge* (1970), Gore Vidal's comic account of a sex change (in which Rex Reed becomes Raquel Welch), earned an X. So did Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), for its futuristic pornoviolence. Major studios also released X-rated soft-core films such as Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (1970) and Just Jaeckin's *Emmanuelle* (1974).

Sexual issues became dramatic plot concerns in major motion pictures. Jane Fonda earned an Oscar for her portrayal of a high-class callgirl in *Klute* (1971), in which she confesses to her analyst that she prefers her life as a hooker to that of a model, because she is more in control of the relationships. In *Coming Home* (1978), Fonda leaves Bruce Dern, a gung ho Vietnam officer, for Jon Voight, a disabled vet who brings her to climax through cunnilingus. War is phallic; peace is a warm tongue.

Major Hollywood stars bared their bodies and their souls. In Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* (1972), Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider have an alienating, anonymous affair without bringing in the outside world, without even telling each other their names. "Maybe we can come without touching" is one of the games they play. Anal sex with the aid of a stick of butter is another. Bertolucci could claim simultaneous discovery of the zipless fuck—but as with Erica Jong's characters, the illusion was hard to maintain. At the end of their relationship, Schneider shoots Brando. *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976), a Japanese film about a real relationship between two lovers who leave their families and disappear into an exhausting affair, presented a similar message. Lust is not sustaining: She strangles her lover to produce a heightened orgasm, then castrates the corpse.

Cinematic sex ranged from an exuberant trailer-park fuck between Jack Nicholson and Karen Black in *Five Easy Pieces* (1970) to the explicit scene between Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie in *Don't Look Now* (1974). Warren Beatty established himself as Hollywood's leading cocksman in *Shampoo* (1975). (The scene in which Christie goes down on him at a political fundraiser, while on television sets in the background Spiro Agnew speaks of Nixon's stand against permissiveness, is a classic.) Beatty's character, a hairdresser who sleeps with his clients, delivers a soliloquy that sums up the Seventies:

"Let's face it—I fucked them all! That's what I do. That's why I went to beauty school. I go into that shop and they're so great-looking, you know, and I'm doing their hair and they smell great or I could be out on the street and I just stop at a stoplight or I could go on an elevator and there's a beautiful girl. That's it. It makes my day, makes me feel like I'm going to live forever. Maybe that means I don't love 'em. I don't know. Nobody's going to tell me I don't like 'em very much."

Just as the Sixties could be traced in the career of one actress (be it Natalie Wood or Jane Fonda), two films featuring Diane Keaton came to summarize the Seventies. As the title heroine in Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* (1977), she portrayed a quirky, adventuresome city girl. The film explored the questions of a modern relationship. Woody and Diane discussed their sex problems while standing in line for movies, with friends, with analysts. Why did something that bound you to one lover (an escaped lobster and the resulting chaos) seem completely meaningless when tried with another? Why were men's and women's expectations so different? When asked by their analysts how often they have sex, Allen says, "Hardly ever. Maybe three times a week." Keaton says, "Constantly. I'd say three times a week."

Annie Hall changed the way American women dressed, but *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, made the same year, changed women's nightmares. Director Richard Brooks took Judith Rossner's novel and turned it into a scary cautionary tale about the dangers of promiscuity.

The movie and the novel were based on a true crime. Katherine Cleary, an Irish Catholic schoolteacher, was

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murdered by a man she had picked up in a bar called Tweeds on New Year's Day. The victim had been stabbed repeatedly. Police found a red candle stuffed up Cleary's vagina.

Each of the men Keaton brings home in the film version represents a walking dysfunction. The English professor who sleeps with his student is a premature ejaculator who cheats on his wife. The overprotective welfare worker who insinuates himself into her family has a problem with Keaton's sexuality. The Richard Gere character never seems to reach a climax and is abusive. Tom Berenger, as the man who kills her, is a troubled bisexual who has just abandoned a relationship with a queen. When Keaton taunts him for not being able to get it up, he becomes enraged. The film climaxes in a strobe-lit orgy of bloodletting.

The press had been filled with war stories from the sexual frontier. Nora Ephron wrote about books that caught perfectly "the awful essence of being a single woman in a big city. False pregnancies. Real pregnancies. Abortions. Cads. Dark bars with married men. Rampant masochism." She reviewed a tape-recorded tell-all called *The Girls in the Office*, in which women living in the city were "surrounded and tormented by exhibitionists, flashers, rapists, muggers, goosers, breathers, feelers and Peeping Toms. The acts of violence become so commonplace in this book that at one point, when one Vanessa Van Durant is locked in her apartment by her boyfriend and beaten and buggered for two weeks, I found myself shrugging and thinking, Ah, yes, the old 'lock her in the apartment and beat her and bugger her' routine."

Writer Jane Howard, reporting from the front for *Mademoiselle* in July 1974, spoke of a woman who had admitted to "a recent attack of free-floating lust." The friend had considered going to the lobby of the Americana Hotel and hanging around as if she were a hooker, to see whom she might pick up. "I thought of answering one of those 'Unlicensed Masseur' ads in the *Voice*. There was a Cowboy Ken whose ad sounded interesting, but how could I know he wasn't an ax murderer?"

Lord deliver us from premature ejaculators and from ax murderers. Some rallying cry.

THE PUBIC WARS

The November 1976 cover of *Esquire* shows Hugh Hefner, pipe clenched between teeth, glowering at a copy of *Hustler* magazine. "What have they done to the girl next door?" asks the cover line.

The feminist movement had tried to free itself from male definitions of womanhood. And, not surprisingly, it had singled out Hefner, a man who had spent two decades defining new roles for both sexes. Hefner believed the girl next door was a sexual being, and the men who read PLAYBOY approved.

PLAYBOY became the most imitated magazine in America, but each men's magazine celebrated its own variations on the theme. The girls of *Oui* magazine were the Continental sisters of Brigitte Bardot. The girls of *Club* magazine were English. Sturdy, with a slight taste for fetish, leather boots and whips.

In 1969 Bob Guccione brought the UK's *Penthouse* to America. His ads declared, "We're going rabbit hunting" and showed the Playboy Rabbit Head caught in the crosshairs of a gun sight.

Penthouse Pets were the girls next door—if you lived next door to a massage parlor. Some chroniclers of the sexual revolution make a lot of the so-called pubic wars. PLAYBOY had first published pubic hair in a pictorial of *Sweet Charity*'s Paula Kelly in August 1969. The first Playmate to show pubic hair was Liv Lindeland in the January 1971 issue, nine months after *Penthouse* Pets went pubic. Pubic hair had long been considered obscene, but full frontal nudity was a natural progression.

Larry Flynt, owner of a series of strip clubs in Ohio and Kentucky, turned his club newsletter into *Hustler* magazine in 1974. He expressed contempt for the romantic images of Hefner's girls next door and Guccione's soft-focus strumpets. Their coyness was hypocritical; *Hustler* would deliver raunch. Flynt's battle cry was "Think Pink." His models were the girl next door if you lived next door to a low-rent gynecologist's office. Laura Kipnis, in *Bound and Gagged*, describes Flynt's approach to publishing: "From its inception, *Hustler* made it its mission to disturb and unsettle its readers." If *Penthouse* was a more explicit imitation of PLAYBOY, *Hustler* found inspiration in Al Goldstein's *Screw*.

Kipnis catalogs *Hustler*'s "Rabelaisian exaggeration of everything improper," its "partial inventory of the subjects it finds fascinating: fat women, assholes, monstrous and gigantic sexual organs, body odors (the notorious scratch-and-sniff centerfold), anal sex and anything that exudes from the body—piss, shit, semen and menstrual blood, particularly when it sullies public, sanitary or sanctified sites. And especially farts: farting in public, farting loudly, Barbara Bush farting, priests and nuns farting, politicians farting, the professional classes farting, the rich farting."

In June 1978 Flynt, after a highly publicized but short-lived religious conversion, announced, "We will no longer hang up women like pieces of meat." That month's cover proclaimed, *Last All-Meat Issue—Grade A Pink* and showed a woman's body passing through a meat grinder. Feminists turned the image into a recruiting poster.

THE GREAT PORN DEBATE

Like a 20th-century Tocqueville, French novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet visited 42nd Street and discovered "a kind of great national theater of our passions" where we could "at last contemplate quite openly our hidden faces, thereby transforming into freedom, play and pleasure what was merely alienation and risked becoming crime or madness." He happened to be looking at the cover of a magazine depicting a naked woman tied to a cage, her breasts exposed to ravenous rats.

Why did men need these images? "No bull, however deprived, will let its gaze be attracted by the photograph of a cow's rump," Robbe-Grillet wrote. "Man is fully human only if everything passes through his head, even (and especially) sex. An adult needs pornography as a child needs fairy tales." Porn was a way of dealing with things that go bump in the night, uniting both the pleasure and the danger of sex in a fantasy format.

Peter Prescott, reviewing Peter Michelson's *Aesthetics of Pornography* for *Newsweek* in March 1971, asked, "Can anything intelligent be said about pornography? Like prayer, it causes an alteration in our brain waves and our blood. In both prayer and pornography, sparks are struck from some part of our cortex that knows no language. The sparks from prayer fly up, the sparks from pornography fly the other way."

Michelson had suggested that pornography was "the imaginative record of man's sexual will."

Margaret Mead, no fan of the genre, said that "pornography is fantasy material about forbidden activities put together by people who probably never have experienced what is depicted, in order to meet the needs of other people who are unlikely to carry out in reality the fantasized activities shown. So pornography in all its various hard-core and soft-core forms plays upon the ignorance, the impotence and the feeble reveries of persons—women or men—for whom lusty sexual activities in the past, present or future pose a threat or are inaccessible." Porn, Mead felt, was

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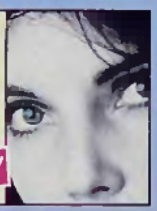

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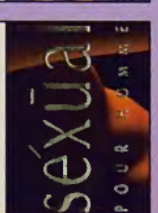

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Margaret Sanger took up the cause of birth control after seeing lines of poor women in Brooklyn slums waiting to see the neighborhood abortionist. Sadie Sacks, one of Sanger's patients, died after a botched abortion. At the turn of the century, abortion was the last resort for women exhausted by repeated pregnancies, and for women who wanted to limit the size of their families in order to survive. Sanger and the organization she created demanded birth control as an alternative to abortion.

Laws against abortion, crafted in the late 1800s, were intended to save maternal life from the deadly practice of abortionists.

By the Sixties the situation had changed remarkably. Between one million and three million women obtained abortions each year—99 percent of them illegal. Doctors had the right to perform so-called therapeutic abortions to save the mother's life, but hospital committees were notoriously unresponsive to procedural requests. A private patient might find a sympathetic doctor; a poor patient almost never. Doctors might refuse an abortion if they discovered the patient was unmarried. Leslie Reagan, author of *When Abortion Was a Crime*, describes one physician as saying, "Now that she has had her fun, she wants us to launder her dirty underwear. From my standpoint she can sweat this one out." Pregnancy, Reagan points out, "exposed an unmarried woman's sexual activity. This hostile physician acted on the common view that such a woman deserved the shame of pregnancy and childbearing out of wedlock as punishment for her sexual misbehavior (and, perhaps, pleasure)."

Doctors were aware of a dramatic shift in America's sexual habits. In the Forties single women accounted for only seven percent of abortions. By the early Sixties the figure was 41 percent. Women sought abortions to avoid the entanglements of family, not to limit the size of existing ones.

Wealthy women could fly to Japan or Puerto Rico or Mexico for the procedure, but not everyone was that fortunate. Women told of abortionists who demanded sex in return for an operation, and of being forced to endure an abortion without anesthesia. Underground referral services blossomed: Between 1969 and 1973, a Chicago group called Jane routed between 11,000 and 12,000 women to practitioners. In 1971 PLAYBOY published a guide to the Clergy Consultation Service, a group that had helped 6000 women between 1967 and 1973.

The need for safe medical abortions was clear. Dr. Robert Hall, founder of the Association for the Study of Abortion, wrote in a 1970 PLAYBOY article that hospitals were treating 350,000 postabortion patients with complications a year and that more than 500 of these were dying annually.

Other sources estimated that between 5000 and 10,000 women died each year from illegal abortions. Yet these figures alone did not create a climate for change.

Two events were catalysts. In the early Sixties Sherri Finkbine, a popular TV entertainer, discovered she had taken thalidomide during her pregnancy. Fearing a deformed child, she sought an abortion in the U.S. without success.

Even more devastating than that event was an epidemic of rubella. Between 1963 and 1965, 30,000 deformed babies were born to mothers who had contracted measles early in their pregnancies.

That experience created sympathy for the changing of archaic laws. A poll in 1965 found that a majority of Americans supported the American Law Institute's abortion law model: A woman was entitled to an abortion if her physical or mental health were endangered, if she had been the victim of rape or incest, or if there were fetal deformities. By 1970, 12 states had adopted the ALI model, but reform became bogged down in political debate. Catholics argued on the floor of state legislatures that abortion was murder and that the innocent unborn had a greater right to life than the mothers did.

In a *Georgetown Law Journal* article, Eugene Quay argued that a woman who was willing to sacrifice her child for her own health was lacking something. "It would be in the interests of society to sacrifice such a mother," he wrote, "rather than sacrifice the child who might prove to be normal and decent and an asset."

Critics feared abortion on demand or abortion "for the convenience of the mother." But by the late Sixties a chorus of voices cast the debate in terms of personal liberty. Dr. William Ober, author of an influential *Saturday Evening Post* article, argued, "Every woman should be able to have an unwanted pregnancy aborted at her own request, subject only to the consent of her husband and the advice of her physician. To me it is unthinkable that a civilized society should require a woman to carry in her womb something she does not want, whatever the reasons."

The following year, Betty Friedan and the National Organization for Women called for repeal, not reform, of all abortion laws. Feminist theologian Mary Daly argued that abortion laws were the epitome of sexism. "One hundred percent of the bishops who oppose the repeal of anti-abortion laws are men," she wrote in *Commonweal*. "One hundred percent of the people who have abortions are women."

Grassroots organizations sprang up to demand the repeal of anti-abortion laws. In California, lawyers representing doctors who had performed rubella abortions argued that the right to privacy extended to a woman's choice to bear or not to bear children. Within a few years, test cases began to wind through lower courts. Roy Lucas, a law student at NYU, wrote a provocative paper that argued a right to abortion could be found in the 1965 Supreme Court case of *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, noting that if the right to marital privacy covered contraception, surely it covered other aspects of reproduction. The ACLU approached the Playboy Foundation, seeking the means to pursue a test case with Lucas. The Foundation developed a relationship with Cyril Means, a professor at the New

York University law school and author of a brief on the history of abortion law. (Means' brief would be cited in *Roe vs. Wade*.)

California ruled that its abortion law was unconstitutional; so did Washington, D.C. But not all courts were so disposed. One Ohio judge upheld an abortion law. "It may seem cruel to a hedonist society," he wrote, "that 'those who dance must pay the piper,' but it is hardly unusual. If it is known generally that an act has possible consequences that the actor does not desire to incur, he has always the choice between refraining from the act or taking his chance of incurring the undesirable consequences."

The case that changed America originated at the University of Texas. Women associated with a radical paper, *The Rag*, opened the Women's Liberation Birth Control Information Center. The founders declared, "Every woman has the right to control her own body, to decide when and if she wants a child." The center attacked the punitive role of archaic laws: "By making abortions illegal, our society makes the abortion operation a punishment for sin." As part of their service, they referred students to qualified doctors in San Antonio, Dallas and Mexico.

The group approached Sarah Weddington, a recent graduate of the UT law school, and asked if she would challenge the Texas abortion law in federal court. (An indication of gains made by women: Weddington was one of about 40 women in a school of 1600 students.)

Weddington and Linda Coffee, a former classmate at UT, began recruiting clients. A doctor who had been arrested twice for performing abortions (his office was under surveillance by police, who took down license plate numbers of patients) signed on. "John and Mary Doe," a husband-and-wife team, sued for the right to a safe abortion in Texas (the wife had suffered a life-threatening abortion in Mexico). "Jane Roe," a 22-year-old waitress who didn't want to put a child from a third pregnancy up for adoption, sought the right to terminate her pregnancy "on behalf of herself and all other women."

The Supreme Court handed down its decision on January 22, 1973. Justice Harry Blackmun found that the "right of privacy is broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate her pregnancy." But he contended the right to privacy was far from absolute.

The state and various religious groups had argued that life begins at conception; that the fetus is a person with the right to live. Weddington contended there was no precedent under Texas law for treating the fetus as a person. A fetus had no property rights. The state didn't issue death certificates for stillborn fetuses (at least those under the age of five months). There was no record of a personal injury suit involving harm to a fetus.

The court accepted that a fetus altered the privacy argument: "The pregnant woman cannot be isolated in her privacy. She carries an embryo and later a fetus. It is reasonable and appropriate for a state to decide that at some point another interest—that of health of the mother or that of potential human life—becomes significantly involved. The woman's privacy is no longer sole and any right of privacy she possesses must be measured accordingly."

Justice Blackmun sidestepped the argument that life begins at birth, that the fetus is a "person." He sketched out a new standard: (a) During the first trimester, the abortion decision must be left to the judgment of the pregnant woman's physician; (b) during the second trimester, the state, in promoting its interest in the health of the mother, may regulate the abortion procedure in ways reasonably related to maternal health; (c) for the stage subsequent to fetal viability, the state—in promoting its interest in the potentiality of human life—may regulate or proscribe abortion except where necessary, in appropriate medical judgment, for preserving the life or health of the mother.

A few days after passing down the decision, Justice Blackmun encountered protesters at a speaking engagement. In the fall of 1973 the National Conference of Catholic Bishops called for organizations to fight for the right to life at the grass roots. One year after the decision, 7000 pro-lifers marched on Washington. The abortion wars were just beginning.

"an exploitation of sexual weakness or of unmet sexual needs, for the purpose of financial gain." But now she saw healthy people embracing porn at their own peril, using it to take their sexual lives into new terrain. She said porn gave "some illusion of participation" in something beyond the individual.

West Coast porn came right out of the counterculture, with the Mitchell brothers filming loops with hippies high on controlled substances.

One of the legacies of the Sixties is the belief that sex combined with an exuberance for public display is perfectly natural. If you expressed politics by marching 100,000 strong, by going tribal, what would be the best way to express sex? When you look at the early porn community you see an X-rated equivalent of the Provincetown Players—a small group of sexual radicals, volunteers whose pure willingness to get it on infiltrated the American scene. They were pruriently playful, willing to do it in or out of costume, in chains, swings, beanbag chairs, swimming pools, hot tubs, on trapezes, covered with oil in gas station garages, flung over motorcycles, tossed into piles of straw or on banquet tables covered with fine silverware. The early porn films that were shot on elegant estates seem to invoke and taunt old-world urbanity.

The best had an air of instruction. *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* was a prurient retelling of the Pygmalion story, with Jamie Gillis teaching Constance Money, a street whore, the finer details of sex. The instruction on cunnilingus: Approach your partner as you would a ripe mango. These films showed women in control. (*Misty* depicts a woman strapping on a dildo and taking a man.)

The films made a man's ejaculation a banner event—the special effect shot in *Behind the Green Door* caught the come and strung it across the screen like northern lights. The come shot would become a cliché, but the original impact was like a fireworks display on the Fourth of July. This is how sex feels for a man. This is how it looks to feel this good.

Porn showed sexual liberation and the extinction of Victorian prudery. The backlash had to attack the apparent willingness of women to participate in such male fantasies.

SNUFF AND FEMINISM

If porn was a fairy tale for adults, there had to be monsters. Puritan America has a talent for creating moral panics around nonexistent threats. The White Slave Trade hysteria that resulted in the Mann Act is one such example, the snuff film another.

In 1969 reporters covering the Tate–LaBianca murders repeated a rumor that the Manson family had filmed home movies of their brutal slayings. Press

accounts coined the term snuff film.

No Manson film ever surfaced, but the idea clawed at the dark side of the American psyche. Everyone knew someone who knew someone who had seen "the real thing." The *New York Post* did much to tantalize the gullible, running the headlines SNUFF PORN: THE ACTRESS IS ACTUALLY MURDERED and SNUFF: TURNING ON TO THE LAST TABOO.

No matter that police were unable to locate a copy. The press invented details: "There are apparently more than one sex and murder films circulating," wrote the *Post*. "The films are distributed by pornography merchants associated with organized crime and they are offered only to trusted customers." Sources told of one film made in Latin America, possibly Argentina. The film was said to begin with an assortment of sex acts between a woman and one or more actors. "But soon a knife is produced," writes the *Post*, "and the horrified woman—clearly unaware of the true nature of her role—is stabbed to death and then savagely dismembered."

The film supposedly sold for $1500 a set. Private screenings cost viewers $200. The *Post* reported with a straight face that a producer had offered "a large amount of money to someone who would be murdered on film." Would you mind talking to my agent first?

In 1975 Alan Shackleton purchased *The Slaughter*, a trashy girl-gang biker movie shot by Roberta and Michael Findlay in South America. He tacked on a scene at the end in which a film crew kills and disembowels a script girl. The special effects can be summed up in one sentence: Pass the ketchup. Shackleton tacked on a new title, *Snuff*, and a tag line: "From South America, where life is cheap."

Murder for entertainment was a chimera, but fake murder for entertainment made tons of money. And feminists flocked to the theater—to picket and protest the abuse of women. (Never mind that there were other, more gory films playing just up the street—*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was an equal-opportunity exploitation flick with victims of both sexes.)

America has always toyed with a domino theory of debauchery. At the turn of the century, one kiss placed women on the road to ruin. By the Seventies, the acts had escalated. Customers of commercial pornography, it was feared, would tire of fuck films and want something more outrageous. And once you crossed the line, anything was possible.

It was an unusual hysteria, a case of rhetorical hemorrhage. Susan Brownmiller, author of *Against Our Will*, a powerful indictment of rape, was the first to wed the issues of porn and power. Clearly, she was offended by explicit erotica, elevating "the gut distaste that a majority of women feel when we look at pornography" to a political mandate. "Hard-core pornography is not a celebration of sexual freedom," she charged. "It is a cynical exploitation of female sexual activity through the device of making all such activity, and consequently all females, dirty."

Her distaste came from the "gut knowledge" that "our bodies are being stripped, exposed and contorted for the purpose of ridicule to bolster that masculine esteem which gets its kick and sense of power from viewing females as anonymous panting playthings, adult toys, dehumanized objects to be used, abused, broken and discarded. This, of course, is also the philosophy of rape. There can be no equality in porn," she wrote, "no female equivalent, no turning of the tables in the name of bawdy fun. Pornography, like rape, is a male invention, designed to dehumanize women, to reduce the female to an object of sexual access, not to free sensuality from moralistic or parental inhibition." Porn, she wrote, "is the undiluted essence of antifemale propaganda."

Brownmiller took the serious issue of rape and used it as a cattle prod. She compared porn to the gassing of Jews and the lynching of blacks.

Robin Morgan, editor of *Sisterhood Is Powerful*, pushed the same buttons. In 1974 she offered this formula: Pornography is the theory and rape is the practice. "Knowing our place," Morgan said, "is the message of rape—as it was for blacks the message of lynchings." She fanned the terror, saying that for four years, feminist students had been the prey of "lesson rapes"—committed with the idea that all frustrated feminists needed was a good rape to show them the light.

And then she expanded the definition of rape to include all unwanted male desire: "For instance, I would define rape not only as a violation taking place in the dark alley or after breaking into and entering a woman's home. I claim that rape exists any time sexual intercourse occurs when it has not been initiated by the woman, out of her own genuine affection and desire."

Morgan decried the Madison Avenue image of the liberated woman, "a glamorous lady slavering with lust for his paunchy body." And argued that most women relented to sex out of fear—"fear of losing the guy, fear of being a prude"—and that "the pressure is there, and it need not be a knife blade against the throat; it's in his body language, his threat of sulking, his clenched or trembling hands, his self-deprecating humor or angry put-down or silent self-pity at being rejected." Picture a WANTED poster of Woody Allen as your rapist next door.

Morgan went from lesson rapes to snuff movies in the same rap. "The *New York Post* carried a story about a nationwide investigation into snuff films, or slashers—pornographic movies which culminate in the actual murder and dismemberment of the actress. These movies, shot for the most part in South America, appear to be circulating, according to the *Post* story, on the pornography connoisseur circuit, where the select clientele can afford $1500 for a collection of eight reels. A porn movie

"Here it is, Senor De León—the fountain of Viagra."

called *Snuff* opened at a first-run movie theater on New York's Broadway. Advertised as the bloodiest thing ever filmed, this print was priced to make it available to Everyman. As usual, the message is clear through the medium."

Except that *Snuff* was a hoax, with ketchup for blood.

Gloria Steinem addressed the issue frequently in the pages of *Ms.* She tried to distinguish erotica from porn, with all the success previous generations had in distinguishing nice girls from bad ones. "Look at any photo or film of people making love," she commanded. "Really making love."

OK.

"The images may be diverse, but there is usually a sensuality and touch and warmth, an acceptance of bodies and nerve endings. There is always a spontaneous sense of people who are there because they want to be, out of shared pleasure."

OK.

"Now look at any depiction of sex in which there is clear force, or an unequal power that spells coercion."

Her list of bad sex included whips and chains, torture and murder, wounds and bruises, body poses that convey conqueror and victim and—brace yourself—"unequal nudity."

These two sorts of images, she wrote, "are as different as love is from rape, as dignity is from humiliation, as partnership is from slavery, as pleasure is from pain."

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In 1979 Susan Brownmiller opened a storefront on Times Square. The brainwashing began. Women Against Pornography ran two tours a week, taking groups of women into bookstores, live sex shows, peep shows. The tours began with a slide show of the most concentrated hard-core, a witless sampler of women bound, gagged, poked and prodded—all selected with the avowed purpose of raising the level of outrage. What offends Brownmiller should offend the world: An August 27, 1979 article in *People* shows Brownmiller standing dourly outside the Show World Center. "The basic content of pornography is male violence against women," she says. "It makes men feel that it is normal and rational to be sexually hostile to women and makes women define themselves through sexually masochistic images. We're all for sex, but we're for healthy, equal sex."

Not quite. The feminist movement had lost its major issues. The Supreme Court had legalized abortion. Lawsuits brought by NOW had done much to lessen discrimination in the workplace. Rape laws had been changed to aid prosecution. In 1973 *Esquire* had dismissed the movement with an article called "302 Women Who Are Cute When They're Mad." In 1976 a *Redbook* survey found that "seven out of ten men say the women's movement has had little or no effect on them." In 1974 a *Newsweek* editorial wondered in print, "Is Gloria Steinem dead?" Michele Wallace, writing in the February 1978 issue of *Ms.*, was honest about the new agenda. Men must be "made so uncomfortable by the lunacy of sexism that they feel compelled to do a few things males seem rarely to do—explore their motivation and become suspicious of their desires in regard to women."

Like the Puritans, these feminists dealt in guilt and shame. They wanted to poison the well of eros.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION

At the outset of the decade, the nation seemed to be moving toward sexual maturity. Reason and research had triumphed over America's fear of sex. Science seemed to give the green light. Sexual information would set us free.

In 1970, after three years of research, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography completed its report. Social scientists had spent nearly $3 million observing the effects of erotica. They had wired college students and had shown them sex films for 90 minutes a day, five days a week, for three weeks. They found "no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime, delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviance or severe emotional disturbances."

Sometimes it takes a ton of tax dollars to affirm common sense. The report found that people who were aroused by pornography did not become sexual predators. They simply masturbated or had sex in the usual ways with their regular partners. Indeed, the report found that there was a positive side to sexual material. People who were exposed to "erotic stimuli" tended to talk about sex, and sexual material could "increase and facilitate constructive communication about sexual matters within marriage." Erotica was used as "a source of entertainment and information by substantial numbers of American adults."

Studies of sex offenders found that most had sexually deprived childhoods, that they had less exposure as adolescents to erotic material than normal citizens did. The one image that most convicted pedophiles recalled was a billboard for Coppertone suntan lotion that showed a tiny dog pulling down the bathing suit of a young girl.

The report confirmed a generation gap. Young people were more likely to become aroused by erotica than their elders were. People who were college educated, religiously inactive and sexually experienced were more likely to report arousal than persons who were less

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educated, religiously active and sexually inexperienced.

The Commission noted the Danish experience: When laws against sexually explicit materials were eliminated in 1969, the rate of sex crimes dropped. By a vote of 12 to 5 the President's Commission voted to repeal all federal, state and local laws prohibiting the sale, exhibition or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults. One commissioner openly questioned "the wisdom and validity of encasing its moral and social convictions in legal armor." The government should get out of the business of trying to dictate sexual morality: "Governmental regulation of moral choice can deprive the individual of the responsibility for personal decision, which is essential to the formation of genuine moral standards. Such regulation would also tend to establish an official moral orthodoxy, contrary to our most fundamental constitutional traditions."

Not all commissioners were so enlightened. Charles Keating, Nixon's belated appointee to the Commission, tried to have the report suppressed. Failing that, he wrote a bitter dissent. So did commissioners Father Morton Hill and the Reverend Winfrey Link. "For many of us who have been battling smut," Keating cried, "these words are no less than a Magna Carta for pornographers."

President Nixon rejected the Commission's conclusions outright. "American morality is not to be trifled with," he declared. "Smut should be outlawed in every state of the Union. So long as I am in the White House there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut. The Commission contends that the proliferation of filthy books and plays has no lasting, harmful effect on man's character. Centuries of civilization and ten minutes of common sense tell us otherwise."

William Hamling, a California publisher, released an unauthorized illustrated version of the Commission's report. The Greenleaf Classic volume featured 546 hard-core illustrations that ranged from engravings by Pablo Picasso to child pornography. Photographs showed couples in poses that could have been lifted from temple carvings in India to a gut-wrenching shot of a woman fellating a horse.

Hamling printed 100,000 copies of the report and sent out a brochure to 55,000 citizens. On one side of the brochure were samples of illustrations—women with come on their faces, lesbian shots, orgies and the horse lover. On the flip side was the provocative THANKS A LOT, MR. PRESIDENT.

Attorney General John Mitchell dusted off the Comstock Act and arrested Hamling and three others on charges of using the U.S. mail to deliver an obscene book (as well as the brochure). Two of the commissioners testified on Hamling's behalf, saying the illustrated report was actually better than the original. The jury agreed, but found that the brochure, which simply printed explicit pictures with a tirade against Richard Nixon, was obscene. Hamling was sentenced to four years in prison and a $32,000 fine. His conviction was upheld by the Supreme Court.

Sex became a national issue as President Nixon campaigned against permissiveness. Nixon became the most actively antisexual president of the century. Attorney General Richard Kleindienst put together 680 pages of proposed changes in the Federal Crime Statutes. The statutes defined obscenity as "an explicit representation or detailed written or verbal description of an act of sexual intercourse, or violence indicating a sadomasochistic sexual relationship; an explicit close-up representation of a human genital organ." The proposed changes also defined as obscene devices "designed and marketed as useful primarily for stimulation of the human genital organs." There go our sex toys.

Shirley MacLaine wrote an editorial for *Newsweek* in May 1973 decrying Nixon's repression. She pointed out that the Nixon administration's definition would outlaw *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Last Tango in Paris*, *Cries and Whispers*, *Carnal Knowledge*, *A Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs*. It would suppress the fiction of John O'Hara, Norman Mailer, John Updike, James Joyce and Thomas Pynchon. "As a citizen, I resent being told what I can or cannot see, read or enjoy. These choices belong to me. Not to the FBI. Not to the Justice Department. Not even to the President of the United States." The President felt otherwise.

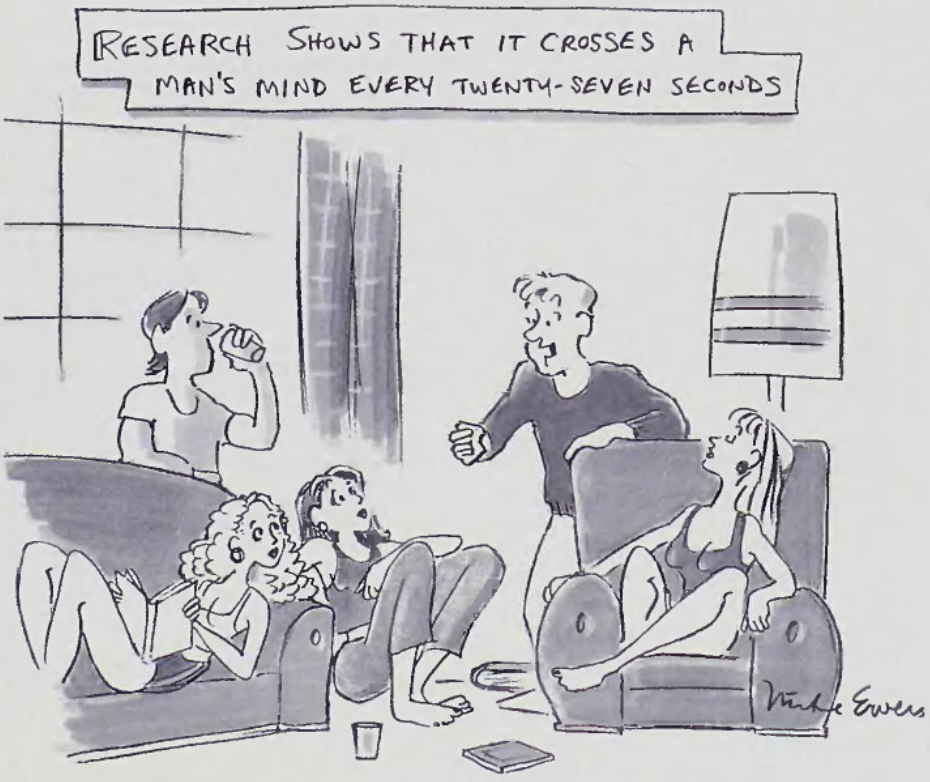
THE NIXON COURT

Even as President Nixon was being driven from office by the Watergate scandal, his strategy for a moral America was taking shape. In 1973 the Supreme Court, stocked with four Nixon appointees, heard a series of cases involving obscenity.

In the first, a California man had been found guilty of knowingly distributing obscene material. He had advertised through the mail four books entitled *Intercourse*, *Man–Woman*, *Sex Orgies Illustrated* and *An Illustrated History of Pornography* and a film entitled *Marital Intercourse*. A manager of a restaurant and his mother opened their mail (what kind of family opens mail together?) and complained to the police, setting into motion *Miller vs. California*.

Previous Supreme Court cases had ruled that if a work was to be judged obscene and beyond the protection of the Constitution, it had to be "utterly without redeeming social value." The Burger Court closed that loophole.

The Supreme Court conceded that "the sexual revolution of recent years may have had useful by-products in striking layers of prudery from a subject long irrationally kept from needed ventilation. But it does not follow that no regulation of patently offensive



"Hey, everybody, let's have sex. Uh . . . I mean, Chinese food."

hard-core materials is needed or permissible; civilized people do not allow unregulated access to heroin because it is a derivative of medicinal morphine."

The Nixon Court voted five to four to turn matters of taste over to local prosecutors. While the First Amendment does not vary from community to community, "this does not mean that there are, or should be or can be, fixed uniform national standards of precisely what appeals to the prurient interest or is patently offensive. These are essentially questions of fact, and our nation is simply too big and too diverse for this Court to reasonably expect that such standards could be articulated for all 50 states in a single formulation."

Justice William O. Douglas was outraged. "What shocks me may be sustenance for my neighbor," he wrote in his dissent. "What causes one person to boil up in rage over one pamphlet or movie may reflect only his neurosis, which is not shared by others. Obscenity—which even we cannot define with precision—is a hodgepodge. To send men to jail for violating standards they cannot understand, construe and apply is a monstrous thing to do in a nation dedicated to fair trials and due process."

The Court handed down a second ruling that further threatened sexual expression. The owners of the Paris Adult Theater in Atlanta had been arrested for showing two explicit films, *Magic Mirror* and *It All Comes Out in the End*. The theater posted warnings: "Atlanta's Finest Mature Feature Films" and "Adult Theater: You must be 21 and able to prove it. If viewing the nude body offends you, Please do not enter."

In an earlier case, *Stanley vs. Georgia*, the Supreme Court had held that a man had the right to own and show stag films in the privacy of his home. Did that same right to privacy not give the Stanleys of the world the right to enjoy the same films projected for consenting adults outside the home?

The Supreme Court thought not. Chief Justice Warren Burger declared war on "sex and nudity," saying that "ultimate sexual acts" were not protected in public just because they were allowed—in some places—in private.

The Court ignored the recommendation of the President's Commission, citing instead the minority report of Father Hill and the Reverend Link. The Court agreed there is a "right of the nation and of the states to maintain a decent society." Privacy rights and public accommodation rights were mutually exclusive. It was ridiculous to suggest the Constitution protected the public showing of a movie that shows explicit sex acts, more than it would "a live performance of a man and woman locked in a sexual embrace at high noon in Times Square. It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depictions of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City."

At most, the Court was willing to accept that sexual pictures might have serious value if used in "medical books that necessarily use graphic illustrations and descriptions of human anatomy for the education of physicians and related personnel." Anything else was fair game for the porn vigilantes.

Nathan Lewin, writing in *The New Republic*, saw the strategy: "Caught in the vise are those who are in the business of expression—book publishers, movie distributors and even booksellers. Chief Justice Burger's ruling leaves them at the mercies of hundreds of local jurisdictions. What is there now to prevent the institution of criminal proceedings in one or several small Midwestern towns against the publishers of PLAYBOY or *Penthouse* or against those who print or market Madam Xaviera Hollander's memoirs?"

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The first film attacked under the new standard was *Carnal Knowledge*—a dark comedy directed by Mike Nichols, starring Candice Bergen, Jack Nicholson, Art Garfunkel and Ann-Margret. A jury in Albany, Georgia convicted a theater operator for showing the film, which evidently did not possess the seriousness of an anatomy textbook.

Russ Meyer, king of the nudies, canceled production plans for a movie called *Foxy*, telling *U.S. News and World Report*, "I think I'll go fishing."

Charles Keating wrote an article for *Reader's Digest*, "Green Light to Combat Smut." Concerned citizens now had a legal weapon to stamp out "rampant erotica." Local vigilantes went to work.

The federal government's antiporn crusade had deep pockets. Prosecutors would spend more than $2 million on several highly publicized trials. And their strategy—forum shopping—was obvious. Choose a jurisdiction where the community standard was something just this side of Old Testament. Assistant U.S. Attorney Larry Parrish hauled the producers and distributors of *Deep Throat* to Memphis on charges of conspiracy to distribute porn on an interstate scale. Those indicted included actor Harry Reems (who had never been to Memphis) and director Gerard Damiano. A later trial went after Georgina Spelvin, star of *The Devil in Miss Jones*. The Bible Belt jurists found the defendants guilty. When those verdicts were overturned on a technicality, Parrish retried the major players—Louis Peraino, Anthony Battista, T. Anthony Arnone, Bryanston Distributors and Gerard Damiano Film Productions. With the conviction, they were sentenced to prison terms of less than six months and fines of up to $10,000.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

a landmark sex survey captures the seventies

In 1972 the Playboy Foundation asked a private research group to conduct the first extensive national sex survey since the Kinsey Report. Social scientists contacted more than 2000 people in 24 cities. Morton Hunt interpreted the results in *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies*. The book was a snapshot of the sexual revolution, showing in statistics exactly how far we had come since the Forties.

Hunt discovered sweeping changes, stating that Americans now had "the right to enjoy all the parts of the body, the right to employ caresses previously forbidden by civil and religious edict or social tradition and the right to be sensuous and exuberant rather than perfunctory and solemn—but all within the framework of meaningful relationships."

The most important factor in the study results was age: Those under the age of 25 were growing into a lifestyle that was dramatically more pleasure-prone than their elders' had been.

• Only one third of the women in Kinsey's sample had had premarital intercourse by the age of 25. More than two thirds of the women in the 1972 sample had had sex before marriage. The same number of young women (64 percent) thought premarital sex made for a better and more stable marriage. Only 19 percent of women over 55 thought so.

• Only four out of ten of Kinsey's married men said they had ever kissed or tongued their wives' genitals. In contrast, 63 percent of the men in the 1972 survey had had oral sex in the past year. Broken down by age, more than four out of five married men and women under 35 had practiced oral sex; nine out of ten men and women under 25 had done so.

• Kinsey estimated that the typical duration of coitus was one to two minutes. The new generation averaged ten minutes.

The survey showed that we had become more liberated in the bedroom—and more athletic. Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* introduced America to the ballet of lovemaking, but Morton Hunt found that many couples had already expanded their repertoire: Only a third of Kinsey's married couples had tried sex with the woman on top; nearly three quarters of the new generation had. Only a quarter of Kinsey's couples ever had sex side by side; more than half of the new generation had. Only a tenth of Kinsey's couples had tried rear entry sex; four out of ten Seventies couples had.

The new recruits in the sexual revolution also were experimenting with behavior that escaped Kinsey's notice.

"Touching or probing the anus with the fingers or contacting it with lips or tongue was so rare and was viewed with such general revulsion and suspicion," wrote Hunt, "that Kinsey failed to collect anything publishable on the incidence of such practices." In contrast, Hunt found that more than half of the men and women under 35 had experienced manual-anal foreplay, more than a quarter had engaged in some form of oral-anal foreplay and almost a quarter of those under 34 had tried anal intercourse.

Kinsey wrote one sentence about group sex. Hunt was so startled by his findings he kept stirring the statistics: Eighteen percent of the married men and six percent of the married women surveyed had had sex in the presence of other couples also having sex; 13 percent of the married men and two percent of the married women had progressed further—to group groping or "cluster fucking." (Once again, the under-25s led the way, with 17 percent of males and five percent of females participating in orgies.) For single people, the figures were significantly higher: Forty percent of single men and 23 percent of single women had had sex in the presence of others; 24 percent of the men and seven percent of the women had had sex with multiple partners. (Could this be the result of communes or coed living on campus? By 1974, four out of five coed colleges had coed dorms.)

The figures for formal mate swapping were small (about two percent). Hunt also noted that less than two and a half percent had engaged in S&M activities.

Hunt concluded that we were engaged in a form of sexual liberation rather than revolution. "A genuine overthrowing of the past," he wrote, "would be evidenced by such things as the displacement of vaginal coitus by nonvaginal sex acts, or by sex acts violating biological or psychological criteria of normality, such as sexual connection with animals, sadomasochistic acts and homosexuality; or by a major increase in sexual acts that fundamentally alter the connection between sex and marriage, such as mutually sanctioned extramarital affairs, mate swapping and marital swinging; or by a growing preference for sex acts devoid of emotional significance or performed with strangers." Hey, give it time. The Seventies hadn't even gotten off the ground yet.

ILLUSTRATION BY STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN

The feds also targeted Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of *Screw* and *Smut*, for geographical entrapment. Postal inspectors in the Kansas cities of Lawrence, Salina, Hutchinson and Pratt subscribed to *Screw* and *Smut* under assumed names.

When copies arrived, a local jury indicted Goldstein and Jim Buckley, his former partner, on 12 counts of obscenity. Mind you, the tabloids were not sold in Kansas and, indeed, only 11 people in the state other than the postal inspectors had ever bothered to subscribe.

At the first trial, in Wichita, the prosecutor called Goldstein "the mayor of 42nd Street" and accused him of trying to introduce degeneracy and indecency into the state of Kansas. *Newsweek* reported that a woman juror burst into tears when she saw the evidence. A federal judge declared a mistrial. A second trial in Kansas City resulted in a plea bargain. Goldstein and Buckley remained free, but Goldstein would have to pay a $30,000 fine.

The government could not stop pornography, but it could raise the cost of doing business. The strategy took a darker turn in 1978.

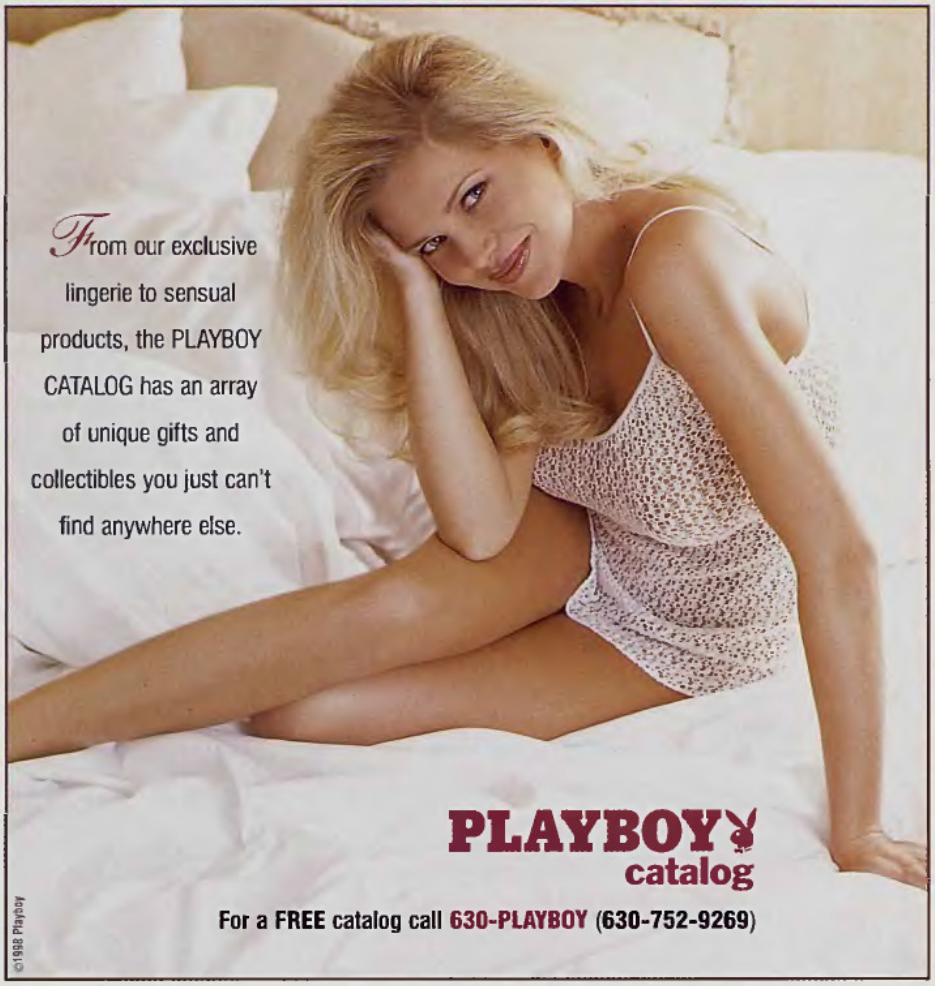
Police in Lawrenceville, Georgia bought copies of *Hustler* and *Chic*, and then the county solicitor filed charges against Larry Flynt. On March 6, 1978, as Flynt returned to the Fulton County Courthouse after lunch, he walked into an ambush. A sniper fired several rounds, felling Flynt. A bullet lodged in Flynt's spinal cord and left him paralyzed for life. (Never prosecuted for the crime, the sniper, Joseph Paul Franklin, was a white supremacist who had reportedly been offended by a *Hustler* pictorial showing interracial sex.) The judge declared a mistrial, but Georgia was not done with Flynt. In 1979 he was found guilty on 11 counts of distributing obscene material. He was fined $27,500 and given an 11-year suspended sentence on the stipulation that he observe Georgia's obscenity laws.

Clearly, he did not.

FAMILY-VALUE FASCISTS

One year after the 1969 riot at the Stonewall, gays in New York City held the first Gay Pride week. Up to 15,000 newly visible gays marched from Greenwich Village to Central Park for a gay-in. San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago saw similar celebrations.

The same public visibility that sparked the heterosexual revolution flared among gays. A 12-hour PBS series on the typical American family introduced the country to Lance Loud. According to reviewers, he was "too witty and attractive to be repellent," or simply "everything you were afraid your little boy would grow up to be." His silver hair and blue lipstick were a shock to some, who saw him as the "evil flower of the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Loud family." But there it was: The boy next door might be gay. Aren't we supposed to love our neighbor?

The Boys in the Band (1970) explored the complexities of homosexual relationships. Films like *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* (1971) and *Cabaret* (1972) showed love triangles with men seducing both men and women. That the latter film was set in Nazi Germany tended to equate homosexuality with decadence.

In 1973 gay activists challenged the American Psychiatric Association to reevaluate its diagnostic definition of homosexuality, which labeled it a "sexual deviation"—along with sadism, masochism and fetishism. Judd Marmor, a sexologist from the University of Southern California, argued, "It is quite clear that from an objective biological viewpoint there is nothing sick or unnatural about homosexual object choice." Psychiatrists, he said, had to take the blame for many of the stereotypes. "Let us base our diagnoses of psychiatric disorders on clear-cut evidence of serious ego disturbance or irrational behavior," he argued, "and not on the basis of alternative lifestyles that happen to be out of favor with the existing cultural conventions. It is our task to be healers, not watchdogs of social mores."

On December 15, 1973 the APA's Board of Trustees voted 13 to 0 to remove homosexuality from its list of psychiatric disorders. Dr. Charles Socarides demanded a full referendum. Marmor became president of the APA at the same time results were announced on April 9, 1974: Some 58 percent of the membership had voted to remove homosexuality from the list of mental illnesses, while 37.8 percent had voted against.

Charles Kaiser, author of *The Gay Metropolis: 1940–1996*, believes the vote was a landmark, converting the gay liberation movement's "most potent enemy into an important ally."

"There was no reason why a gay man or woman could not be just as healthy, just as effective, just as law-abiding and just as capable of functioning as any heterosexual," Marmor concluded. "Furthermore, we asserted that laws that discriminated against them in housing and in employment were unjustified."

Gays may have won an important ally, but they had provoked a more ancient enemy. In 1977, the Metropolitan Dade County Commission passed an ordinance that would allow qualified homosexuals to teach in private and parochial schools. Onetime Miss America contestant Anita Bryant had a vision. Homosexuality was a sin, she said, and if homosexuals were permitted to glamorize their deviant lifestyle, the American family would be destroyed and the American way of life would disappear forever. The entertainer formed a group (which would eventually be called Protect America's Children) and launched a

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crusade against gays.

In response, homosexual activists staged a gaycott of Florida orange juice. (Bryant had served as the official spokesperson for the Florida Citrus Commission.) In the ensuing controversy, Bryant lost bookings and sponsors for a television show.

Bryant told PLAYBOY her views on a kind of sexual domino theory in a May 1978 interview. "God says the wages of sin is death and one little sin brings on another. The homosexual act is just the beginning of the depravity. It leads to—what's the word?—sadomasochism. It just gets worse as it goes on. You go further and further down the drain and it just becomes so perverted and you get into alcohol and drugs and it's so rotten that many homosexuals end up committing suicide."

She was disturbed that homosexuals "ate the male sperm," which she compared to the "forbidden fruit of the tree of life." Her opinion of the ordinance was based on religious intolerance: "The ordinance the homosexuals proposed would have made it mandatory that flaunting homosexuals be hired in both the public and the parochial schools. If you believe that adultery, homosexuality, drunkenness and things like that violate your religious standards, you have a right to prevent a teacher from standing up in front of your children and promoting sin. We were fighting religious bigotry. What gives the homosexual any more right to stand up in front of children and talk about his sexual preferences than a man who has a Great Dane as his lover has?"

She said that if we allowed gays to consider themselves a legitimate minority, we would have to condone minority status for "nail biters, dieters, fat people, short people and murderers."

Protect America's Children wrapped itself in the mantle of Christian family values. (Bryant was similarly offended by unmarried couples who lived together.)

Homophobia was still alive and well across America. Bryant was accused of printing bumper stickers that declared KILL A QUEER FOR CHRIST. On November 27, 1978 another conservative defender of family values, named Dan White, shot and killed George Moscone, San Francisco's mayor, and Harvey Milk, the city's first openly gay city supervisor.

White's lawyer offered what became known as the Twinkie defense (too much junk food had made his client deranged). White was convicted of voluntary manslaughter but served just five years for the double homicide.

The following year, a Lynchburg, Virginia minister named Jerry Falwell would help to launch an association called the Moral Majority.

The backlash had begun.

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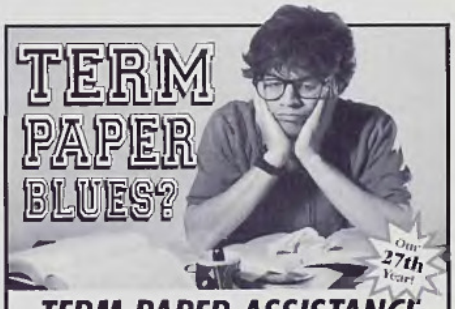

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GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY (continued from page 88)

As soon as the train backed out of the way they go charging off into the mine, firing their pistols.

fort, he took his rifle and went looking for the preacher and found him naked and sucked down to skin and bone and floating facedown in the river. Never saw the nymph again but he's never been certain that he is shut of her, for she left him full of doubts about the world he walks and about himself and what is real and what is of her conjuring.

•

The train coughs suddenly, quite nearby, startling him, and he presses back against the glowing tunnel wall, but only silence follows. As, cautiously, he edges forward again, it occurs to him (the red walls remind him: yes, they are no illusion) that his fears of its roaring out and running him down have been for naught, for of course the train has ducked down here cowcatcher first and cannot turn around, that red glow being provided by its caboose lantern. Which, as he rounds a falling bend, he sees, rocking faintly to and fro from the heaving tremors of the trapped engine down at the other end. It cowers there, nose buried in the narrowing tunnel like a whipped puppy trying to hide under a haypile.

"Well, well," he says. "Whut depot's this?"

The train lets off an explosive burst of steam and sets its whistle shrieking, its bells clanging, but it's all empty bravado.

He waits for it to cool down and then he says: "They aint no way outta here, you know, cept backin out tailfirst through the hole you come in. It's all uphill, you caint git up no speed, and they's a passel a bodaciously wicked desperadoes up thar jest itchin t' take you apart rivet by rivet when you come crawlin out. So I reckon the best thing fer you t' do is give up yer goods right here and go peaceful."

There's another whistle howl and blast of steam and a rattling of the couplings, the caboose lantern bouncing wildly on its hook at the parlor end and sending shadows leaping about the hellish tunnel, but the train knows well it's beat. A final rackety spasm shudders its length, and then the cars slump forward in defeat, knocking dolefully up against one another, and the caboose lantern ceases to sway and hangs limply in dimmed despond.

"I'll see to it they dont hurt you none," he says, and the train, in abject surrender, sighs grandly and commences to spill out its contents. When it has wholly emptied itself, he leads it, its drivers and steel wheels groaning self-pityingly, back up out of the mine shaft. He feels like he has been down here for weeks, but it has probably not been so long, though he does emerge into midday sunlight, to find his gang still mounted and waiting for him as he left them, the black mare foremost, greeting him at the entranceway with an eager whinny and nuzzle of his chest. "You kin let the train go, boys," he announces. "We aint got no more use of it. It's dumped all its freight down below. Go hep yerself!"

"Yippee!" the men shout, and leap out of their saddles and, as soon as the train, chugging gloomily, has backed out of the way, they go charging off into the mine, firing their pistols and racing one another for first pick among the goods. He can hear their scampering bootsteps echoing up out of the pitch-black tunnel, the occasional ricocheting shot, their curses as they bounce off the walls and each other and tumble down the shaft. Still sitting on her horse above him, the bandit queen takes her mask off and says: "I got some news fer you, kid." Before she can deliver it, though, they are interrupted by a terrific explosion in the depths of the mine and the tunnel mouth spews forth a macabre and filthy rain. He turns in rage and fires his rifle futilely at the escaping train, showing now only its red-tipped caboose, wagging tauntingly in the sun-bleached distance. He leaps astride his mare, prepared to give chase, but Belle restrains him.

"Whoa, cowboy," she says, grabbing the reins. "Let it go. We didnt need that gang no more anyhow. They've hung sumbody else fer thievin thet hoss. You been pardoned. Yer a free man." He rests back in the saddle, taking in this unexpected news. In the distance, above where the Judas train disappeared, a lonely hawk wheels like a summons. *It's time*, it spells out upon the slate blue sky in graceful loops and swirls, to put this town behind him. "You kin go back t' bein sheriff agin, darlin. You 'n' me, we kin clean up that disreptile town."

He removes his black hat, blows the muck off, all that's left of his gang and the bandit life. "I dont figger on stayin, Belle," he says. "Dont much cotton to the sheriffin line." The bandit queen looks sorrowed by the news but not surprised. It's who he is after all. "I reckon I'll be pushin on west." He strips off his mask and squints off toward the horizon. Whichever direction that is.

"I'm sorry, lady, but we don't do husbands."

PLAYMATE NEWS

IT'S MY PARTY

Hugh Hefner knows how to create heat. That was obvious at PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year party on May 28, 1998, which drew more than 50 Playmates from five decades. PLAYBOY staffers, news crews and celebrities such as Pauly Shore and Patrick Muldoon flocked to the Playboy Mansion West. The

Talk about the good life. Hef is flanked by Karen McDougal and future Playmate Jaime Bergman. "I don't know who to talk to next," McDougal said. "I'm being pulled in all different directions!"

guest of honor, of course, was 27-year-old Karen McDougal. As the Michigan native and former preschool teacher basked in the glow of flashbulbs, newfound fortune (a check for $100,000 from PLAYBOY) and a shiny new car (a centennial-silver Shelby Series 1), everyone else partied. "If you took a poll of all the males in America, from the ages of six to 100, the one place they'd all like to be today is here at the Playmate of the Year party," said Sue Bernard, Miss December 1966. Tracy Vaccaro, Miss October 1983, confirmed there was no place she would rather spend an afternoon. "PLAYBOY has a wonderful ability to keep all the Playmates connected," she said. "Everywhere I look there are people I've known for a long time." Miss September 1965 Patti Reynolds said, "My favorite part of the day was when I walked in and saw all the familiar faces, especially Hef's. He always makes me feel like a million dollars. I think I have a little crush on him." Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough relished the time she has spent at the Playboy Mansion. "I've had some of the greatest times here. I feel at home," she said. The clan's newest members were excited to be part of the best-looking family reunion of the year. "This is my first party for Playmate of the Year, and it's been all that and then some," said Julia Schultz, Miss February 1998. Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar, who snagged a seat next to Hef at lunch, concurred. "I've watched the Playmate of the Year party on Playboy TV for the past few years, and I've always wanted to come. It's so much better to be here in the middle of everything, at the VIP table," she said. Also in attendance for the first time was the Playboy Cyber Club, which broadcast the event live over the Internet. "We had in excess of 750,000 page views of it," said Michael Maheras, Events Manager for Playboy Online. In addition to giving a blow-by-blow account of the party, the Playboy Cyber Club conducted live chats with Hef, Playmate of the Year 1996 Stacy Sanches, Miss August 1982 Cathy St. George and Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian. It was truly a family affair for McDougal as well, who was escorted to the party by her parents and her two best friends from back home in Michigan. "If they weren't here it wouldn't feel right to me," Karen said. "I couldn't ask for anything more."

PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt and Heather Kazar

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — OCTOBER

October 1: Miss January 1960 **Stella Stevens**
October 2: Miss March 1981 **Kymberly Herrin**
October 4: Miss March 1978 **Christina Smith**
October 6: Miss December 1995 **Samantha Torres**
October 28: Miss November 1983 **Veronica Gamba**

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Twelve years before the Collinson twins became Playmates, blonde Pat Sheehan and redhead Mara Corday appeared as October 1958 Playmates in a pictorial titled *Le Rouge et Le Blanc*. As part of the issue's salute to wine, Sheehan and Corday were undoubtedly vintage.

Pat Sheehan and Mara Corday

At right, Miss July 1998 Liso Dergan enjoys the spotlight while funnyman Pauly Shore Rabbit-ears her Centerfold. Later that evening, a party in Karen's honor was held at Sky Bar in Los Angeles. Our spies spotted Jerry Seinfeld, Michael Keaton and Bill Maher among the guests.

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYBOY'S X-TREME GIRLS

At the end of May in Miami, I was stretching at the starting line, adrenaline pumping, wondering how I got there. Adventure racing is a multisport competition with more than

30,000 devotees worldwide, who hope to bring it to the Olympics in 2008. My teammates included Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie and an American Gladiator friend, Denise Tormey. The race featured three main events: trail running, mountain biking and kayaking—with plenty of surprises along the course. We might be required to scale a wall or crawl through a mud pit. Anticipating physical challenges, we trained with U.S. Army Ranger Blain Reeves, who put us through endurance paces and didn't allow any whining. We ran through rough terrain, crossed rivers without using man-made objects, and did push-ups, chin-ups and sit-ups. I wanted to upchuck, but the training toughened us. (Just for the record: My respect for our armed forces went up a hundredfold.) On race day we all had the jitters. At the start of the race, we discovered that one of us would have to swim 100 meters into the ocean to retrieve the paddles from a barge while the other two went to the kayaks. Fear was the first obstacle we had to overcome during the grueling four hours and 23 minutes it took us to complete the course. We were fatigued and the heat got to us, but we pulled together as a team and came in second in our division. We exceeded our own expectations and are now gearing up to race in Los Angeles at the end of October.—Danelle Folta, Miss April 1995

DANELLE FOLTA:
"I knew a lot of Playmates, which is how Team Playboy and the X-treme girls were born."

WHO WAS THAT LADY?

PLAYBOY's first Centerfolds were calendar shots—we bought the pictures and thus couldn't always confirm identification. In *The Playmate Book*, Hef mused about the striking similarities between Miss February 1954 Margaret Scott and Miss April 1954 and 1955—Marilyn Waltz. Could they all be the same person? Margaret Scott herself solved the enigma when she called the Playboy Mansion after reading Hef's quote about the mystery. All three Playmate photographs are of her. With that confirmation, Margaret and Janet Pilgrim are the only three-time Centerfolds in PLAYBOY's history.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Look for Glamourcon in Chicago on October 17 and 18 at the Clarion Hotel. The tentative list of attendees already includes 48 Playmates. . . . Miss May 1993 **Elke Jeinsen** will have a regular part as a lifeguard on *Baywatch* this season. . . . Miss September 1986 **Rebekka Armstrong,** who was on the June cover of *POZ* magazine, will participate in the 1998 *POZ* Life Expo tour, visiting cities across the country to educate people about AIDS and HIV. . . . Comedian **Robert Townsend** filmed the segment *Sex in 20th Century America* for Showtime's *20th Century America: A Moving History* (scheduled to air in January) at the Playboy Mansion. Townsend talked with **Hef** and Playmates from five decades, including Miss November 1957 **Marlene Callahan,** Miss April 1967 **Gwen Wong,** Miss July 1974 **Carol Vitale,** Miss October 1983 **Tracy Vaccaro** and 1997 PMOY **Victoria Silvstedt.** . . . PLAYBOY celebrated BookExpo this past May with a cocktail party at our corporate headquarters in Chicago. We touted recent and forthcoming PLAYBOY books on the Bunnies, jazz, science fiction and the Playboy Mansions in Los Angeles and Chicago. At the festivities, **Karen McDougal** autographed her 1998 Playmate of the Year issue for best-selling author **Bill Zehme,** who wrote *The Way You Wear Your Hat: Frank Sinatra and the Lost Art of Livin'.*

Elke Jeinsen

Karen McDougal and author Bill Zehme

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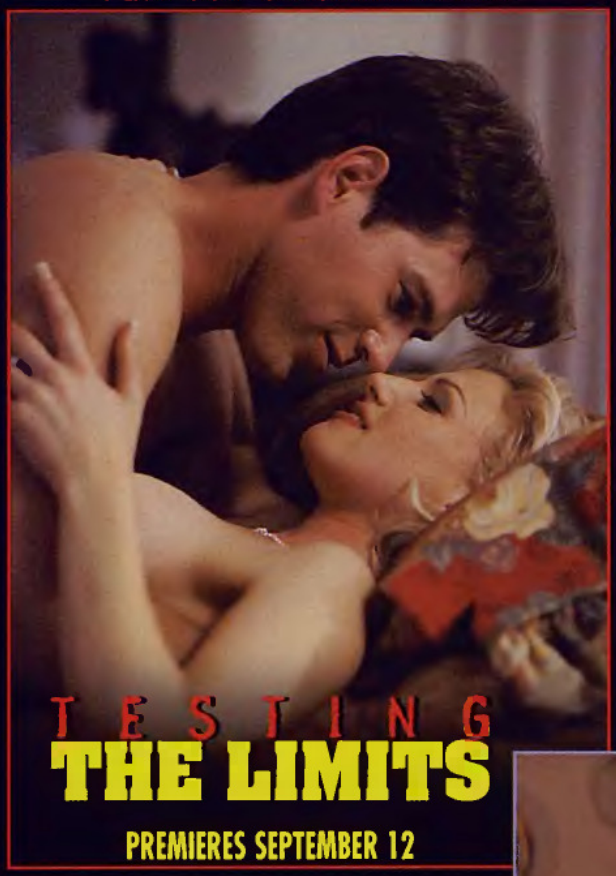


PLAYMATE HOSTS

Vanessa Gleason
Miss September

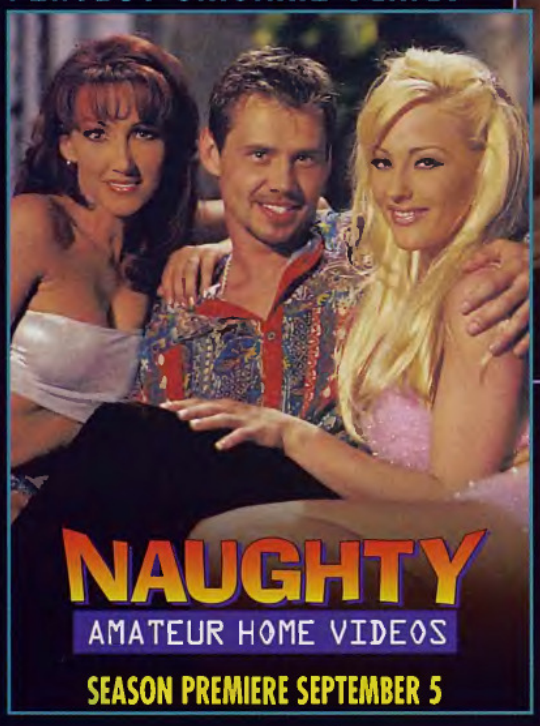
Laura Cover
Miss October

more than you ever imagined...

This month, Playboy TV keeps the summer heat going. In the Playboy Original Movie *Testing the Limits* a nude photo shoot at a desert spa turns into the ultimate love fest for a streamlined model, her sexy photographer and a host of hungry guests looking to expand their horizons! Then join us for the Season Premiere of the Playboy Original Series *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* and see the extremes people go to when they are able to film themselves. And in the Playboy Original *Playboy's Voluptuous Vixens II* the dangerous curves and alluring charms of a group of seductive sirens will keep you revved-up all month. And in the adult movie *Party Favors* an impromptu get-together with friends turns into a festive free-for-all! Finally, a special camera lens captures the deepest desires of a group of seasoned models at work and at play in the adult movie *Filters*. With pleasure, Playboy TV keeps you feeling good all over — 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GET ON MY BACK

If you want to project professionalism, carry a briefcase. But if you want to lug your load in comfort on days when you're not meeting with the boss or an important client, tote a backpack. No longer merely for campers and collegians, backpacks come in variations to suit all tastes and lifestyles. Corporate climbers can opt for dressy versions in leather, suede or slick-looking nylon fabrics. Some, such as the Kensington saddlebag pictured below, even have compartments for a notebook computer and floppy disks. For those who work in creative environs, there are sporty looks made of materials such as denier poly and nylon that keep the contents dry should you get caught in a downpour. One of our favorites is a backpack made of hemp. The unsmokable variety, of course.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top left: Kensington's saddlebag backpack with a padded compartment for a notebook computer ($90, 800-280-8318). Willis & Geigar's Swiss Military rucksack is made of lightweight bush poplin ($128, 800-223-1408). Mulholland Brothers' Lariat leather three-pocket backpack, which can double as a weekend bag ($550, 877-685-4655), and Terrapax' hemp and leather-trimmed rucksack with two pockets ($152, 800-30-TERRA). Airwalk's roomy Mid Pack has two front pockets and an adjustable belt and shoulder straps ($60, www.airwalk.com).

© DOUGLAS STIGLETTER

Nothing but Net

ANITA VAZQUEZ plays an FBI agent in a vampire movie for Showtime, but it doesn't take a detective to spot her in *Street Customs* magazine or *Swimsuit Illustrated*. Check out the *Deep House III* CD for her cut, *Dreamin'*, and let Anita croon.

Arms and the Man

TIM ROBBINS is feeling expansive. Look for him in *Arlington Road* and the forthcoming *Moviegoer*—or when he's embracing good causes.

© ROBERT MATHEU

Fetchin' Gretchen

You have already seen GRETCHEN MOL in *Donnie Brasco*, *The Funeral* and *The Last Time I Committed Suicide*. See her *now* with Matt Damon and Edward Norton in *Rounders*. The eyes have it.

NELLY JORDAN/GALELLA LTD.

Good to the Last Drop

SHAKTI FOLGER has modeled for Hyatt Hotels, Speedo swimsuits and MTV's *Girls of Hawaii*. Now shooting the *Bikini Windsurfing Girls* video, Shakti says aloha.

Yep, She's Joely

JOELY FISHER may have signed off on *Ellen*, but she'll be around in the animated *Magic Flute* with Mark Hamill and Michael York, in the HBO movie *Perfect Prey* and in this little black dress.

© LISA ROSE/GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

Beach Blanket Babe

TAMIE SHEFFIELD isn't throwing in the towel. She's a trade show, promotion and print model who has appeared on MTV and was VJ and host on *Rock TV*.

© DOUGLAS STIEGLITZ

© STEVE TOMAS

JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO

More Than Friends

***Friends* and *Scream* star COURTENEY COX knows what she wants in a man—someone who will send flowers and commit with no strings attached. We're committed to her dress.**

FLAMING EGO

For hot-sauce freaks, it's the ultimate rush: five ounces of burning stuff in a bottle with your picture and name on the label. Mo Hotta–Mo Betta, "the original hot and spicy food company," offers the style pictured here on your choice of sauce ($90 for a case of 12): red savina habanero, cayenne garlic, chipotle adobo, jalapeño classic or Thai tamarind. Other labels are available at different prices, including one with your face on a $100 bill. Or you can select a picture of the farmers from *American Gothic* with your choice of faces inserted. Call 800-462-3220 or check www.mohotta.com to order or to inquire about Mo Hotta's other unusual products, such as jalapeño hot fudge sauce, maple pepper seasoning and habanero hot salt. A catalog is available.

MURDERERS' ROW

No one loves a mystery more than Otto Penzler, owner of the Mysterious Bookshops in New York, Los Angeles and London. Now Penzler has teamed up with Random House Audiobooks to produce *Sounds Like Murder*, six original unabridged mysteries available only on audio. Ed McBain's *Driving Lessons* and Peter Lovesey's *The Sedgemoor Stranger* are in the series. Price: $12.95 each. Check local bookstores or call 800-726-0600.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

Raise your glass to these new books on liquors. *The Vodka Companion* (Running Press) by Desmond Begg is a "complete guide to the world's most elegant spirit" ($19.95). *The Aperitif Companion* (Knickerbocker Press) by Andrew Jones explores the brands and types from Aperol to Suze ($24.95). *Classic Cocktails* (Sterling Publishing) by Salvatore Calabrese offers anecdotes about and visual images of 110 cocktails ($14.95). *Mesa Grill Guide to Tequila* (Black Dog and Leventhal) by Laurence Kretchmer is "a spirited guide to recipes, history, folklore and facts" ($9.98). *Modern Cocktails and Appetizers* (Longstreet) by Martha Gill pairs contemporary drinks with the right starters ($18.95). *Cocktail* (Viking), "the drinks bible for the 21st century," by Paul Harrington and Laura Moorhead offers recipes for and lore on 300 classic drinks ($19.95). There's also *Bartending for Dummies* (IDG), $15, and *The Spirits of Ireland* (Foley Publishing), $10.95, both by Ray Foley.

HOWDY HO

Kenny, Cartman and their friends on Comedy Central's *South Park* have made it onto the mouse pad. Among other images, there's Kyle saying, "Dude, that kicks ass!"; Cartman commenting, "I'm not fat, I'm big boned"; a depiction of the many deaths of Kenny; and the South Park bus stop. Best Buy and other stores carry the pads, which are manufactured by Computer Expressions. Price: $10 each.

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES

Halloween is now the second most popular holiday in America (after Christmas), and no one celebrates it like the folks at Death Studios in La Porte, Indiana. This year's selection of full-head masks includes (clockwise from above left) Mad Jack Pumpkinhead, a vampire gourd from hell ($82); Slappy, the evil clown with your choice of red, purple or green wig ($102); an all-black Werewolf, also comes in gray or brown ($172); and a terrifying Jester with skull bells ($87). Prices include shipping. Call 219-362-4321.

PUFF AND STUFF

The Grand Havana Room, a private cigar lounge and restaurant in New York, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., has opened three retail outlets (in LA, Washington D.C. and Las Vegas) that stock the same terrific smokes available in the private clubs. They also offer beautiful French-made humidors, limited-edition lighters and a line of merchandise and cigars with the GH House of Cigars label plus lots of other tobacco-related goodies.

SPOOKY IN THE SEVENTIES

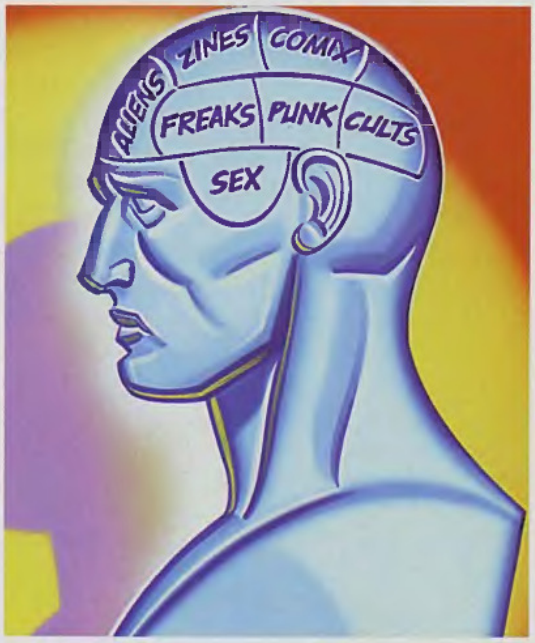
Spooky World, "America's Horror Theme Park" in Berlin, Massachusetts, runs a 3D Disco Haunted House in October where—among other weird effects—ghosts boogie on an illuminated dance floor. While you're on the grounds, visit Spooky's new Hellhouse of Hollywood and listen as the voice of actor Christopher Lee brings "Hollywood's haunted history to hideous life." Call 978-838-0200.

AFRICA CALLS

Photographer Peter Beard has lived in Kenya for years and has survived everything from tsetse flies to being gored by an elephant. Now he has chronicled his observations in *Peter Beard's African Journal*, a softcover collection of color images in startling juxtapositions. For example, a page featuring a naked woman is followed by a guy with his head in the mouth of a fish. The price is $25; call Rizzoli/Universe Publishing at 800-52-BOOKS.

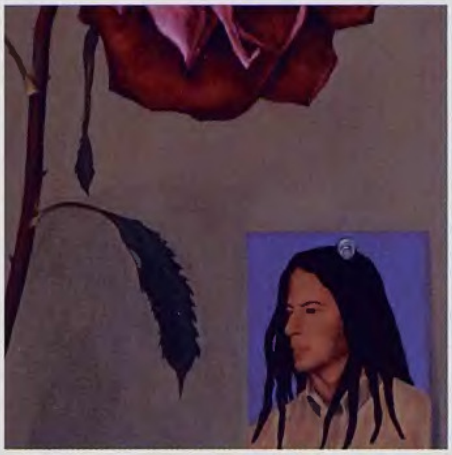
NEWS OF THE WEIRD

Essential Media is a discount counterculture catalog that is billed as a "guide to the best in alternative print, video and sound." In other words, if it's bizarre, tasteless or off-the-wall, chances are it's in here. Interspersed with the weird are Bettie Page videos, Robert Crumb comics and lounge music CDs and books on cocktails and cigars. Send $2 to Essential Media at P.O. Box 661245, Los Angeles, CA 90066 or check out essentialmedia.com.



NEXT MONTH

CHEERS FOR THE ACC



FICTION WINNER

BONKING, BULLDOG STYLE

SEXY CINEMA

SLAMMIN' COLLEGE ISSUE! WHETHER YOU ARE IN SCHOOL OR WISH YOU WERE, DON'T MISS OUR TRIBUTE TO THE BEST OF CAMPUS LIFE. SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS, AND REMEMBER, EXTRA POINTS FOR PEEKING

GIRLS OF THE ACC—WE REVISIT THE EASTERN FLANK OF THE NCAA, AND RETURN WITH AN AMAZING PORTFOLIO OF SOUTHERN BELLES, COUNTRY GIRLS AND CITY CHICKS. ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT ACED BY PHOTOGRAPHERS **DAVID CHAN** AND **DAVID MECEY**

PLAYBOY'S CAMPUS SEX SURVEY—WHISKEY DICK. BLINDFOLD. DORMCEST. FIFTY-YARD LINE. BEACH. WE ASKED STUDENTS TO TELL US—IN THEIR OWN WORDS—ABOUT DATING, ROMANCE, SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS.

INTERNET GAMBLING—DO YOU HAVE A COMPUTER, A MODEM, A CREDIT CARD AND SOME TIME TO KILL? VIRTUAL CASINOS ARE MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR BONANZAS AND THEY'RE ONLY A CLICK AWAY. BY **MARK HUDIS**

MIKE TYSON—THE ANGRIEST MAN IN BOXING RAGES ABOUT HIS PAST, HIS FUTURE, HIS REPUTATION AND HIS MENTAL HEALTH WHILE DEFIANTLY GIVING HIS SIDE OF THE CONTROVERSIES DOGGING HIS LIFE. A SHOCKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MARK KRAM**

A LITTLE ADVANCE—OUR COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER, **KARL IAGNEMMA** FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, TAKES THE CAKE WITH THIS TALE OF A WEALTHY FAMILY—AND THEIR ALARMINGLY SEXY DAUGHTER

SEX AT YALE—THE CAMPUS IS FLUSH WITH STREAKERS AND LURID TALK, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO INTERCOURSE, THERE'S NO RUSH TO NAIL A CREDIT. ARTICLE BY **MARK OPPENHEIMER**

ROAD RAGE—JIMMY HOFFA TRUCKED WITH THE MOB AND TURNED THE TEAMSTERS INTO A FEARED POWERHOUSE. NOW HIS SON IS POISED TO TAKE OVER THE UNION. PROFILE BY **HARRY JAFFE**

DREW PINSKY—HE'S THE VOICE OF REASON ON MTV'S *LOVELINE*. WE SENT THE **PLAYBOY ADVISOR** TO LOOSEN HIM UP. FIND OUT DR. DREW'S VIEWS ON PORN STARS, RASHES AND UNDERESTIMATING VENEREAL DISEASES IN 20 QUESTIONS BY **CHIP ROWE**

PLUS: SEX IN CINEMA 1998 (IT WAS A BREAKTHROUGH YEAR), **COOL CAMPUS FASHION, CHRIS BYRON** ON Y2K: DOOMSDAY OR BONANZA? AND FETCHING PLAYMATE **TIFFANY TAYLOR**

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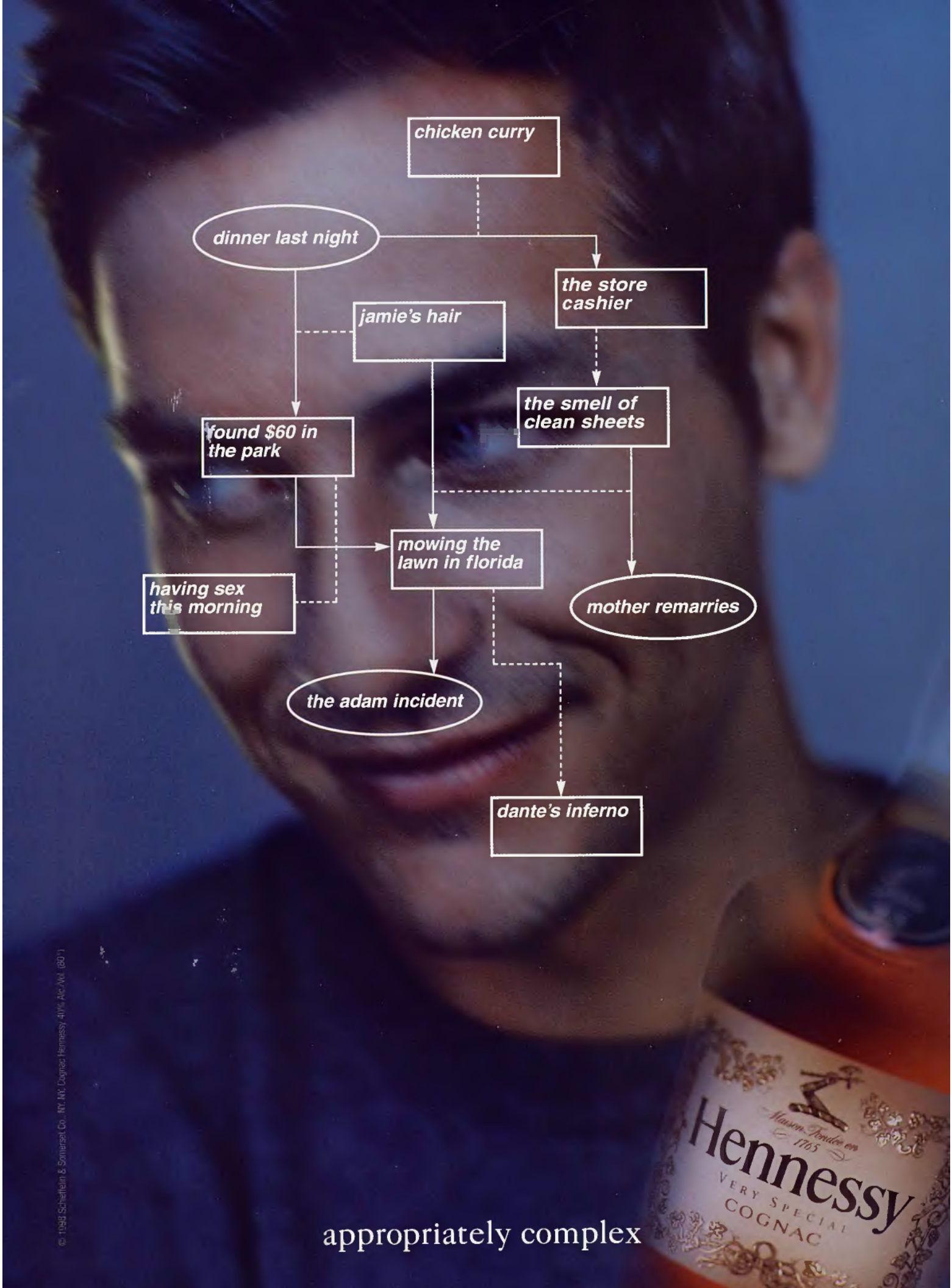

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